

LATEST HOLLYWOOD HAPPENINGS

# MOVIE CLASSIC

JANUARY

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WHAT DO  
YOUR EYES  
BETRAY?

♦ ♦  
**HOLLYWOOD'S  
HOT-AND-COLD  
LOVERS!**  
♦ ♦

CHARLOTTE HENRY  
as  
ALICE  
In the Picture  
ALICE IN WONDERLAND

Drawn by  
MARLAND  
STONE





# She couldn't

## BRING HERSELF TO TELL HIM

PN 1993  
M.744

She knew it was coming. She knew it the moment he suggested they sit out the dance. There was a suggestion of tenseness about him. A determined look in his eye.

It seemed strange that he was a man now; with a man's seriousness. She remembered how, as early as Grammar School days, he wore an air of perpetual joviality. Even when he played quarter for Central High School and was floored by bone-breaking tackles, he always came up with a laughing manner, suggesting that the matter was a grand joke. He carried that manner through his football days at Michigan. But now there was no trace of it.

"I can't stand it any longer, Wilma," he blurted out, "the way you've been treating me the last few months..."

"What do you mean—the way I've been treating you?"

"You know—avoiding me... breaking engagements. It has just about floored me, and Wilma, you know I'm crazy about you. Have been for ten years. I can't go on this way any longer. Why don't you marry me... put me out of my misery?"

He rushed into an excited exposition of how happy they could be together. When it was over she slowly shook her head.

"Don't you care for me?" he begged.

"You know I do, Ross Temple."

Down in her heart she knew that she was fonder of him than any man she had ever met. And yet...

"Then why?" he demanded fiercely. "Do you think I'll make a fool of myself with father's money?"

She shook her head. "You might have done that once—but not now. You're no simpleton, Ross."

She really admired him for the success he had made by his own efforts. She could count on the fingers of one hand, the men in town who were earning what he earned.

He leaned toward her, almost pathetically. "Is there someone else? Is that fellow in New York...?"

"Don't be ridiculous!"

He turned on her again as if he would shake her. "Then *why*? Give me some reason. Don't sit there shaking your head. What's wrong? What have I done? I can stand the truth."

She wanted to tell him. *It was only fair that he should know.* She wanted to say to him—"Go and rid yourself of the barrier that so recently has risen between us, then come back to me." She even wanted to name that barrier, but she couldn't bring herself to do it. No woman could. The subject was too delicate.

Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the one unforgivable social fault.

The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you have it. And even your best friend won't tell you. It is a matter that can't be talked about.

*Are you sure about yourself?*

Few escape halitosis entirely, because every day in normal mouths, conditions that cause unpleasant breath may arise or are already present.

Its commonest cause is ferment-



ing food particles in the mouth. Other common causes are: Decaying or poorly cared for teeth. Excesses of eating, drinking, or smoking. Infections of the oral tract, such as catarrh, colds, trench mouth, and pyorrhea.

The one way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse the mouth with full strength Listerine. Every morning. Every night. And between times before meeting others.

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Listerine's astonishing antiseptic and deodorizing power has been a matter of record in great hospitals and private practice for half a century. There is no scientific evidence that any antiseptic possesses greater deodorant power than Listerine.

### *Even the onion yields*

You know yourself that there are few more arrogant odors than onion and fish. Yet Listerine makes short work of them. Try it yourself some time. Rub a little onion or fish on your hand. Then apply Listerine and see how quickly such odors disappear. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

*-and even the ONION yields to it!*

38-1580



# Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S GRAND ON A HORSE — AND A DANCE FLOOR — BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!



*Julie sits a horse like a slim young princess—and rides like a demon Legionnaire. She's as daring as she is lovely. But there's a "but" about Julie!*



*Julie dances as lightly as a floating autumn leaf. And her frocks are scanned by many an envious eye! But the "but" about Julie spoils all her good times!*



*Young men ride with Julie—and they dance with Julie. But they never, never propose to Julie. For the "but" about Julie is her teeth!*



*If only Julie would look into the mirror—and see what the men see: her dingy, dull teeth! Julie doesn't dream that "pink tooth brush" is the cause!*



*Julie's dentist could tell her that she needs to massage her tender gums—with Ipana. If only Julie knew about Ipana Tooth Paste and massage...*



*It wouldn't be a month before her teeth would look grand! Her gums would be firmer. Her smile would be attractive. And Julie could hold her men!*

PERHAPS you have been a "Julie"—and have allowed "pink tooth brush" to spoil your teeth and your smile.

Don't be a "Julie" any longer. Get IPANA Tooth Paste. And not only clean your teeth with it—but each time put a little more Ipana on your brush or fingertip, and massage it directly into your tender gums.

Modern gums tend to become

## Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

flabby and unhealthy—and to bleed—because modern foods are not sufficiently rough and crunchy to stimulate them. Your gums need massage—with Ipana.

Your dentist knows that there is ziratol in Ipana. This aids in toning

the gums back to healthy hardness. And when you are rid of "pink tooth brush," you aren't likely to

pick up gum infections like gingivitis, Vincent's disease, and pyorrhea. You'll feel safer, too, about the soundness of your teeth.

Ipana is a good tooth paste—and it is good for tender gums. Use it! You'll have good-looking teeth!

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★ JEAN HARLOW  
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★ BILLIE BURKE

★ MADGE EVANS ★ KAREN MORLEY  
★ JEAN HERSHOLT ★ PHILLIPS HOLMES



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"DINNER AT 8" flames with drama... the fallen matinee idol... the millionaire's frivolous wife... the amorous doctor of the idle rich... stolen hours of romance... each thrilling episode played by a great STAR! No wonder it was Broadway's advanced-price film sensation for three months. It is YOURS with a thousand thrills NOW!



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and Herman J.  
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From the Sam H.  
Harris stage play  
by GEORGE S.  
KAUFMAN &  
EDNA FERBER

Produced by  
David O. Selznick

Directed by  
George Cukor

METRO • GOLDWYN • MAYER



DEC 14 1933

# MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 5 No. 5

JANUARY, 1934



## LUCKIEST GIRL OF THE YEAR!

Charlotte Henry, the girl on the cover, qualifies for that title. Every actress in Hollywood, from Mary Pickford and Miriam Hopkins down the line, would have liked to play "Alice in Wonderland." Almost seven thousand girls, all over the world, tried hard for the rôle. And Charlotte won it without half-trying!

How come? She looked like a living copy of the Alice in Tenniel's drawings for Lewis Carroll's famous fantasy—and, young as she was, she knew acting! And yet she had to be persuaded to try a test for the part—though she was right in Hollywood!

A few pages further back, you'll read the whole story—and you'll learn how she has Hollywood guessing. Intentionally or unintentionally?

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COVER DRAWING OF CHARLOTTE HENRY BY MARLAND STONE

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MOVIE CLASSIC is published monthly at 350 E. 22nd St., Chicago, Ill., by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Entered as second class matter July 29, 1931 at the Post Office at Chicago, Illinois, under the Act of March 3, 1879; printed in U. S. A. Editorial and Executive Offices, Paramount Building, 1501 Broadway, New York City, N. Y. Copyright 1933 by MOTION PICTURE PUBLICATIONS, INC. Single copy 10c. Subscriptions for U. S., its possessions, and Mexico \$1.00 a year, Canada \$2.50, Foreign Countries, \$2.50. European Agents, Atlas Publishing Company, 18 Bride Lane, London, E. C. 4. Stanley V. Gibson, President and Publisher, William S. Pettit, Vice President, Robert E. Canfield, Secretary-Treasurer.

MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month



# N Our Hollywood NEIGHBORS

## GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

It can't be long till Christmas now—not with Lona Andre hanging up a wreath. Like most of Hollywood, she still hopes there IS a Santa Claus

Like most grown-ups, Ida Lupino likes to buy toys. Unlike most, she has shopped early. She had to—to get them back to England in time!

**WE'RE** mighty glad to hear that in these days when Nudism is sweeping the country, old-fashioned modesty still prevails in some towns.

If you saw Marlene Dietrich in "The Song of Songs," you haven't forgotten the snappy nude statue for which she supposedly modeled. Paramount, thinking it was a good idea, had several plaster-of-Paris copies made for theatre exploitation purposes. Even in this day of scanty bathing suits a nude statue attracts considerable attention in a theatre lobby.

It attracted too MUCH attention in one California town. Some of the good ladies got together and filed a protest. The manager of the local theatre wouldn't remove the statue, but he would conform to the refined standards of the village. He bought a pair of overalls and draped them on the statue.

You've no idea how stunning it looked. The manager said business picked up right away, too.

**JACK MULHALL** tells it on himself, so there doesn't seem much reason why we can't pass the story along. Jack, as you know, has been on the screen, lo, these many years. He lays no pretension to being a lad in his early twenties, even if he does still look like a college boy.

The casting director of this particular studio was interviewing one of the famous stars of the silent days—now content with considerably less than stellar billing. He asked if she would consent to appear in a mother rôle.

opposite Mary in the picture, had made up his mind that he would not be on the very extensive Brian list of suitors. But, after the first few days, he was buying lunches, too. By now it looks pretty serious. Mary is like the Northwest Mounted—she always gets her man.

Something rather funny happened one day on the set. It was Gene Raymond's turn to take Mary to lunch, and he called for her at twelve o'clock. Don persuaded the director to work until one. Gene had to hurry back to his own studio, and without having lunch. At one it was Don who escorted Mary over to the Brown Derby.

VERY funny—but not to Gene, even if he is playing opposite Lilian Harvey, himself.

(Continued on page 66)





ALICE is entertained by the Red Queen (Edna May Oliver) and the White Queen (Louise Fazenda).



PARAMOUNT PRESENTS  
Lewis Carroll's

# Alice in Wonderland

with CHARLOTTE HENRY

as "Alice"...and

RICHARD ARLEN • ROSCO ATE  
GARY COOPER • LEON ERROL  
LOUISE FAZENDA • W. C. FIELDS  
SKEETS GALLAGHER • RAYMOND  
HATTON • EDWARD EVERETT  
HORTON • ROSCOE KARNs • MAE  
MARSH • POLLY MORAN • JACK  
OAKIE • EDNA MAY OLIVER • MAY  
ROBSON • CHARLIE RUGGLES • ALISON

SKIPWORTH  
NED SPARKS  
FORD STERLING

Directed by Norman McLeod

ALICE meets the Duchess (Alison Skipworth) and hears the baby sing "Wow-wow-wow"



ALICE at the Tea Party with the Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton), the March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) and the Dormouse (Jackie Seale).



ALICE meets the White Rabbit (Skeets Gallagher).



ALICE... Charlotte Henry, who was the final choice from 6000 candidates for the part.



If It's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE... It's the Best Show in Town



# BETWEEN OURSELVES

THERE was one good thing about the depression. It taught us that it was smart to be thrifty, and thrifty to be smart. It taught us to think twice before spending our money—whether for food or for clothes or for pictures. It taught the producers that they needed more than ballyhoo to sell pictures; the only thing that could sell them were the pictures, themselves.

THE common, every-day moviegoers—you and I—aren't troubled by the question: Which ten pictures of 1933 were the best made? All we ask ourselves is: Which ten are the most memorable?

I amused myself the other night by jotting down a list of the pictures of 1933 that have given me something to remember them by. I didn't try to see how *many* pictures I could name off-hand, but how many *memorable* ones. I gave myself a half-hour. And at the end I had thirty-four.

I started paring down the list, trying to decide which ten gave me the most. Finally, twelve remained. I decided to make my list the "twelve best," instead of the "ten best." That would make an average of one a month. And these are the twelve, listed alphabetically:

"Berkeley Square," "Cavalcade," "Dinner at Eight," "The Eagle and the Hawk," "42nd Street," "Gabriel Over the White House," "Lady for a Day," "The Power and the Glory," "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," "She Done Him Wrong," "State Fair" and "20,000 Years in Sing Sing."

AND these are my reasons: "Berkeley Square," with its delicately sustained fantasy, took me away from the commonplaces of life, made idealism seem a virtue once more, instead of a handicap. "Cavalcade" was a screen saga, if there ever was one. Against a dramatic pageant of the years, time marched on, bringing war and peace, gay times and sad, all tightening the ties that bound one small, understanding family together. It was impossible not to respond to its power and beauty. "Dinner at Eight" was, perhaps, the year's biggest bargain—sophisticated melodrama (a rarity in itself!), with a varied all-star cast twisting your emotions first this way and that. "The Eagle and the Hawk," more than any other war picture of the year, dared to be brutally honest, dared to ask, "What price glory?" more ironically, more powerfully than the picture of that name did. "42nd Street" brought music back to the screen in a big way—because it offered a story with a punch along with the music, a story that revealed backstage life as it really is, not as hokum melodramas have so long had it. "Gabriel Over the White House," whether by accident or design, hit America at just the psychological moment, answering a question everyone wanted answered: How might a President battle depression, crime, international jealousies?

"LADY for a Day," as human as it was amusing, revived everybody's spirit—roused everybody to a conviction that he, too, could bluff the other fellow into rating him highly. In "The Power and the Glory," for the first time, the screen told the story of a man's life as you or I might tell it—not relating an ordered sequence of events, but mixing recent memories with earlier ones; and the tragic story was grippingly real. "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," thanks to the acting genius of Charles Laughton, was the most varied, vivid, amusing character sketch the talkies have yet revealed—a portrait to cherish. "She Done Him Wrong" revealed a

woman who wasn't ashamed to be curvaceously feminine; who dared to be herself under all circumstances; who kept her sense of humor, no matter what happened. And that, it seemed, was just the kind of woman that women wanted to be and men wanted to see. "State Fair" gave the long-suffering screen and the long-suffering public a down-to-earth glimpse of rural American life. And "20,000 Years in Sing Sing" was a powerful debunking of the impression that convicts don't get a fair deal.

AS a dyed-in-the-wool moviegoer, I'd rate these as the twelve next-best pictures of the year: "The Animal Kingdom," an amusing portrait of an idealist who married the wrong girl and did something about it; "Broadway to Hollywood," the closest thing to a life-like saga of show business that the screen has yet presented; "A Farewell to Arms," a subtle study of the reckless intensity of war emotions—and a great romance, in the bargain; "If I Had a Million," an amusing melodrama built around an always-intriguing thought; "King Kong," a thriller that may have been preposterous, but was cleverly effective and commanded respect for its ingenuity; "The Man Who Dared," a simple, honest story—the most compelling of all the year's "biographies"; "Night Flight," an inside glimpse of the operation of an airline—glorifying not the aviators, but the man who makes them what they are; "Reunion in Vienna," the shrewdest, cleverest triangle comedy of the year; "Sign of the Cross," an eye-filling spectacle of early Rome, with Charles Laughton humanizing Nero as only he could; "When Ladies Meet," a penetrating comedy, revealing a wife's triumph over a rival without getting theatrical; "The White Sister," a moving revival of the still-potent story of a girl who became a nun, believing her lover dead; and "Little Women," the most glamorous bit of sentimentality that the movies have revealed in years.

AND the twelve most memorable performances of the year? I'd say: Mae West in "She Done Him Wrong," Fredric March in "The Eagle and the Hawk," Leslie Howard in "Berkeley Square," Spencer Tracy in "The Power and the Glory," Diana Wynyard in "Cavalcade," John Barrymore in "Dinner at Eight," Lionel Barrymore in "One Man's Journey," Walter Huston in "Gabriel Over the White House," Charles Laughton in "The Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth," Helen Hayes in "The White Sister," May Robson in "Lady for a Day," and Katharine Hepburn in "Little Women."

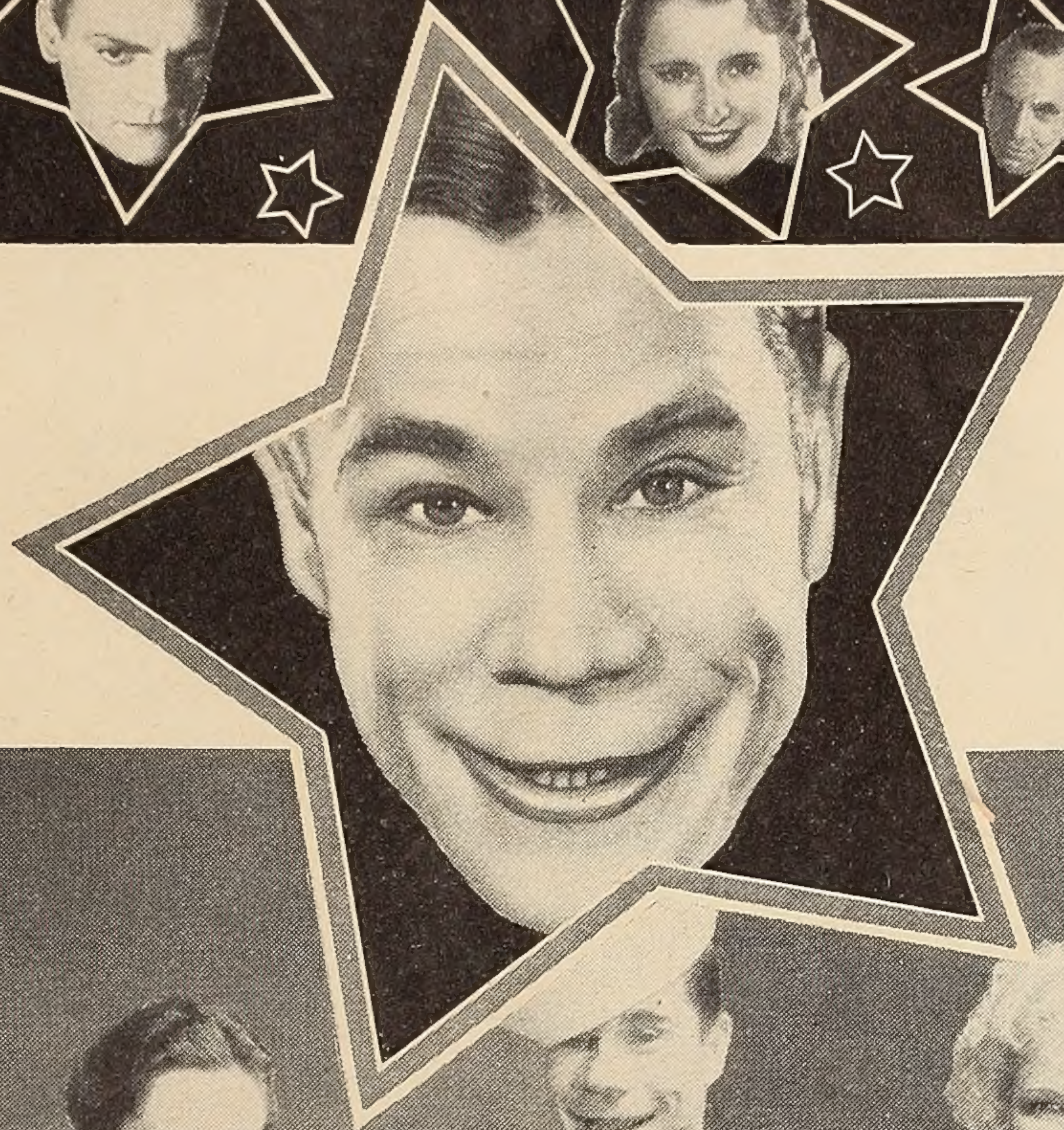
1933 will be memorable, if for no other reason, because it developed three great new personalities in Mae West, Katharine Hepburn and Charles Laughton. And 1933 also brought forth Pert Kelton, Ruby Keeler, Otto Kruger, Dorothea Wieck, Heather Angel, Brian Aherne, Benita Hume, Frances Fuller, Margaret Sullavan, Franchot Tone, Dick Powell, Claude Rains—and that surprising athlete-actor, Max Baer.

And Washington stepped in to hold down movie salaries—which may mean that some day admission prices to theatres may go down to where they ought to be!

Larry Reid



*Naturally.... Warner Bros.' famous star family supplies 1934's first laugh hit!...*



Hilarity whoops across the seven seas as millions cheer the home-wrecking girl-necking knave of the navy, Barnacle Brown the Sailor! Thrills by the dozen . . . beauties by the score . . . laughs by the hundred . . . and the one, only and original Joe E. Brown — another great favorite you see only in pictures made by Warner Bros.—“The Star Company”!

● A First National Picture with Frank McHugh • Jean Muir • Thelma Todd • Johnny Mack Brown • Sheila Terry • Directed by Lloyd Bacon



# Joe E. Brown in “SON OF A SAILOR”





# TAKING IN THE TALKIES

## LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS



**AFTER TONIGHT** Originally, Constance Bennett's latest picture was called "The Woman Spy." But RKO didn't want the dear old public to think that this was "just another spy story." For it really isn't—except for the basic plot. That has Connie a fair Russian and Gilbert Roland a handsome Austrian, who are torn between love of each other and love of country. Familiar as the tale is, however, they manage to breathe suspense into it—and the dialogue is far better than you have any reason to expect. And their acting, particularly in their love scenes, has emotional vitality—and reality. They manage to make you conscious of the intensity of war emotions, though you see only a flash of actual warfare.



**CRADLE SONG** This picture marks the American début of Dorothea Wieck, the fragile, sensitive, memorable teacher of "Maedchen in Uniform." And don't let anyone tell you that Hollywood hasn't done right by her. She has a slow-moving, but quietly subtle, sensitive story—and she glorifies it. A young nun in an old Spanish convent, she is given charge of a foundling, and, as the years pass, she acquires all the emotions of a mother—which come to a climax when the girl falls in love and is to marry and go away. Her acting is as delicate as her beauty. I urge you not to miss it. Less theatrical than "The White Sister," it is more of a study of all womankind. Newcomer Evelyn Venable, as the young girl, will also command your attention.



**THE MAD GAME** "The mad game" is the kidnaping racket, long considered too hot for the movies to handle. It is attacked boldly for the first time in this picture, which lays bare the methods of the kidnapeteers. But while the picture is sharp and forceful, it muffs a great chance. Instead of showing the power of the Federal government as a crime-crusher, it has a reformed beer baron as the agent of a kidnap ring's destruction. Spencer Tracy, with a Chaney-like make-up toward the end, makes this character as real as anyone could. Claire Trevor is outstanding as a girl crime reporter and seems headed for bigger things. J. Carrol Naish is convincingly cold-blooded as a gang chieftain—a villain de luxe.



**ONLY YESTERDAY** "Only Yesterday" is a love story that can be mentioned in the same breath as "Berkeley Square." Though it would be more appropriate to mention it alongside "Back Street." For here, once again, a girl gives herself to a man, body, mind and soul, and he marries someone else; but her love, come what may, never dies. Once more, John Boles excels as a lover who cheats himself of happiness. But the real star is Margaret Sullavan, from Broadway, who is superb as the girl who never forgets. The background is a pageant of the years from the War up to 1929. You'll remember this one. And you will particularly remember this Sullavan girl, who makes you share her every emotion.



**THE WORLD CHANGES** This is one of those near-great pictures. It tells the story of a son of pioneers, who starts as a drover of cattle on the prairies and becomes a New York millionaire, only to run into tragedy in his old age—tragedy that all dates back to the day he married the wrong girl and gave up the simple life. In its first half, the story is compelling; but in its last half it bogs down into familiar melodrama, cluttered up with relatives. (They're as thick as the steers in his early round-up.) Paul Muni, in another great performance, never lets down, even if the story does. Aline MacMahon (as his mother—who's nearly a hundred at the end), Mary Astor (as his wife) and Donald Cook (as his son) lend him noteworthy support.



**ESKIMO** Director W. S. Van Dyke likes to go to the far places of the earth, show life as it is lived there, and show how white men disturb it. He did it in "White Shadows of the South Seas" and "Trader Horn"; and he does it again in "Eskimo." Here is the Far North as it really is, revealed dramatically, simply, powerfully. The story follows the adventures of Mala, a mighty hunter, who can outwit Nature, but is tricked by a white man, commits murder and is hunted by the Northwest Mounted—who get their man once, but not twice. It's a talkie, with a real Eskimo actor as the hero. The primitive, tragic romance that is threaded through it is inarticulately poetic. The cast is largely native, but the Eskimo dialogue is interpreted in subtitles.



*Ablaze in the cinema heavens!  
Two shining stars in two brilliant*

# SAMUEL GOLDWYN PRODUCTIONS

## EDDIE CANTOR

*in*



## "ROMAN SCANDALS"

Your Eddie! Our Eddie! Every-  
body's Eddie! Now a crashing  
charioteer! Burning up Rome with  
laughs, lions, lovely ladies, lilting  
lyrics! One big Roman Holiday!

with RUTH ETTING  
GLORIA STUART  
DAVID MANNERS  
and the  
NEW GOLDWYN GIRLS

Released thru  
UNITED ARTISTS



GLAMOROUS...  
FASCINATING...

*Anna Sten*  
*in*

## "NANA"

As the Parisian daughter of  
voluptuousness from Zola's  
magic pages, she has a role  
magnificently matching her  
superb artistry. America  
awaits, with expectant thrill,  
this, her first American picture.





# Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters for the published on this page

## Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

### \$20.00 Letter

#### *It's The Story, Not Any Favorite, That Counts*

PARAMOUNT denies that favorite actors will be unrecognizable in their various animal rôles in its forthcoming release, "Alice in Wonderland." Reassuring to those of us who, out of our love for *Alice*, might have been tempted to give Hollywood just one more chance! We can stay quietly at home with our Tenniel drawings and our Carroll script without the slightest risk of having those satisfying characterizations disturbed by any grimaces or mannerisms of our Hollywood "favorites."

This is a fundamental error in Hollywood, this fixed notion that we go to the theatre only to see personalities. It is the stumbling block over which movie producers may be depended upon continuously to trip in their attempts to reach an artistic goal.

The idea is idiotic that we can be acceptably entertained by a piece only when we see our "favorites" parading against every backdrop like mannikins in a style show—always the same except for the costumes. Sometime Hollywood will realize this, and then it may make a contribution to art—certainly not before. The place is not lacking in ideas, but in the discernment between good ones and bad.

And yet, returning to *Alice*, can anything completely rob her of her incomparable charm and her irresistible appeal? I rather think not—unless, of course, the Paramount offering out-Hollywoods another producer's nightmare of a year or so ago. In the end, I shall in all probability capitulate and pay into some box office my contribution to other pictorial absurdities. And, after all, isn't that box-office contribution the only "artistic" judgment Hollywood cares about?

J. B. DISHER, *Boston, Mass.*

### \$10.00 Letter

#### *In Favor of Less Babbling*

WONDER why scenario writers, directors, actors, and other powers-that-be in the motion picture industry don't get wise to themselves and cut out some of the useless dialogue in their pictures? If there is anything so irritating as to have to listen to long wearisome speeches by players on the screen, when very few words would serve as well, I don't want to know what it is.

Several famous authorities of the cinema believe that the peak of motion picture development will be reached when films will be made without any dialogue whatsoever, with merely symbolic sound accompaniment. While I don't fall in with this radical



Speaking of letters, have you written yours to Santa Claus? asks Ruth Channing, who, instead of being wreathed in smiles, is being smiling in a wreath

assertion, (but who am I to dispute the words of cinema's truly great?) I am in favor of less babble.

If anyone is afraid that the mental state cannot be externalized and conveyed to the audience by gesture and facial expression alone, he can easily shed his fears by a mere glance into the case of the *Tarzans* and other jungle heroes.

Even the most ardent admirers of these muscle-men will hesitate before calling them actors. Yet they seem to communicate their thoughts and emotions to the audience with the help of only a few yells, groans, and guttural sounds.

JACK E. CUMMINGS, *Alhambra, Calif.*

### \$5.00 Letter

#### *Orchids for the Boys*

THE two most lovable renegades of the screen—Lionel Barrymore and Wallace Beery. Possessed of histrionic powers surpassed by no other living actors, and imbued with that rascality which endears them to the movie public, these two magnificent troupers grimace and gesture themselves into motion picture history.

What need of handsome actors? What need of strapping he-men? What need of Clark Gables and Joel McCreas, when two homely old men such as these can captivate a fickle public so completely? A simple shrug of the shoulders, a wrinkling of the nose, make motion picture artistry.

A carload of orchids to you, Mr. Barrymore for your "Stranger's Return," and two carloads to you, Mr. Beery, for your "Flesh."

JACOB CHARLES, *Dorchester, Mass.*

### Honorable Mention

#### *Most Stars Lack Naturalness*

PERHAPS I am drawing an unfair line of division when I say that only those who possess the quality of naturalness are the really great stars of Hollywood. The others are "puppets," grown a little shop-worn and a trifle monotonous from repetition of the same rôle.

Under "puppets" I class Garbo, Crawford, Harlow and Gable (these are the more outstanding ones). True enough, they are armed with a generous share of good looks and that dynamic something known as "sex appeal," but, to me, their acting lacks variety, individuality and sincerity. I feel that they play their rôles as they are drilled to play them—and if the results of that drilling appeal to the public, then they play that same part over and over again in a series of pictures until the public gasps for fresh inspiration. Sometimes they seem not only like "puppets," but "parrots!"

Under the really great stars I place Helen Hayes, Marie Dressler, and Lionel Barrymore. With these I have recognized that quality of naturalness which in itself gives variety and individuality to every character interpretation. Lionel Barrymore may be the vicious *Rasputin* or the kindly doctor of "One Man's Journey," but he has a certain individual self that outshines any character which he plays. He makes the character great, rather than having the character make him.

Helen Hayes has not the unusual beauty of Garbo nor the flaunting appeal of Harlow, but she does possess a fine kind of naturalness which gives inspiring freshness to every part she plays.



As for Marie Dressler—who can doubt the genuine sincerity of her interpretations!  
MARY P. WILHELM, *Beaver, Pa.*

### *Where Will It End?*

THE delicate art of belching seems recently to have had a distinct revival. All the best character actors have taken it up. Do you remember Charlie Chaplin's hesitant, apologetic gulps in "The Gold Rush?" Ah, he was a mere beginner! Take Lionel Barrymore; he's positively volcanic. And now Charles Laughton, in "Henry, the VIII," is reported to have put them all in the shade, raving and burping in heroic manner.

What will be the outcome of all this burping on the screen? Will the cinema ladies take it up? And where will the delicate, languid ones be then? Will we import a native of Afghanistan to teach the true technique? One thing is certain and that is that the art will attract many ardent followers. Alas, for the poor audiences! They will see many imitators who, unlike Laughton and Barrymore, have nothing but their explosive powers to recommend them.

LILA ALRICK, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

### *Bring Back the Dashing, Colorful Cowboys*

YOU know, or perhaps you don't, that the theatres fill when a Western picture is shown. But recently, the screen has left the thrilling Western picture in the background. Yes! way back!! The producers are neglecting the daring stories of William S. Hart of old, who acted in the breath-taking story, "The Narrow Trail." Why? To make room for this "Four Hundred" stuff!!

We want more stirring and daring pictures in the form of Western romances. The racing horses of the plains send a thrill through the audience, but they have cut that short. The old hard-riding cowboy and his old "paint" have practically disappeared. In his place comes the dude with a swell car, who usually turns out to be a thug from the city, stealing cattle from the ranchers with a car. Stealing cattle by motor!! Is that romance?

We want the rip-roaring, hilarious cowboy who comes to town once a year to celebrate. Bring back the old prospectors who fought man to man for land and love. Again, I make my plea: On with the old Western romance!

ROBERT FOUNTAINE, *Hancock, Mich.*

### *Good Work, Boris*

"THE MUMMY"—wow! "Frankenstein"—two wows! Who discovered Boris Karloff? He is the finest, most realistic actor Hollywood has so far put forth. It takes good acting to put over pictures like "The Mummy" and "Frankenstein," and, believe you me, he has millions staring, gaping and quaking over the hideous thing on the screen.

I haven't read one letter commenting on Boris Karloff. What's the matter with you movie-goers? In emotional slump you want pictures containing more sex. You get them, and like most things which appeal to the appetite rather than intelligence, the point of satiation is quickly reached. Then you want crime pictures. After your fill of them you turn to pictures giving a still greater thrill. Hence, the monster in "Frankenstein" was produced, and if movie-goers wanted a deeper thrill they got just that when they paid their two-bits to see it.

The producers recognize a good actor when they see one, and hence Boris Karloff's great successes in this sort of picture.

Come on, movie-goers, give Boris his due, and a great big hand!

MISS MILDRED HATZEN-BUEHLER,  
*Dubuque, Ia.*

# Millions have made a pleasant discovery!

MILLIONS of families have made a pleasant discovery! They have found that a delicious bit of chocolate—Ex-Lax—is as effective as *any* violent cathartic. And is far more pleasant to take and gentle in action.

So now, when it's time to take a laxative, all hands—all ages—reach for the little blue box of Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative.

### *No need for any other Laxative*

So many people write us every day about Ex-Lax! They tell us how grateful they are that they don't have to fight with their children when "laxative time" comes... that Ex-Lax serves every member of the family.

Big brother Tom on the football team finds that gentle Ex-Lax keeps him regular as no violent cathartic ever did. And brother Jim, the salesman, never packs his suitcase without seeing that the

convenient little blue box is there. No spoons! No bottles to bother with! From grandma to grandson, the merits of Ex-Lax have been passed down from generation to generation.

### *Ex-Lax, the perfect Laxative*

Ex-Lax works over-night, without over-action. No embarrassment! No stomach pains! And to the taste it's just a bit of delicious chocolate.

Clean out that clutter of purgatives in your medicine cabinet! Replace them with the little blue box of Ex-Lax. And when you—or another of the family—"need something", just take an Ex-Lax or two! See how fine you feel in the morning!

In 10c and 25c sizes at all druggists. Or, if you wish a free sample, write Ex-Lax, Inc., Dept. MP 14, P. O. Box 170, Times Plaza Station, Brooklyn, New York.



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## EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE



# STRICTLY PERSONAL

## MOVIE CLASSIC'S INTIMATE SKETCHES OF WHO'S WHO IN HOLLYWOOD

By MARK DOWLING

**HELEN TWELVETREES:** Golden hair, Turquoise blue eyes. "The Perfect Ingenue." Married, and has a new baby. Seems affected, but is adored by many old troupers for her kindness and charity. And that hasn't been publicized, either. Astonishingly petite, off-screen. Quiet, dignified, and reserved. Once was an artists' model. Does not go out much and leads "a simple life." Married to Jack Woody. Address: Brentwood.



**DOROTHY JORDAN:** Meet the little queen of the RKO lot! And Dorothy doesn't hold the honor just because she's married to Merian Cooper, studio boss. Beautiful and dark-eyed. Has a soft voice with mellow Southern tones. Descended from the Jordans of Virginia, a First Family. Takes advanced courses at a local college in her spare time. Study is the lady's hobby. Address: RKO Studios.



**WILL ROGERS:** Five feet eleven. Weighs 180. No romantic interest (but good copy). Is the homespun humorist. Do you know he tries out all his jokes on his wife? Can't pack his own grip; always travels by air; owns and plays a hurdy-gurdy but hates jazz. Neither smokes nor drinks. Types his newspaper articles on two fingers. Carries \$1,000,000 in life insurance. Can't hide it if he dislikes a person. Address: Fox Hills.



**JACKIE COOPER:** Fifty-one inches. Weighs 73. Did Washington look twice at Jackie's reported salary of \$1,300 a week? The screen's youngest character actor likes tennis, airplanes, and geography. Hates multiplication tables. A popular master of ceremonies. He was born a stone's throw from the studios and may inherit talent from his uncle, director Norman Taurog. His first job paid \$5. Address: Santa Monica.

**CLAIRE TREVOR:** Heavy blonde hair. Hazel eyes. Breezy, modern, and assertive. Admits her heart was broken after a smashed engagement not so long ago. Adds, "That's the best thing that can happen to anyone!" Like 'em frank and regular, men? Is the sports-clothes type, but interests the lads evenings, too. Born in New York City and went to college to study drama. See her in "The Mad Game." Address: Fox Studios.



**IRENE HERVEY:** Five feet four. Weighs 114. Another newcomer who knew how to crash the studios. She camped for weeks in the casting office. One day a director asked how long she'd been waiting that day. "Six hours!" So they gave her a test. She got the job. Lives in a bungalow with her parents and has no romance rumors. Swims, plays tennis, and does fancy sewing between shots at the studio. Address: Culver City.



**OTTO KRUGER:** Five feet nine. Weighs 130. Noticed this interesting and sophisticated-looking gent in pictures lately? He's a graduate of the N. Y. stage. Married to Sue MacManamy, and has one daughter. Was once a forest ranger, and liked it. Distinguished and cultured. A friend of the Barrymores, Douglas Fairbanks, and other top-notchers. Fences for exercise and plays violin, 'cello, and piano. Address: M-G-M Studios.



**FRANCIS LEDERER:** Six feet. Weighs 160. Athletic matinee idol who scored a big hit with New York's flappers. Looks romantic, but denies he's a heart-breaker. Debonair and idealistic—smooth combination! Has opinions about love and marriage. Also reported to have a girl friend, one Steffi Duna. Speaks with a charming foreign accent. You can judge him in "Man of Two Worlds." Address: Beverly Hills.

**POLLY MORAN:** Blushing bride of the month! Polly went to Los Vegas in dark glasses and married Martin Malone, handsome young lawyer. Says it'll be a blow to her best fans, the sheep herders of Australia. Off-screen, you see, she clowns just as she does on. Can put life into the duller gatherings, and does. Had her teeth straightened, and then had to wear false crooked ones for the screen. Address: Sherman Place.



**MARGARET SULLAVAN:** Five feet four. Weighs 112. Scored one of the big triumphs of the year in her first picture, "Only Yesterday." Born in Norfolk, Virginia, in 1909, and has a Southern accent, blue eyes and brown hair. Parents objected to her acting till she was 21: in three years she was well-known on Broadway. Answers to name of "Peggy." Recently divorced. Likes to take naps between scenes. Address: Universal City.



**RUSS COLUMBO:** Six feet. Weighs 175. Despite rumor, there's no bad feeling between this crooner (he *hates* the title) and rival Bing Crosby. Russ attended the Crosby christening and their friendliness startled gossips. Handsome, with luminous dark eyes. Single. The current flame is pretty Carole Lombard. Plays the fiddle, and has grand opera ambitions. Address: United Artists.



**MARX BROTHERS:** Total height: twenty-two feet, five and one-half inches. They weigh 583 pounds. Groucho, Chico, Harpo, and Zeppo can turn any studio into a madhouse. As nutty in private as on the screen, they thrive on ribaldry. Typical gag: Chico phoned the Hollywood Women's Exchange to ask what they'd give for a slightly faded blonde with a small appetite. Address: Marathon Street.



# 100,000,000 COLDS COMING THIS WINTER



MOST OF THEM PREVENTABLE



1

WHY ARE YOU HOME SO EARLY?

I FEEL TERRIBLY. I THINK I'M GETTING THE GRIPPE!

HOME WITH HEADACHE AND FEVER

50 PER CENT OF ALL DISABLING DISEASES START WITH A COLD

INFLUENZA IN ONE YEAR COST ONE LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY \$26,000,000

NEW FORMULA BRINGS QUICK RELIEF

2

I CAN'T AFFORD TO BE SICK.

I'LL PHONE THE DOCTOR, BUT TAKE TWO **HEXIN** TABLETS WITH WATER NOW.

SENSIBLE HOME TREATMENT

## Never Underestimate The Consequences of a Cold

What will colds cost you and your family this winter? Unless you take every possible precaution, they may cost you hundreds of dollars, but how much more will they cost you in terms of disease and human suffering?

Reliable insurance statistics show that half of all disabling diseases start with a cold. Physicians know how quickly a cold can develop into Pneumonia, Influenza, Bronchitis, Sinus Infections. Leaders in the medical profession say that a cold lowers your resistance to combat nearly all other dangerous disease organisms.

3

I'VE GIVEN HIM TWO **HEXIN** DOCTOR, AND HE'S IN BED.

GOOD! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER.

CONSULTS FAMILY DOCTOR

## NEW WAY RELIEF

● Avoid drafts. Keep warm and dry. At the first sign of a cold take 2 **HEXIN** tablets with water. Keep taking 1 tablet every hour until a total of 7 or 8 per day have been taken. Get plenty of rest and sleep. Eat moderately.

**HEXIN** relieves the congestion of colds safely by relaxing cramped muscles and reestablishing the healthful flow of blood to parts of your body which need strength to resist cold germs.

The mildly alkaline formula of **HEXIN** also helps neutralize the acidity which nearly always accompanies colds. It will not harm the heart.

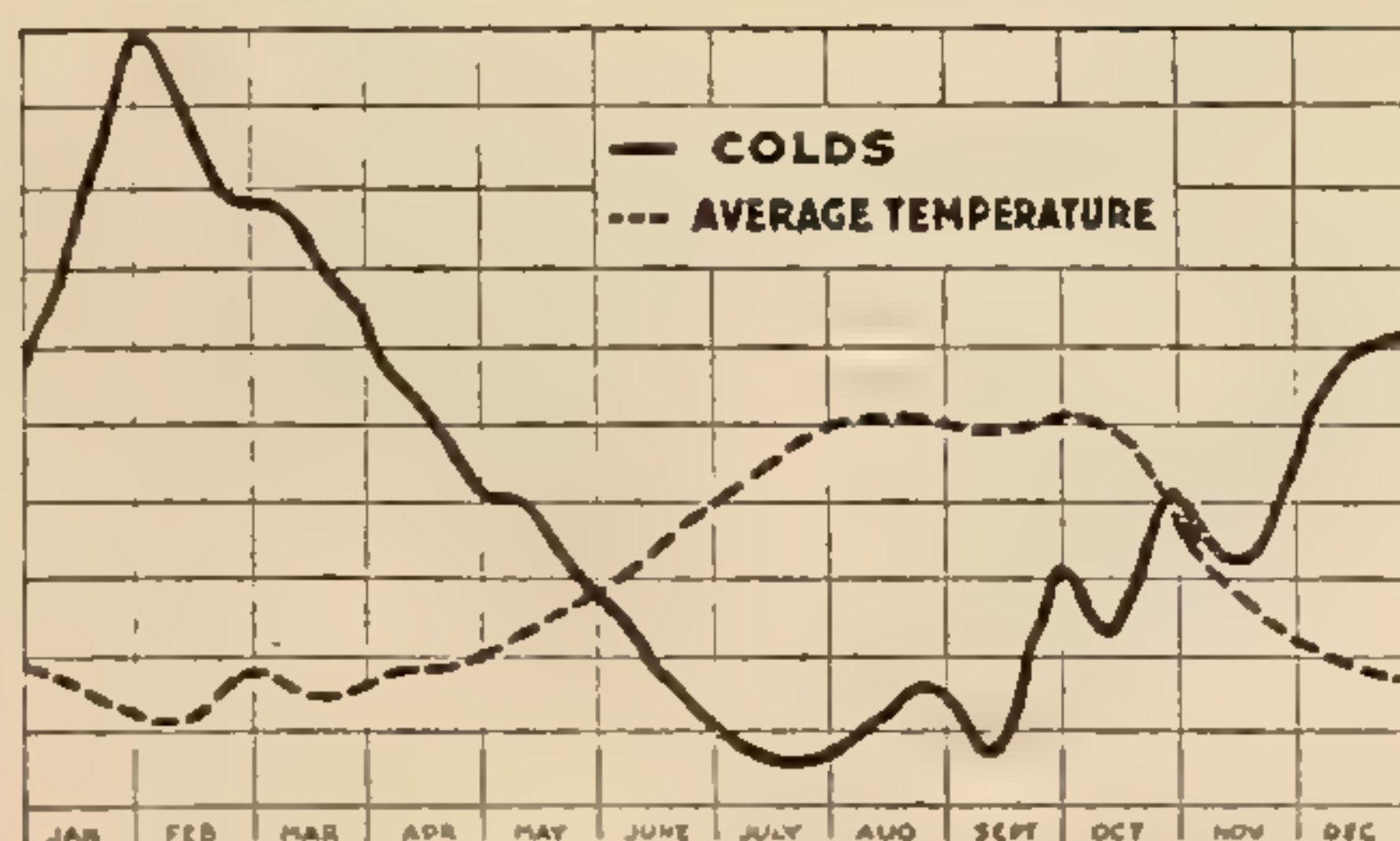
4

DO YOU FEEL ALL RIGHT?

YES, MY FEVER IS GONE, AND I FEEL FINE.

NEXT DAY AND BETTER

## Temperature and Colds



Above chart made from observations at a large university. The number of hours of sunshine per day also seemed to have great bearing on the number of colds.

5

BACK SO SOON? HOW DID YOU DO IT?

**HEXIN** FIXED ME UP QUICK.

AT OFFICE - NO LOST TIME



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Originally Developed for Children **HEXIN**—an alkaline formula—was developed for children originally. Its action had to be gentle and safe. What's mild enough for your child is better for you. But don't be misled about the effectiveness of **HEXIN** for adult use. The action of **HEXIN** is immediate for children or adults.

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# Lovely Women



(above) MYRNA WILLIAMS comes from Cheyenne—out where men are men and women are—well, judge for yourself. She was educated in Switzerland and has been studying dramatic art. Her ambition is to become a motion picture actress—a profession for which she seems ideally suited—even to her dazzling white teeth.



(above) MARGARET HORAN was an artist's model. Enroute to Chicago one day, she happened to be looking her prettiest when a prominent film executive—Hollywood bound—happened to be looking his sharpest for a new actress. A film test was arranged, following which Miss Horan got a Hollywood contract.



(above) At the Brooklyn motion picture theatre where RUTH STOVALL once sold tickets, they said she had a "nice honest face." Then a famous New York illustrator decided she was a "very pretty girl." Her work for artists and photographers spread her fame—and now she is in a new picture "Roman Scandals" with Eddie Cantor.

(right) A New York photographer clipped a picture of JESSIE SHANKS from a department store ad and sent for her to pose. Now she has all she can do in her work as a photographer's model yet finds time to study for her "land of hope"—the theatre.



(left) EDITH TRIVERS, following her graduation from a private school for girls in New York City, posed for pictures and studied for the stage. She is an excellent horsewoman, a swimmer and likes tennis. Last winter she played in "Absent Father." Now she's wondering about Hollywood.

## WHY NOT MAKE YOUR TEETH LIKE THEIRS

### ... WHITER, MORE BEAUTIFUL?

Among the more than two million women who have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste from other brands are many professional beauties.

These girls find that Listerine Tooth Paste makes their teeth look whiter, gives teeth a brilliance not obtainable from old-type dentifrices.

Listerine Tooth Paste has proved again and again that it does "bring out" the naturally beautiful lustre of tooth enamel. It works wonders even with teeth that seem to be "off color."

A special polishing ingredient . . . far softer than enamel . . . perfectly safe . . .

removes the dingy film-coats with but little brushing. Stains yield to it with surprising speed.

There is a refreshing mouth effect from using Listerine Tooth Paste which also accounts for the favor it finds. You are conscious of a sweet, pure breath after



using. Gums seem firmer and healthier.

Is it any wonder, in view of these results, that women by thousands are changing from old-type dentifrices to this? Some of these former brands cost fully twice as much as Listerine Tooth Paste. Yet at 50¢ and even more they accomplish no more than this generous tube which is never priced higher than 25¢, often less.

Heed the trend. If so many women find Listerine Tooth Paste helps them, you may find it will do wonders for you. See if proper care can give you "teeth like an artist model's." It is worth a trial. Lambert Pharmacal Co., St. Louis, Mo.

# LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE • 25¢



# MOVIE CLASSIC



CHARLES FARRELL



RICARDO CORTEZ



JOHN GILBERT

## The Hot-and-Cold Lovers of the Screen

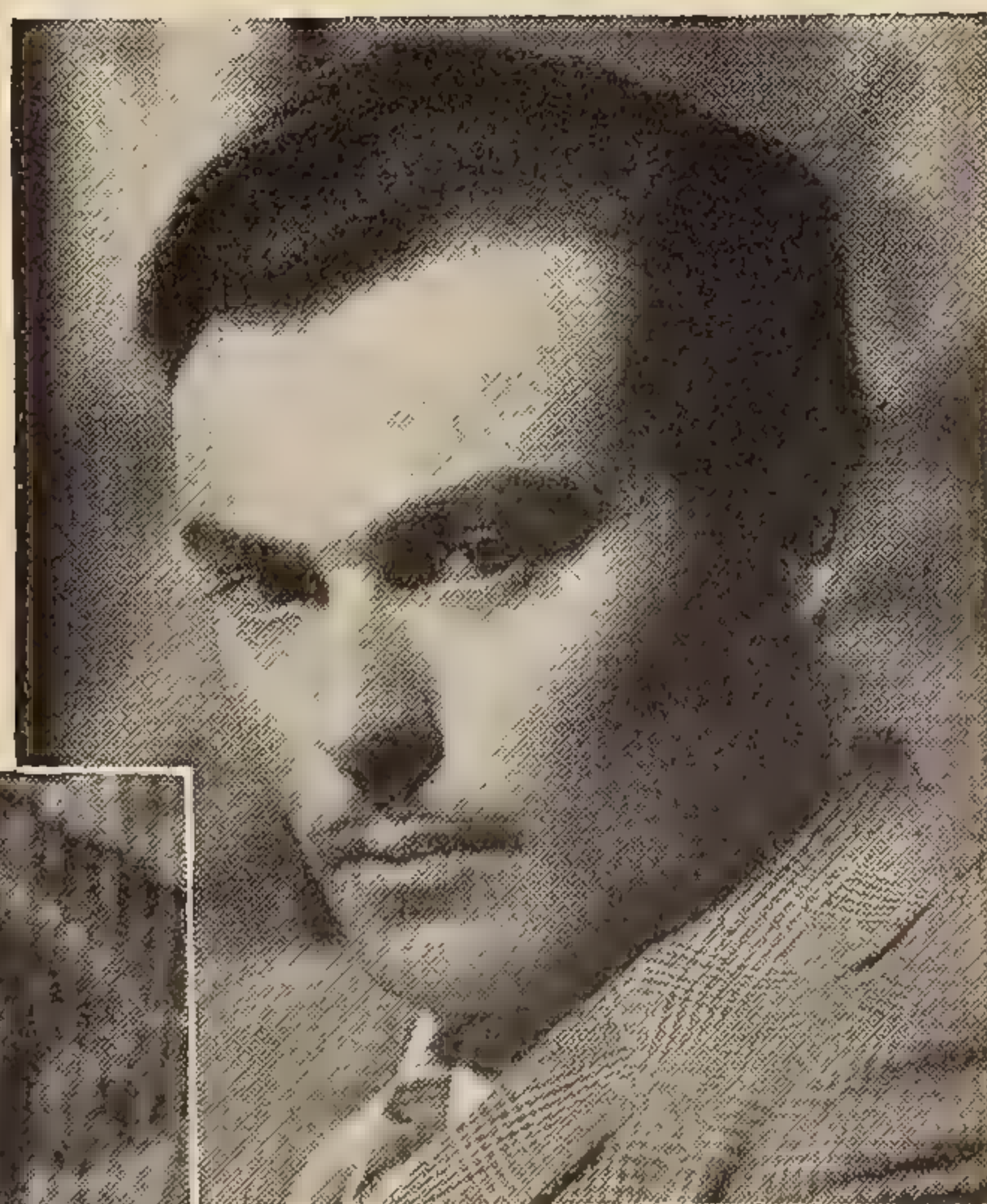
First you love them, and then you don't. You almost forget them, then demand them—heroes like Farrell, Cortez, Gilbert, Asther and Tearle

By DOROTHY MANNERS

**T**HE Greeks may have had no word for them, but the world of sport has a name for players who suddenly rise and shine, suddenly fade out, then suddenly star again, alternating brilliant success with bitter failure. They're called "flash players."

And in the world of the movies, which is also a game in which the best man wins, there are also these "flash players"—actors who streak across the screen in temporary glory only to fade away into apparent obscurity until the next time, when they will be "on their game again." They are the now-you-love-'em-now-you-don't heroes—the hot-and-cold lovers of the screen!

In the world of sport the term, "flash player," applies to athletes who are not consistent in their game. A golfer who is in top form one day and blows up the next; a tennis star who is inspired in one tournament and dubs another;



NILS ASTHER



CONWAY TEARLE

a quarterback who races through all opposition one Saturday and fumbles the ball every time he gets it the following Saturday is called by the followers of those respective games "a flash player."

They are the comets of the athletic world. They have sensational ups and discouraging downs. Their friends invariably offer the proverbial excuse, "He's off his game," but the experts cannot ever predict with certainty when he will be

on his game. Can the same be said of the "flash players"—the hot-and-cold lovers—of the screen?

With one outstanding exception, they have never quite attained the peaks of movie greatness, and yet they never quite die out and are forgotten, either. They are a squad of meteors—flashing, fading, flashing, fading.

(Continued on page 62)





**as presented by WANAMAKER'S, New York,  
with the special caution: "Wash lingerie  
with IVORY FLAKES"**

If pretty lingerie is your weakness, you'll have a gorgeous time in Wanamaker's. See the tempting fashions which are shown above! You can look elegant in a satin nightie (1st girl) or romantic in the "Song of Songs" (2nd girl). You can frou-frou in a "Lady Lou" slip with a lacy jacket (4th girl). Or lounge in negligees of satin or crepe that satisfy your love of lace (3rd and 5th girls)!

But don't let your attention wander when Wanamaker's tells you how to keep them fresh and lovely. "Use Ivory Flakes and lukewarm water!" is very practical advice!

Buyers know the danger of using even slightly too-strong soap flakes. Colors



**Today's safest and  
biggest value in  
fine fabrics soap  
99 44/100 % Pure**

go—silk is dulled. Only pure gentle soap will keep silk like new. That's why salespeople favor Ivory.

In case you haven't sharpened your eyes, let us remind you that Ivory Flakes are *curly* flakes of pure Ivory. They don't take their sweet time about dissolving—like ordinary flat flakes. Ivory Flakes do not mat onto silk, like those "other" soap flakes. The danger of soap spots and fading is gone!

The best comes last! Compare boxes, weights and prices—and you'll see that any other fine fabrics soap costs too much. Ivory Flakes comes in bigger boxes that give you *more* soap!



# "Hollywood Is a Chain Gang— But I Don't Want to Escape,"

says

## WARNER BAXTER

By GLADYS HALL

Two months ago, Clive Brook told MOVIE CLASSIC, "I'd like to escape from the Hollywood chain gang." He said that every player is a would-be fugitive, and that he is just one of many who feel chained to the spot, to the life, to the luxuries. Now Warner Baxter rises up to disagree with Clive, to tell just the opposite story. He says that he is only one of many who DON'T want to escape, who couldn't be dragged away. And he tells why, in detail.—Editor.

"I WANT to raise a thunderous protest," thundered Warner Baxter. "I am thunderingly sick of all this stuff written and said about Hollywood. I am tired to death of reading about actors who moan that they want to escape from it all; who lament their terrific temptations; who appear to despise the bread and the lots of butter they make out here; who state plaintively or passionately that Hollywood is not safe for a man or for marriage. I wish to state that *Hollywood is the only safe place on the face of the globe—for an actor.*

"Why? Well, in the first place, an actor is a freak, a curiosity anywhere else in the world. Valentino once had his dinner coat torn right off his back in front of the Hotel Plaza in New York. Here in Hollywood Rudy could, and did, walk the town from one end to the other and a mild glance of recognition, a friendly flip of a paw was all that happened to him.

"I walked nearly the length of Hollywood Boulevard the other day. I had bundles under my arms and studio make-up on my face that I hadn't had time to remove. And I was really amused to notice that no one gave me a

(Continued on page 50)



Warner says Clive Brook was right in calling Hollywood a chain gang, but wrong about actors craving to be fugitives from it. He says, "Not one of us wants to escape. You couldn't drive us away. Hollywood is the only safe place on the face of the globe for an actor—especially, if he's married!"



# The Private Life of

# MAE



White

This is how Mae West looked when she was just beginning to make a stage name for herself—before she cultivated that insinuating smile

Mae West has said, "I have given six life-stories, but I can always give another." Her publicity department says that she has given nine.

In 1929, she told a writer, "I'm thinking of writing my own life-story and selling it." She is still thinking about it. In fact, it was offered not long ago to a magazine for a terrific price.

This story of Mae West's life is drawn from many sources. I have interviewed her many times and talked to her on other occasions. I have chatted with the famous Timony—lawyer, manager and guardian of Mae's career. I have talked with other writers who have interviewed her. And I have read all the written material about her. Incidentally, I have also sought out those in Hollywood who have known her over a long period of time. This story is a compilation of things already printed and words spoken by friends and by Mae, herself, at various times—with recent additions by Mae.

But where other life-stories have emphasized dates and data, this tries to show *the psychological significance of events* in shaping and creating the surprising personality whom the world knows as Mae West.—and wants to know better.  
—Author's Note.

Don't miss this first chapter in **MOVIE CLASSIC'S** great four-part story—the first life-story to reveal enough of her life to explain her personality and reputation. In this chapter you learn how she got her start—and who gave it to her!



White Photos

Mae has done wonders for Hollywood, and vice versa. As *Diamond Lil* on the stage, she looked as above; as *Lady Lou* on the screen, she looked as in circle opposite. Left, with the famous swan bed of one of her sexy stage hits

**A**N *Amazin' Woman!* That's not a new expression to describe Mae West. It was made hackneyed by writers the moment that Mae West became the sensation of Broadway; it has become positively trite



# WEST

BY RUTH BIERY



Acme

Since her mother's death, James Timony (above) has seen to it that Mae hasn't lost her ambition

since she struck Hollywood. And yet it has never been bettered. Whenever anyone asks me to describe this woman, I answer instinctively, "*She is simply amazin'.*"

Take yesterday afternoon, for example. Her own revelations as to her background were even more amazing than anything I had heard about her. We were riding in her town-car. She leaned back against the plush seats, furs wrapped closely around her, the speaking tube in her hand, ready for purring directions to her chauffeur, and talked about her childhood.

And suddenly, during the conversation, she exclaimed unexpectedly,—"You know everyone was surprised at Mae West's big box-office draw except myself. It didn't surprise me a bit. I expected it. I was used to it. I'd

Mae West once served a week in the workhouse because of one of her plays. When she came out, she found her mother and her sister, Beverly, waiting. And new fame was waiting for her, too—first on the stage and then on the screen!



Acme



always taken in more money on the stage than anyone else. Ethel Barrymore and myself were in Chicago. I topped her. I topped 'em all. I wasn't surprised that my picture made more than three million dollars.

"And I'm the only one who hasn't gone and asked for more money. I haven't stood 'em up for an increase in pay just because I'm the biggest money-maker. God knows they've got to make money on somebody. They've got to make up for all of 'em who lose money. I understand that. I've been a producer. They took a gamble on me. And they won. They spent two hundred thousand on my first starring picture and made over three million. It was a fair gamble. I know about gambles.

## How She's Doin' Now

"I DON'T run into the Front Office and say, 'Now, I want more money.' Maybe I'm entitled to it, in one way. Maybe they'll offer me more. I won't refuse it." She smiled. "Oh, yes, I sell 'em my stories on the side. But I work—Good God, it's awful. I don't have time to sleep. I've got to get a new story ready. If it was just  
(Continued on page 56)





Jean Harlow may be a sex-appeal queen, but sex-appeal isn't on her mind. If your eyes are straight across like hers (above), you're natural, above all else

Are your eyes medium-sized, rather than large, with narrow pupils and clear irises? Then, like Norma Shearer's (below), they show ambition



Not many have eyes like Greta Garbo's (above)—mysterious or sparkling, as she wills. Her straight lids indicate a frantic longing to express herself

# What do Your EYES Betray?

More than you may realize—until you read what Willy Pogany, the famous artist, tells about the inner selves of several screen stars, just by looking at their eyes. If your eyes are like any of theirs, you're revealed, too!

By JERRY LANE

**Y**OUR eyes are telling on you! Not only by their expression—for the very shape of them says things. Look into Mae West's for a moment. Are they saying

anything? Oh Lawdy, Lawdy!! Mae has about the speaking-est eyes in existence. They're seering skyrockets and molten flame and red-hot danger signals. That come-up-'n'-see-me-sometime slithering glance slays them by thousands. But there's something else. They're speaking the language Mae wants them to—and doing a little whispering of their own. I wonder if she knows?

The width between the eyes, for instance. Are YOURS spaced like Mae's? You see, *the distance between the eyes, measured from their corners, should equal the width of a single eye.* But don't be alarmed if it doesn't. Even the beauteous West blinkers are a fraction closer than that—which fact gives the key to one side of Mae's personality, the side everybody knows after seeing her on the screen. Extremely vivid and lively—and naughty. Devilish to the point of driving a man mad occasionally. That's what eyes denote that are nearer together than the rule prescribes.

But, frankly, did you ever think of Mae as being spiritual? Abstruse? Of possessing a sort of sixth sense that governs many of her actions? Did you ever think of yourself that way? It may be in your eyes, just as it is in hers. The real Mae is living in a *Lady Lou* shell, as it were. How so? Notice the deep placement of her eyes. When orbs are set like hers, almost anything might happen. She has super-feminine energy, and a will power that would do credit to a Napoleon.

Then there's the slight slant from the temple to the nose. It says some mighty nice things—about fineness of character and integrity. You're in no end of luck, if your mirror reflects eyes like Mae's!

Contrast hers with Jean Harlow's, that other s.a. siren and princess of passion.

*Those shining sparklers of Jean's belie every sinuous movement of her body.* Even when she half-veils them in filmy love, they're contradicting the rest of her. For the Harlow

Your eyes do not have to be "veiled" to be enigmatic. Consider Carole Lombard's (below)—utterly passive, but "as full of mystery as the night"



If you have blue eyes, but extremely dark irises—like Joan Crawford's (above)—you are intensely emotional, determined not to fail in anything you attempt

If your eyes are round, they indicate intelligence. If they are also deep-set, they reveal an amazing vitality. Mary Pickford's (below) are both





Claudette Colbert's brown eyes (below) reveal the same things as Mary Pickford's blue ones. But, farther apart, they indicate greater tranquillity



If you have almond-shaped eyes like Gloria Swanson's (above)—which are rare—you aim to please, and you also aim to get whatever you may go after

If you have eyes that are "perfectly relaxed"—like Marlene Dietrich's (below)—you, also, have people guessing. Her curved eyelids most reveal her



eyes are straight across, as horizontal as any pair you ever saw, questioning. They're typical of the natural, outspoken young girl who has a very healthy take-it-or-leave-it attitude toward life in general and men in particular.

Almost what you might expect of Janet Gaynor, isn't it? With a dash of wistfulness and irresistible sweet girlishness thrown in. But wait—study Janet and you'll notice that her brown twinklers do not match. If her *left* eye were like her *right*, she would be entirely the Janet of our imagination. And if her *right* eye were like her *left*, this little girl would be Hollywood's most dazzling sophisticate! That left eye isn't telling all it knows. It announces in no uncertain terms, though, that Janet isn't being fooled by anything at any time. And that there is an undercurrent of fatalism and sadness in the Gaynor make-up. Eyes that are noticeably lower toward the temples relate these things—and Janet's left one definitely droops.

When both of them do, then you have a Pola Negri. All the slumberous fires of the North wrapped in worldly guise! A brooding melancholy that frequently is overpowering.

Lilian Harvey, it's easy to note, is the direct opposite. Her eyes go *up* with a grand swoop. Yours do, too? Then you, like Lilian, have tremendous zest and great physical endurance and a natural gaiety that could—or does—make you the center of things at a party. Her eyes are as bright as if a hidden electric current had been switched on . . .

### Let Your Eyes Sparkle!

AS a matter of fact, Willy Pogany, the gentleman who looks into people's eyes and captures their very soul to paint on canvas, says that brilliancy is an electric discharge. It is a sign of the extravert, and it means you have something to give out—a witticism or exciting news or something of yourself.



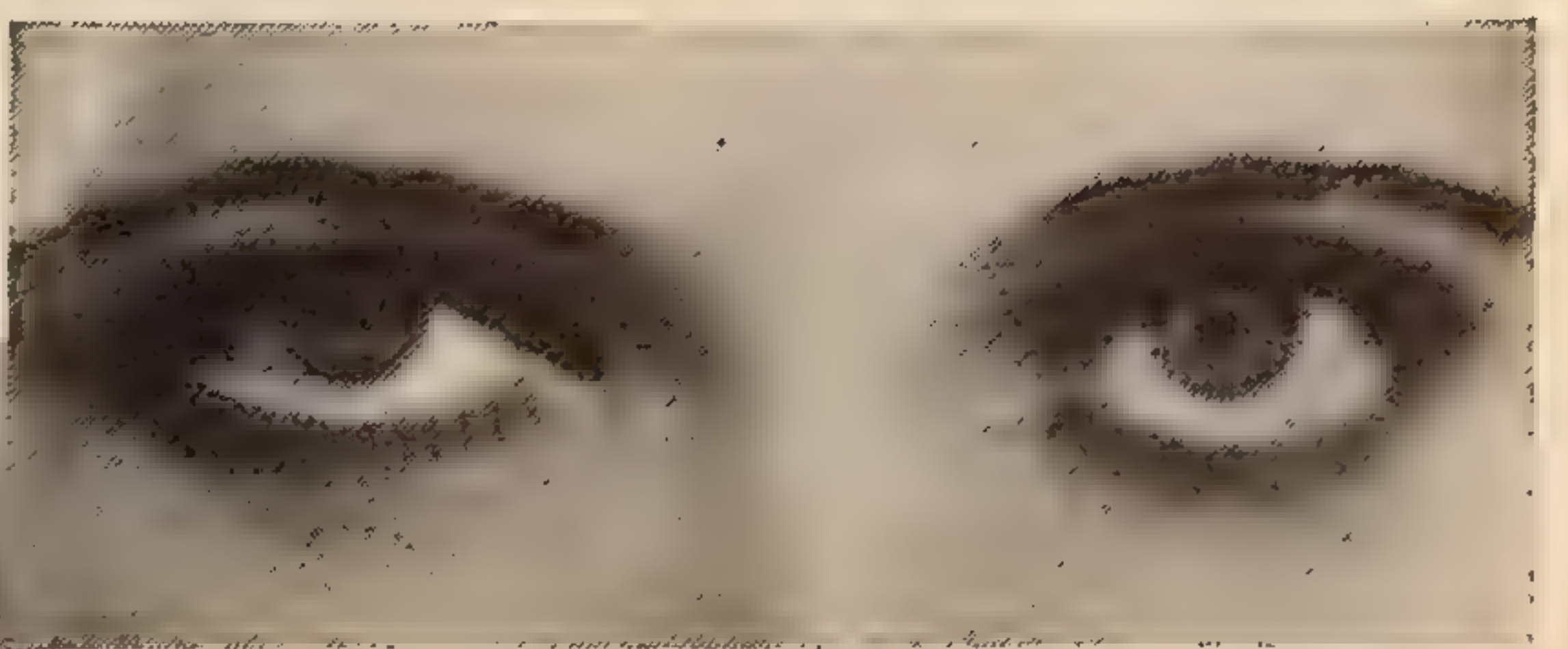
If he went to it, Willy Pogany could probably solve the mystery of the Sphinx—like the mystery of Garbo—by her eyes

"That beaming look," remarks Pogany, "is especially advantageous for the young girl. Let your eyes sparkle  
(Continued on page 65)



Eyes that are noticeably lower toward the temples reveal a sophisticate and a fatalist. Janet Gaynor's left eye (above) is that way—but not her right!

If your eyes go UP toward the temples, they're telling that you have tremendous zest, great physical endurance and gaiety—as Lilian Harvey's (below) do



If your eyes are flecked—like Kay Francis' (above), which are green, dappled with brown—you have high ideals and suddenly changing emotions and tastes



Maria's striking resemblance to Marlene was what led to her playing Catherine, the Great as a child

BY EDNA PERRY

**P**ICTURE Marlene Dietrich in a rage, with golden hair ruffled and deep blue eyes ablaze, running, stumbling, across the studio lot, screaming at astonished executives, who could hardly recognize their most impassive star! For three years, Marlene had met rumors, lawsuits, criticism, misunderstandings and production troubles with a shrug, a lift of the eyebrow, a low-voiced "Who cares?" But this was not the exquisite, bored, impassive Dietrich, screen star, who faced them like a blonde fury; this was the mother of small, eight-year-old Maria Sieber, who had that day become a motion picture actress, playing Marlene as a child in "Catherine, the Great." I asked Marlene to tell me the story, and here it is:

My question was so simple: "How did you happen to let Maria play in 'Catherine, the Great' with you? Is she going to be an actress?" Yet it magically served to open the door to a reserve that is more disconcerting because it is so gracious. Marlene's eyes suddenly glowed. Her smile became something to remember.

"She is going to be what she desires," Marlene told me. "Who am I to say what she is going to be? She is not the kind of child who says, 'I am going to be this or that.' She has said that she does not want to be an actress. 'You have so many troubles that I would not want to act,' she has said again and again. She sees the long hours, the difficulty in getting stories, the worries—she lives the life of an actress with me, you see. And she does not want to be one. But, then, Maria lives from day to day—as I did as a child. I wanted only one thing—to become a mother. I always wanted a baby."

"And does Maria?"

Marlene smiled. "No. She says, again, 'I am too much trouble to you.' She sees how I worry when she is sick or something does not go right for her. Maria has no complexes. She just lives. I have heard her say, 'I want to be—anything!'"

"I understand that you lost your temper on the set yesterday, Marlene, when they attempted to make Maria study. Is that right?"



# MARLENE

Picture the poised, impassive Dietrich the first time—on the day that her her first acting. Read this interview is Marlene, the mother



## Why She Let Maria Act

**M**ARLENE'S eyes flashed. She leaned forward. "Yes, I lost my temper. For the first time on this lot, I raised my voice. . . . You see, it is very unusual. I allowed Maria to work only because Mr. von Sternberg wanted her. He is directing. He wanted her because he had to have a child who looks like me." She shrugged. "I would not have done it for anyone else. But Maria would look like me—"

And Maria did. The rushes of the child's work are really startling. Even that fascinating little droop at the mouth, so like her mother's, is there.





It was just after Maria had made the bed scene (below) that Marlene lost the calm for which she is famous

amazement, a teacher walked on the set and took her by the hand. "I have come to take you to the schoolroom."

"What! Take my child to the schoolroom?" Marlene asked the teacher.

Maria has never been in a schoolroom in her life. Her teachers are private tutors.

"If you wish, I will teach her on the set," the teacher replied.

"But how can you teach her anything when she does not read or write English? It's perfectly ridiculous!"

The teacher insisted and pointed out a capital A to Maria. "Now, what is that, my dear?"

"Ah," answered Maria, with perfect German pronunciation.

"Not ah, but aye," answered the American teacher.

"Nein. Ah—" insisted Maria.

#### She Admits She Screamed

AND then Marlene Dietrich screamed and rushed to the front office. "I did," she admitted. "I screamed, I tell you. I wouldn't scream for myself, but for my *child*—"

Of course, the newspaper reports that the permit to work had been taken from the child were ridiculous. The child had a permit for two days only and she worked those two days.

"It was not the teacher's fault," Marlene added. "If the child were going to work in pictures, she would go to school on the lot, of course. Only she is *not* going to make more pictures!"

I told Marlene that people seemed to think that she had a complex on the subject of Maria.

"But that is ridiculous. When people have asked me to talk before, I have said, 'But why? I could only say what every mother would say. Mothers will read it and perhaps remark, 'She is right'—but they will not be amazed.

Each mother feels that way about her child."

Other actresses have stormed. But Marlene's deadly quiet—her amazing ability to keep silent and let the other fellow tangle himself in words—is the true secret of how she has handled each situation until the teaching-of-Maria. When Paramount wants her to sign a new contract that she does not desire, she says "No." She does not argue or threaten or  
(Continued on page 64)

## i n a R a g e !

losing her temper! But she did—for eight-year-old daughter, Maria, did and you'll understand why. For this—not the star—talking!

"The nurse and the guards took her down to the city at seven-thirty in the morning to get her certificate to work," Marlene went on to explain. "I had to come to the studio so that if anything delayed her, I could fill in and we could take scenes with me. It was very hard on her because she does not like to ride in automobiles. When she got back, I got her ready. Then she was lying in a big bed for the scene three hours. The lines were in English. She talks English, but she *thinks* in German. I was afraid of them. When she had finished with the bed scenes, I wanted her to rest for the dialogue scene. Then, to my







Longworth

Remember when he walked out of films and said he might study medicine? That was "hooley," says Jimmy—who can't stand the sight of pain. (He even pulls those punches he gives girls on the screen.) Here's a slant at Cagney you never had before!

By GLADYS HALL

**I** HATE PAIN," said red-headed James Cagney, looking as if he could give the first comer a good hearty bop on the nose. "I can't stand the sight of human suffering, mental or physical. I can't even sock a woman on the screen without feeling nauseated. Fact is, I've developed a socking technique of my own that makes for realism, but wouldn't hurt the pollen on a butterfly's wing. I don't even like to sock men in pictures. I've got a soft technique for them, too. Which is why all that publicity about my wanting to be a doctor was a lot of hooley.

"Yes, I did say I wanted to be one. I had to say something that last time I walked out on the movies and people asked me what I planned to do. I had to say I planned to do something. Two of my brothers are doctors and my sister is studying medicine, so it

# JAMES CAGNEY Confesses He Couldn't Be a Doctor!

naturally popped into my head. But it was publicity and nothing more.

"*I couldn't be a doctor.* I can't stand the sight of a cut finger without wanting to bawl. I couldn't perform an operation or watch a man die to save my life—or the patient's. The amount of human suffering there is in the world is enough to drive me nuts.

"It started 'way back. When I was a kid of about six or seven, I used to sit on my mother's lap at the window, watching for my Dad to come home from work at the crack of dawn. One chilly, gray morning, we were sitting there like that when I saw a small boy, about my own age, slither across the street like a thin scared rat and start rooting around in a *garbage pail* for something to eat. It was my first contact with the appalling fact that half of the world starves while the other half gorges. I tell you, I grew old in that minute. I felt sick. I couldn't eat all day. For months afterwards I never sat down to a good, hearty meal that I didn't see that skinny little human rat, digging in the offal for a scrap to eat. It did something to me that I'll never get over. That experience helped to make me what I am to-day.

## Things He Has Never Forgotten

**T**HEN, when I was about ten or so, we lived in a neighborhood where, on the other side of the street, were rows of dingy, dreary houses and they always had signs on the doors—"Contagious Disease," "Diphtheria," "Scarlet Fever"—strung along like signs of ill-omen. Kids were always falling off roofs, chasing pigeons, and getting smashed to bits. Women were screaming in the pain of childbirth, without medical care, in wretched surroundings. Crape appeared on the doors, rusty and limp and black, making death the dreadful end of a dreadful life. Windows were smashed. Drunken husbands came home in the middle of the night and beat up their already-beaten wives. Rival gangs of baby ruffians cut other gangs of baby ruffians into ribbons. The ambulance and the patrol wagon screamed their sirens down that street at all hours.

(Continued on page 60)



• THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS •



Acme

Polly Moran rebelled. If she couldn't have romance on the screen, she was going to have it in private life. So she up and eloped—yes, eloped!—with Martin Malone, Los Angeles attorney (above)



It had to come—a fan dance in the movies, we mean. And Ginger Rogers (top left) is the girl who will wave the plumes in "Sitting Pretty." She carries less than Sally Rand, but wears more!

Acme Photos

Hollywood's most loving couple—Ruby Keeler and Al Jolson—are closer than ever now. He's at her studio, making "Wonder Bar"



From the looks of things, Carole Lombard and William Powell are on the verge of kissing and making up. Since their divorce, they have rediscovered each other's attractions. "Absence makes the heart grow fonder," etc.!

All the comics are going romantic. Andy Devine has just joined the parade to Las Vegas—eloping with Dorothy House (right)





Wide World

Are you wondering what became of last August's hot spell? Well, Dorothy Mackaill and Arline Judge lugged it down to Palm Springs, below Hollywood, where they are cooling off while you are shivering

The honeymooners, Joel McCrea and Frances Dee (below), have returned home after being married in a little white church back East. They hope to find a little white cottage



Wide World

Wedding bells will soon ring for Mervyn LeRoy, the director, and Doris Warner, daughter of Harry M. Warner, the film executive. When the nuptial knot is tied, Mervyn and his bride will honeymoon in Europe and points East.



Wide World

With the social season now fastened upon Hollywood, all the pretty visitors are being escorted to all the bright spots by movie bachelors. When Gwen Heller, a New York visitor, danced so often with Dick Powell (left), Hollywood spied a romance

Acme



At the right, Ramon Novarro, Dolores Del Rio and his sister, Carmen Samaniego, recently contributed to the program for the benefit of the Tampico hurricane sufferers. Ramon gave his first local song recital, while his companions did classical dances







Johnny Weissmuller and Lupe Velez are chuckling even yet about how they eluded reporters and were married secretly. Now, they're wondering if they can get away for a "secret" honeymoon—as soon as Johnny finishes "Tarzan and His Mate" and Lupe finishes "Joe Palooka." Reporters say "Nix!" and are watching them

Suzanne Kaaren (right) is something new in "discoveries"—a Broadway actress, artists' model and champion college athlete, all in one. Twenty years old, she is signed up with the wily Fox Studio



Lazarnick



Wide World

Whom did Max Baer—the surprise sensation of the year—take to the opening of "The Prizefighter and the Lady"? No one but Dorothy Dunbar, who divorced him not so long ago! Which proves that the new "It" Man has caught on to the old Hollywood customs fast. He may give up boxing for movie-acting, if tempted sufficiently

When George Raft and Marjorie King (below) go out to dinner together, they pick a spot as snug as a breakfast nook—which seems to give foundation to those rumors that it will be King for a lifetime, not just King for a day, with George. Other romance reports may come and go, but this one persists

Wide World



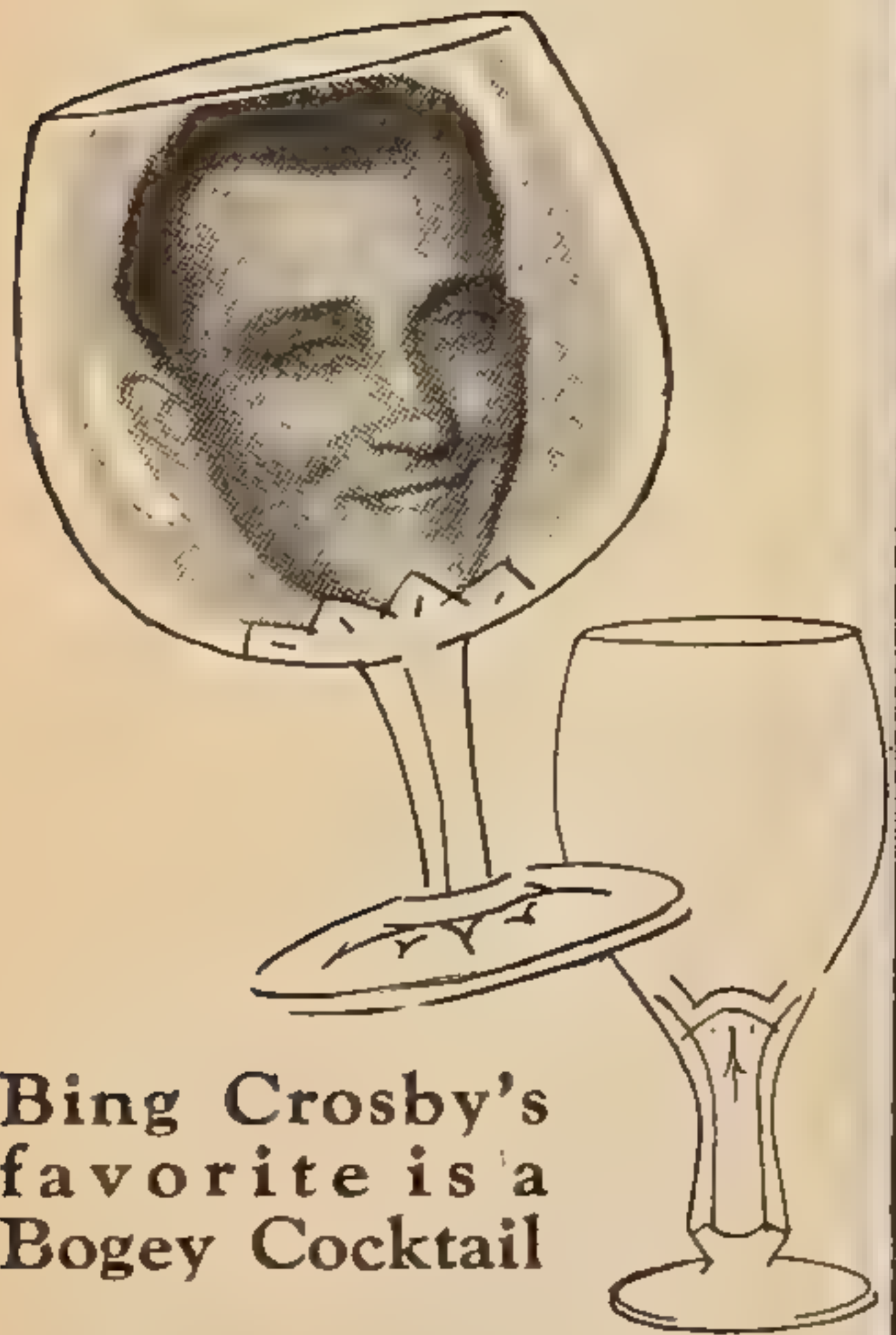
Wide World

They may step out to Hollywood parties, but Bruce Cabot and Adrienne Ames insist that it's going to be love-in-a-cottage for them. They wed the day after Adrienne divorced Stephen Ames





# HOLLYWOOD Shakes a Tasty Cocktail



Bing Crosby's favorite is a Bogey Cocktail



**W**ELL, as Ben Bernie says, the old United States has found the Eighteenth Amendment bad for the Constitution—and we are now entering the year 1 A. P. (After Prohibition). A hundred million parched throats are rejoicing over the return of the swallow—the legal swallow, that is. And Hollywood, which did its share in pointing out the abuses of Prohibition and bringing about repeal, knows how to celebrate it. Do you?

No Hollywood party is complete without its aperitifs, its highballs or its cocktails. Of course, that has always been true, only now Hollywood can talk about it. But don't get the wrong impression. Actually, there is less liquor consumption in the film capital than in most cities. This is due to the fact that motion picture stars cannot physically afford to drink. Careers and alcohol mix no more successfully than do Hitlerites and gentlemen named Cohen.

Still, with Prohibition all over, the stars are no longer reluctant to admit their occasional quaffings. For the benefit of you and *you* and *YOU*, a number of your screen favorites have divulged the secrets of their pet alcoholic concoctions.

Now, get your scissors and paste some of these in your recipe book. Or, if you insist, get your materials and your mixing utensils together, limber up the muscles of that old cocktail-shaking arm, and let's all have a great big party. Oke? Shake!

## Would Make Anybody Croon

**B**ING CROSBY'S favorite is called, by him, a *Bogey Cocktail*. (Bogey, in golf, is your mythical opponent whose score is par for the course.) Not long ago Bing en-

tered a motion picture golf tournament. When the divots and the sand stopped flying and the air was clear enough to see through, Crosby had won the tournament. In celebration of the event, he invited all the boys into the club house and mixed his now-famous *Bogey Cocktail*. Here's how:

For each drink, served in a ten-ounce glass, take two jiggers of gin, one part of lemon juice and a spoonful of powdered sugar. Fill the glass with cracked ice, then add champagne until glass is full.

"No shaking; just stir," says Bing. "I guarantee this one will make you croon."

Trust Alan Dinehart, a newlywed, to concoct a cocktail in honor of his new inspiration. His *Mozelle* (that's her first



Douglass Montgomery, Jack Oakie and Dick Powell offer you a variety of cheer

name) *Cocktail* might as easily be titled *Dynamite Highball*, for it can't fail to blow off the top of your head. Get ready. Go:

For a quart-size cocktail shaker, take one-half glass of pineapple juice, one-half glass of grapefruit juice, and the white of one egg. Mix thoroughly. Pour into shaker and add one full glass of either gin or whiskey, and a jigger of grenadine. Then fill shaker with chipped ice.

"Now, if you can find Mae West, put the shaker into her hands and strike up the band," suggests Dinehart.

Of course, if you can't find Mae, you will have to do



your own mixing—and keep it up until the outside of the shaker is thoroughly frosted. Then serve in glasses with cherries for garnishment. Sprinkle with nutmeg for special flavor.

### Like a Clara Bow Kiss

**M**Y *Upsy-Down Cocktail* has the potency of a Clara Bow kiss," promises Richard Arlen. Probably you have never tasted a Bow kiss, but perhaps you've been kicked by a mule. The effects are the same. Dick's favorite mixture is thus concocted:

Take the juice of one lemon and disguise in four hookers (a hooker is a small glass about two inches tall) of Scotch whiskey. Add four teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and one egg. Season with two dashes of orange bitters.

"This should make enough for four people," said Arlen, "unless they're college students, in which case you'll have only enough for two. I mixed this for four Hollywood yes-men—and they went right out and said 'No' to Cecil B. DeMille."

Douglass Montgomery wavers between two drinks (no, not *after* two drinks, sillies). Both his *Alexander* and his *Jade Cocktails* sound inviting, so two Montgomery recipes are provided:

**Alexander:** One-third cream, one-third gin and one-third Crème de Cacao. To this add the white of one egg (the hens of the country must be proud of the parts they're playing in these Hollywood

introduce a drink in the West Indies, and this cocktail is the result. To-day it is a popular appetizer in Havana, Bermuda, Nassau, Jamaica and other play spots of the Caribbean. Montgomery denies that it was responsible for the recent Cuban revolution. But it certainly does make things go 'round!

### Dick Powell's "Close-Up"

**D**ICK POWELL'S pet cocktail (pet cocktails are like ill-tempered dogs; sometimes they bite their own masters!) is a harmless little thing he calls his *Close-Up*. "You drink it," says Dick, "to the tune of that little song entitled, 'Quick, get the stomach pump; Pop swallowed his glass!'" Make it this way:

Use one-third peach brandy, one-third Vermouth, and one-third gin. (Friends, this should knock the enamel off your teeth.) Add the juice of a lime and shake well with chopped ice. Open all the win-

Clark Gable likes a Sherry Flip; Richard Arlen, an Upsy-Down Cocktail

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman have the same favorite—a Brandy Blazer

George E. Stone, C. Henry Gordon and Alan Dinehart are reflected in their respective cocktails

Specials). Pour into shaker and do a hula dance until shaker is frosted. Serve in cocktail glasses decorated with cherries. (Note: After

three cocktails, omit cherries; guests won't be able to see them, anyway.)

**Jade Cocktail:** Not such a green drink as you might think. Take one-half gin, one-fourth juice of limes and one-fourth juice of pineapples. Add one tablespoon of powdered sugar, and a jigger of Crème de Menthe. (If this drink is preferred tart, omit sugar.) Shake thoroughly with chopped ice, and serve in chilled cocktail glasses.

Montgomery says this *Jade Cocktail* is his own invention. A few years ago, he decided it would be fun to

Hollywood helped along repeal, and now it's helping along the celebration. From Clark Gable to Lilyan Tashman, the stars all have their favorite recipes for zippy appetizers. And which will YOU have? Look them over!

dows and serve in cocktail glasses.

Whenever Clark Gable starts from the tee of the last hole at his golf club, and he is seen by the bartender in the club house, the latter individual commences to mix a certain cocktail known as a *Sherry Flip*. The idea is, you drink a flip, then do

a flip. (Note: They say Edward G. Robinson likes this same concoction, and his friends call it "*The Little Giant-Cracker Cocktail*" for Eddie's benefit.) These are the instructions for mixing:

Take one and one-half jiggers of imported sherry and pour into shaker. Add one whole egg. (No, not the shell, darlings. Now see what describing these drinks has done for me; I'm calling you darlings!) Anyway, add one whole egg, one and one-half tablespoons of powdered sugar, and

(Continued on page 59)





# LOOKING

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST



*Bachrach*

With Winter almost here, they're turning on the heat in the movies. Reginald Denny (above) swelters as one of the all-male cast of "The Lost Patrol"



It looks as if another good lad is about to go wrong, what with Clara Bow turning loose those carnival wiles on Richard Cromwell in "Hoopla"

GRETA GARBO had an accident in the final days of filming "Queen Christina" that somehow failed to get into the daily papers. The stage-coach in which she was riding got too near the edge of an embankment and toppled over, rolling down a small hill. Garbo escaped injury, being only shaken up a bit.

John Gilbert does so well opposite her that he may now do the "Merry Widow."

Between scenes of "A Man's Castle," Spencer Tracy and Loretta Young got along even better than in the picture, in which they co-star. They may do a stage play together. Can it be romance?



*Fraker*

COMPARING top movie salaries with that of the President of the United States brought a storm of abuse on Hollywood's hapless head. Certain actors felt called upon to defend themselves and matters were made worse in the wordy disputes that ensued about the justice of the situation.

It remained for Fredric March to make the only succulent remark in the entire controversy. He said, "Perhaps it isn't our place to make salary comparisons, but it is my opinion that two recent Presidents were miscast."

WHAT HO! A short life and a merry one. Hollywood is again in the throes of civil warfare. And not so civil about it, either.

More or less united once under the general organization of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, the various film groups are now divided into a score of camps. The actors have formed a Guild, following similar action by the screen writers. Even the assistant directors are getting together in an organized body.

It all came about with the decision that the producers were controlling the Academy. This was vigorously denied by Academy officials, but the damage was done. Several hundred resignations were tendered by actors and others who demanded the right to govern themselves.

Where it will all end, no one knows, though everyone guesses.

Here's one of those scenes that make movies human—Helen Twelvetrees and Chester Morris removing shoes on rooming-house stairs in "King for a Night."

Marguerite Churchill—back from Broadway, wed to George O'Brien—is the latest to go frankly sex-appealish (right) in "Girl without a Room"





# THEM OVER

By JACK GRANT

BY the way, they say Garbo goes about all day singing. As it is the only popular song she has ever been heard to sing, the title should be of momentous importance to her fans.

It is "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" Next month she may get around to "Git-Along-Little-Doggie-Git-Along."

DISNEY certainly started something with those "Three Little Pigs." This Silly Symphony is Mae West's only rival at the box-office. It has played more return engagements than Mae's "She Done Him Wrong." Several theatres have advertised it over the name of the feature and on more than one occasion, the "Big, Bad Wolf" has been put in lights with the trio of little porkers.

As far as the song is concerned, more than three hundred thousand copies have been sold. It tops everything in sheet music sale, the average popular tune being lucky to sell fifty thousand copies. Everyone is singing it.

A quartet of midnight vocalists raised their voices.



Gloria Faythe, one of the dancing girls who helped put "Footlight Parade" in tins, will be dancing again in Al Jolson's "Wonder Bar"



William Gargan and Herbert Marshall may be two of De Mille's "Four Frightened People," but they aren't afraid of each other's rivalry

in a park in St. Petersburg, Florida, to chant the refrain and landed in jail. A passing policeman interpreted the "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?" as a personal affront. His name was Wolfe.

Another casualty concerned a Brooklyn theatre manager who was haled into court recently on charges preferred by the



It takes a foxy young fellow to resist the ingénue charms of Jean Parker. And this one doesn't want to—between scenes of "Malibu"



What actor hung up the year's record for playing in the most pictures? Comical Guy Kibbee—now in "Convention City"

S. P. C. A. for keeping three real little pigs in a cage. The theatre man said the piggies weren't afraid of the big, bad chills as each one wore his own little sweater.

**SPEAKING** of affronts, serious consequences portended when Bette Davis gently thumbed her nose at Hollywood gossips by coming to a premiere escorted by the eight men rumored as her heart interests. One local columnist called upon the brothers Warner for whom Bette works and threatened all manner of dire retaliations.

It seemed that this writer was  
(Continued on page 69)



Estelle Taylor, back from a personal appearance tour, pays a call on a famous Broadwayite, now in films—Judith Anderson (right), playing with George Bancroft in "Blood Money"



# Are Women to Lose CLARK GABLE?

Women have idolized him, and women have made him what he is to-day. "So what?" asks Clark. What matters except living his own life again? He wants to escape from Hollywood and all that it means. He had time to think it all over, when he was ill!

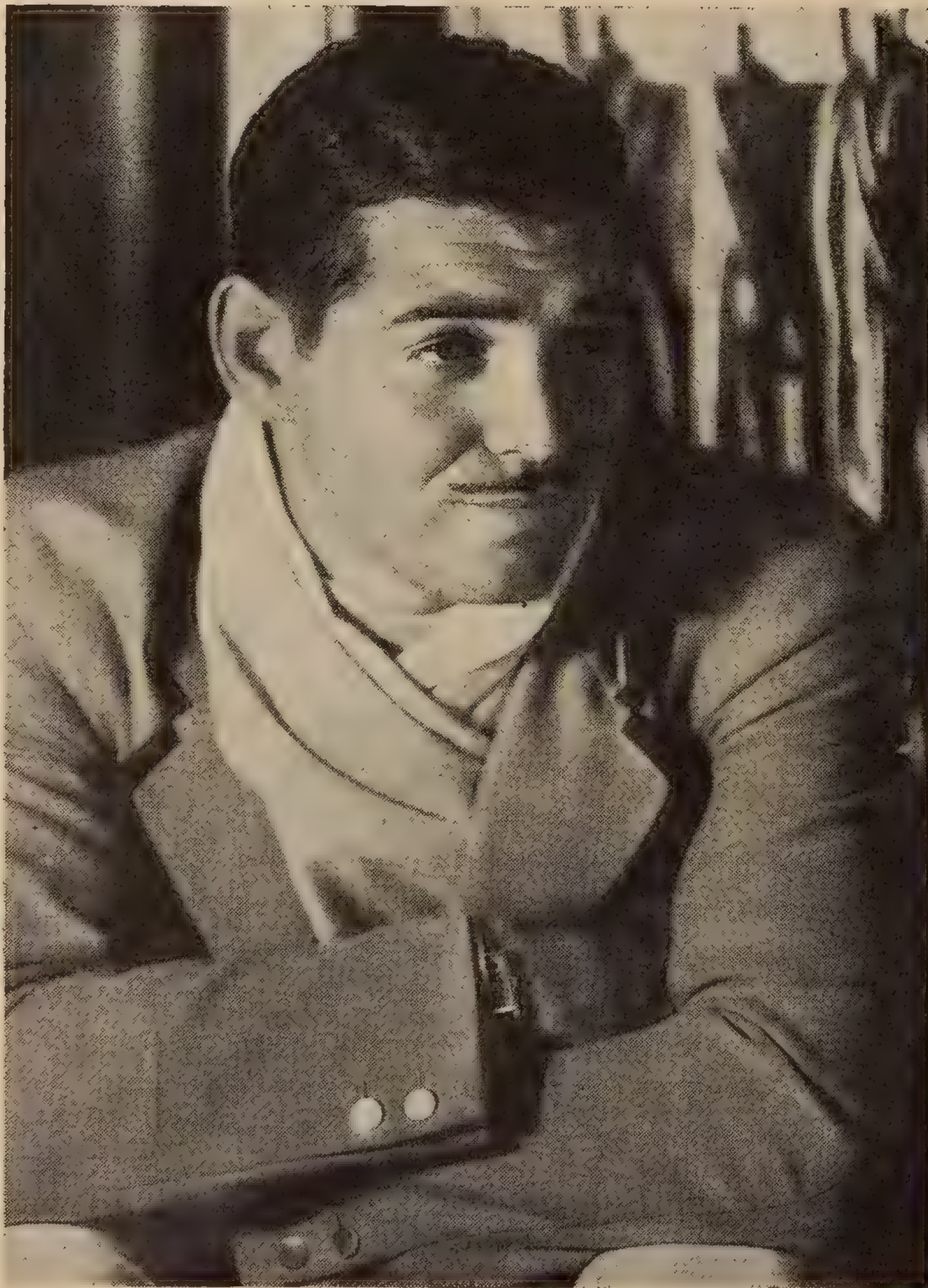
CLARK GABLE told me, "If I had enough laid aside so that I would have a sure income of a hundred dollars a week, I'd leave all this in a moment. I've said that before. But I know now that we never get all we want out of life, so I'll probably never get all of that hundred dollars a week. So when I get a part of it, only a *small* part—"

In other words, the moment that Clark Gable gets enough of that hundred dollars a week to protect him against starvation, plus enough to protect his family, he is leaving. He's going to live life as *he* desires, rather than as Hollywood, movie audiences, and perhaps even those closest to him desire.

"I'm bored. I'm fed up. I've lost my ambition. I just work here now. I do my work as well as I can, but I don't worry about it. I used to read everything that was written about me, but now I don't care what they say. The moment a picture is done, I jump into my car and dash away from everything. I go alone, hunting, shooting. Motion pictures are just a job to me—the same as any other job!"

We have heard other actors say similar things. We have elevated our noses a little higher. "Talking for effect. Biting the hand that feeds 'em. If they had their Hollywood chance taken away, we'd see how much they wanted it."

Therefore, it's difficult for writers to convince even themselves that an actor is sincere when he makes such a statement. Clark Gable didn't try to convince me. He didn't care whether I believed him or not. Perhaps that's one reason why I do believe him. Another is: Rita Gable, his wife, confessed in a casual conversation that she is worried about Clark. "He's not interested in all this—not as he used to be," she said.



## Money Isn't Enough Any Longer

OF course, Clark has never become a true Hollywoodite as most actors do. He has always been a bit indifferent to the fame and the glory and the adulation given him. He told me once, "I am paid not to think," and behind the remark was a restlessness, a disappointed nervousness that said, more plainly than words, "What's a man doing in a game where he's paid *not to think?*"

But at the time he made this particular statement, he was content with the thought, "At least, I am *paid* not to think!" And the word "pay" came before the word "think." In other words, his salary of four figures a week was compensation for being in what he felt—way deep in his heart—was not a man's game. But to-day not even *pay* is adequate compensation.

"Of course, lying in the hospital had a lot to do with it," he explained. "As

I told you, I was paid not to think in Hollywood, so I didn't think. But after that operation—eight weeks! There are only two or three bad days and you don't remember them, anyway. The rest of the time, you *think*. You lie there, alone. You know that you very nearly didn't live and—well, only life and death seem to matter. You've escaped death; you have life. *So what?*

"And you think back to the days when you were 'down there.' And now you're 'up here.' *So what?* What have you gained—besides having things a little easier? And after you get them a little easier—*what then?* That's what I asked myself again and again in that bed: '*So what?*'"

"The real values of life are better 'down at the bottom' than 'up at the top.' And down there, you have hopes, expectations. You keep thinking of the thrill you will have when you get 'up there.' And then you get there and there isn't anything to

(Continued on page 52)

By RUTH BIERY





## LUPE VELEZ

Lupe isn't just daring and dangerous. She's mysterious, now, too. And is she an expert at it! For months she kept even Johnny Weissmuller guessing whether or not she would elope with him. (She once said she would never mix movies and marriage—remember?) And when she did elope, she kept the secret three weeks—Lupe, who never used to have any secrets! She'll give plenty of life to "The Hollywood Party," not to mention "Joe Palooka," with Stuart Erwin and word-slaughterer Jimmy Durante!



## JUDITH ALLEN

Judith is the latest in the long list of "discoveries" of Cecil De Mille—who changed her name from Marie Elliott and gave her the feminine lead in "This Day and Age." She's from 'way down East, where she learned her acting in stock companies—but didn't have to learn about sex appeal. "Hell and High Water" won't be holding Judith back!





## CLAIRE TREVOR

Claire is another newcomer who is going places on the screen—racing Judith to fame. She's also an Easterner, and a glamorous graduate of stock companies. After proving her mettle in two Westerns, she got her big chance opposite Spencer Tracy in "The Mad Game." And now she has replaced Sally Eilers, no less, opposite James Dunn in "Jimmy and Sally"!



*Portraits by Carl Dial*

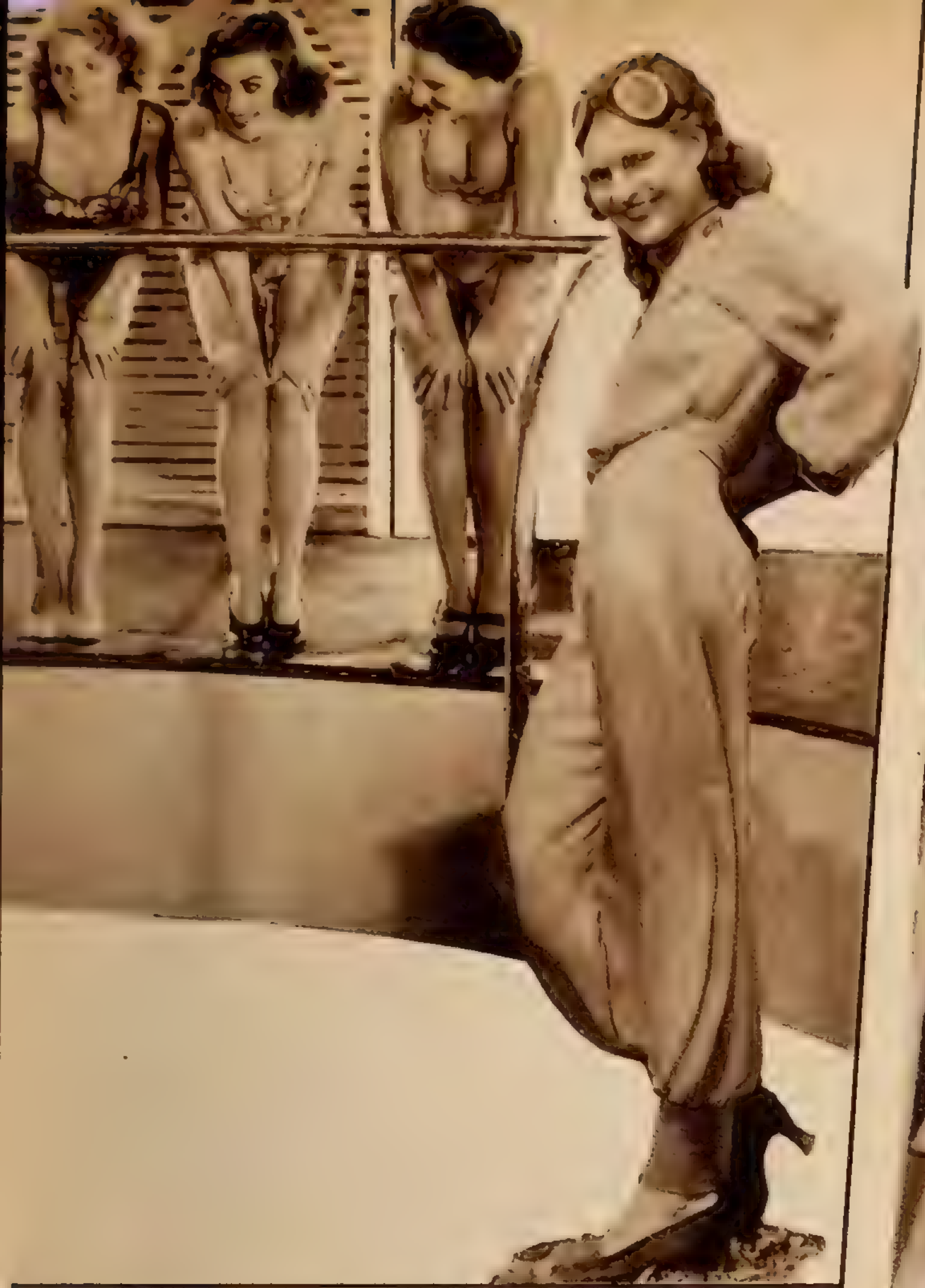




## ON TO RIO WITH 'PLANE AND FANCY STEPPERS

This rising generation of chorus beauties—well, they've risen to be mile-high steppers in "Flying Down to Rio," which features Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond (top left), Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire (right), and something novel in musical comedies. They'll be rolling down to Rio in an airliner, dancing on the breezy wings!









Norma, the Queen of Sophisticated Charm, is back—after a year's absence that only made the moviegoers' hearts grow fonder of her, remembering her in "Smilin' Through." Her husband, Irving Thalberg, who was ill, meant more to Norma than her career—and only when he was well and had returned to producing did she want to return to the screen. You will first see her in "Rip Tide"

**NORMA SHEARER**





## MARY ASTOR

Mary rose to fame in the old silent days when players were "typed," once they became popular. Mary always had to be a fragile ingénue. But those days are gone forever. She can act unsympathetic rôles now, as well as romantic ones. She can be—and is—different in every picture. And is she in demand? With "Convention City" finished, she's starting "Easy to Love"!





THE  
BEST-  
HATTED  
LOVERS  
OF THE  
SCREEN

Here are five lads who like to keep their sex appeal under their hats—and still they're hits with the girls. Sooooo! toppers will continue to adorn top-notchers William Powell (top left), now "The King of Fashion"; William Gargan (top right) and Herbert Marshall (right center), both among "Four Frightened People"; Lee Tracy (above), giving "Advice to the Lovelorn"; and Adolphe Menjou (right), who's "Easy to Love" in a hat!





# What's the Answer to CHARLOTTE HENRY?

To Hollywood, the little girl on the cover is a question mark. She not only looks like the drawings of *Alice*, but seems to fit Lewis Carroll's description of an "innocent girl with eyes of wonder." Is it acting, or is it real?

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

**H**OLLYWOOD is just naturally skeptical about Discoveries. When a girl is announced as a "find," the old meanies' comment is a derisive "Oh, yeah?" or "So what?" No matter where she comes from, or who she is, the "inside story" of how she came to be discovered is passed from booth to booth at the Brown Derby within the hour. But Charlotte Henry has even Hollywood guessing.

There is reported to be a scheme afoot to have Charlotte change her name to "Alice," because, as soon as the casting director saw her—the next-to-last of sixty-eight hundred girls who were tested for the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland"—he realized that here was *Alice*. He recognized her from the illustrations of the book. Fifty years before she was born, Sir John Tenniel drew Charlotte—her wide-open blue eyes, arched eyebrows, long, straight, naturally blonde hair and full, childish lips—peeking over the edge of the Mushroom at the Caterpillar . . .

And the funny part of this version of a first impression of her is that it's plausible. She DOES look like *Alice* come to life. But no one—not even a press-agent—is trying to say that this *Alice* dropped suddenly into a studio contract by way of a rabbit hole, or clambered into

town through the looking-glass walls of Sardi's. For Hollywood has known Charlotte for four years, ever since Fox first brought the little Brooklyn girl to the West Coast in 1929, after she had scored in juvenile rôles in two Broadway successes.

She played juvenile rôles in "Harmony at Home" at Fox, "Courage" at Warners, and "Huckleberry Finn" at Paramount. More recently, she proved that she was growing up by appearing as the leading lady of "Lena Rivers." But Hollywood didn't seem to pay much attention, and rôles seemed scarce, so she accepted a stage part in "Growing Pains" at the Pasadena Community Playhouse. She hadn't even thought of trying out for "Alice in Wonderland," but two other girls at the theatre had and persuaded her to make the camera and voice tests that made her famous overnight. Hollywood date addicts, whose chief occupation is to prove actors and actresses a decade older than they claim, will have a hard time adding many more years to the seventeen (or is it nineteen?) to which Charlotte admits.

## She Fits the Description

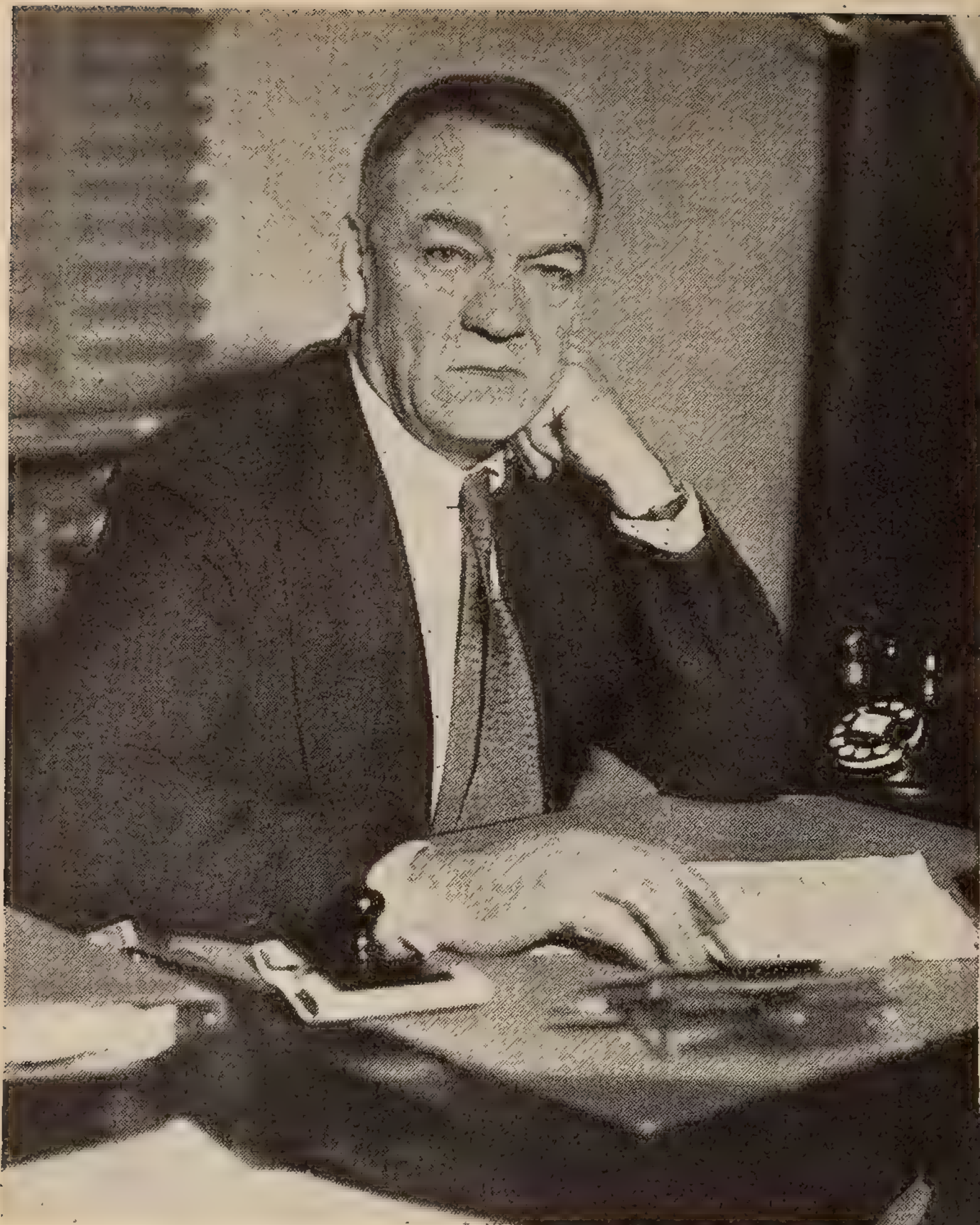
**T**HERE is something quaint and old-fashioned about Charlotte in this age of sophisticated seventeens and knowing  
(Continued on page 67)

Charlotte Henry is no novice as an actress. In 1929, when she looked as in center, she was lured West from Broadway. In 1932, she played the leading rôle in "Lena Rivers" (left). But fame didn't arrive till she won the title rôle of "Alice in Wonderland" (right)



# MOVIE Will

Washington has labeled Hollywood salaries looks as if it intends to do something about inch of the way. It looks like the biggest



Acme

Said General Hugh S. Johnson, NRA Administrator (above): "There is considerable feeling in the country that with all but one of the major companies in receivership, many of the salaries are grotesque"

By MARK DOWLING

**W**HAT'S Washington going to do about those high movie salaries?

That's what Hollywood wants to know—half-mournfully, half-pugnaciously. Is the Golden Age all over? It began to look like it when Washington started planning an NRA code for the movie industry and said something about curbing "unreasonably high" salaries. And when it was hinted that the curb might not stay in the movie code, there still was no reason for cheering. For it was announced that the Federal Trade Commission "or some other agency" would look into the matter, if the NRA didn't take care of it!

When the battle started, a touch of slapstick comedy, on the Mack Sennett order, was added to the hitherto serious proceedings of the National Recovery Act. In the controversy that followed, characterized by "indignant" mass meetings, fiery protests from actors, and a generous exchange of rank-smelling verbal bouquets, observers could recognize the good old pie-throwing technique. And the affair was not made more serious by memories of the oft-repeated plaint of almost every actor in town, during



Acme

Sol A. Rosenblatt, deputy NRA Administrator for the movie industry, heard all sides—and left the salary curb in the code



The stars, for "self-protection," have organized the Screen Actors' Guild to fight salary cuts. Above, you see Ralph and Frank Morgan signing up

interviews: "If only we could get back to the simple things—away from all this money, fame and extravagance!"

"This controversy is a pippin!"—and now we are quoting General Hugh S. Johnson, the NRA administrator, and the only participant who seems to have kept a sense of humor. Maybe he kept asking himself how the NRA would go about scaling down salaries to "reasonable" figures. How, for instance, would *you* set a value on torso-twitching Mae West? By the hour, by the box-office percentages, or at so much a twitch?

Hollywood, itself, has completely missed the chuckles in the situation, probably being too close to the sulphurous odor of the battlefield. But the country at large, mainly concerned with such problems as the nation's economic future, our ten million unemployed and the NRA, itself,



# SALARIES— They Be Cut?

"unreasonably high"—and them. But stars will fight every battle ever in movie history!



Acme



If Morgan could "take it," how about Eddie Cantor (left)? Constance Bennett (below) once drew \$30,000 a week



Greta Garbo (left) is said to receive six times more than President Roosevelt, whose salary is only slightly larger than that of Jackie Cooper (below)



Chatterton, Marion Davies, Richard Barthelmess, and Ann Harding came in the \$300,000 to \$400,000 per year class.

The *Los Angeles Times*, with the caution that the salaries quoted are "arbitrary," apparently has reason for thinking that Greta Garbo receives \$9,000 a week; Will Rogers and Maurice Chevalier, \$7,500 a week; Con-

stance Bennett, \$7,000 a week; John Barrymore, \$6,500 a week; Norma Shearer, \$6,000 a week; Wallace Beery, \$5,000 a week; Janet Gaynor, \$3,550 a week; and Jackie Cooper, \$1,300 a week.

These may be some of the salaries of which General Johnson was thinking when he said, "There is considerable feeling in the country that with all but one of the major companies in receivership, many of the salaries are grotesque."

You see, the problem started seriously, with a question as to what became of the profits of films. Were they eaten up by the "overhead" of huge salaries? That was what stockholders in film companies, who feel that they haven't been getting a fair return on their investments, wanted to know. And about that time, some bright young economist suggested that the salaries should be reduced.

## Actors Blame Producers

BUT at any talk of limiting salaries, actors cry, "Why pick on us?" and add that the whole situation is the fault of the producers, anyway. In fact, they have gone further, and have telegraphed President Roosevelt to the effect that "we deplore the attempts to saddle the sins of these financial buccaneers on the creative talent of the business."

(May we suggest to Hollywood gag writers that for the hero of a comedy to call his boss, in public, a financial buccaneer, would provide a brand-new humorous situation?)

(Continued on page 54)

has found itself unable to appreciate the pathetic wails of picture actors at the prospect of seeing their salaries limited to a mere \$75,000 or \$100,000 a year. The actors' complaints were received without much sympathy—as mere comedy relief.

## A Few of the High Salaries

DUE to the secrecy that surrounds salaries, it is impossible to guarantee the accuracy of the figures in this article (except for President Roosevelt, who is willing to admit what *he* makes), but here are some of the earnings of picture players in the past, which may be lowered in the future:

John Gilbert was rated at a half-million dollars a year; Will Rogers, Harold Lloyd, Constance Bennett, Douglas Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, and Charlie Chaplin were listed as above the \$400,000-a-year mark; while Ruth



# Divorce? Well, CANTOR Is Getting Desperate!

Where could he ever find another woman who would burn a lamb chop as Ida can? Eddie asks—but he's sick of seeing other stars land on the front page, while he's stuck back on page five!

"WHAT'S this," I asked Eddie Cantor on the "Roman Scandals" set, "about you and Ida getting a divorce? Say it isn't so, Eddie."

Eddie looked thoughtful. "No," he finally answered. "It's so. And I'm going to miss Ida, too. No one can burn a lamb chop like that gal. Or throw important papers into the waste-basket. Or mix up my laundry. Yes, I'm going to miss Ida, but it has to be. We're going to get a divorce."

"When?" I asked.

"Right away," Eddie answered.

"Where?"

"Any place that guarantees the most cameramen."

"Why? Don't you love your wife any more?"

"Oh, sure," Eddie answered. "I love her all right, and she loves me, too. She'll never get another guy like me," he went on, showing the least bit of emotion. "She told me, herself, that she'd never find another man who can speak so loud or so much as I. Or mess up the living room more."

"And she'll never find three other men who use the word 'I' as often. She has told me that, herself. She says I'm in perfect health, but I've got 'I' trouble. Oh, she'll miss me all right, but I'm decided. We're going to get a divorce."

"But why?" I insisted. "You assure me that you love each other and that you'll have no one to mix up your laundry without her. Why the divorce?"

Eddie took a long pull on his stogie. "Well, I'll tell you," he started. "To be perfectly frank, it's



a business move. I've got to get more publicity.

What Drove Him to Decision

"ALL my life, a newspaper editors have stuck me back on page five with the want-ads. I practically never hit page one. And, to be perfectly honest with you, I'm pretty sick of it."

"Look at Carole Lombard and Bill Powell. Look at Mary and Doug. It's getting so that I can't pick up the paper without reading about them. It's enough to make a guy discontented."

"But who reads about Cantor? They've got me hidden under weather reports all the time. It's terrible. I've been brooding about this for a long time and last night I picked up the 'phone and got my wife in New York."

"Ida," I said. "Don't call me husband no more. We're through."

"What do you mean—through?" Ida

snapped. "Say that again. Maybe I didn't get you."

"I mean *through*," I came back. "Through, as in finished. Through, as in washed up. Through, as in quits."

"Then I went on to tell her how I've got page-five trouble and how if she really loved me and wanted to see me get ahead, she'd divorce me."

"Who will get the children?" she asked.

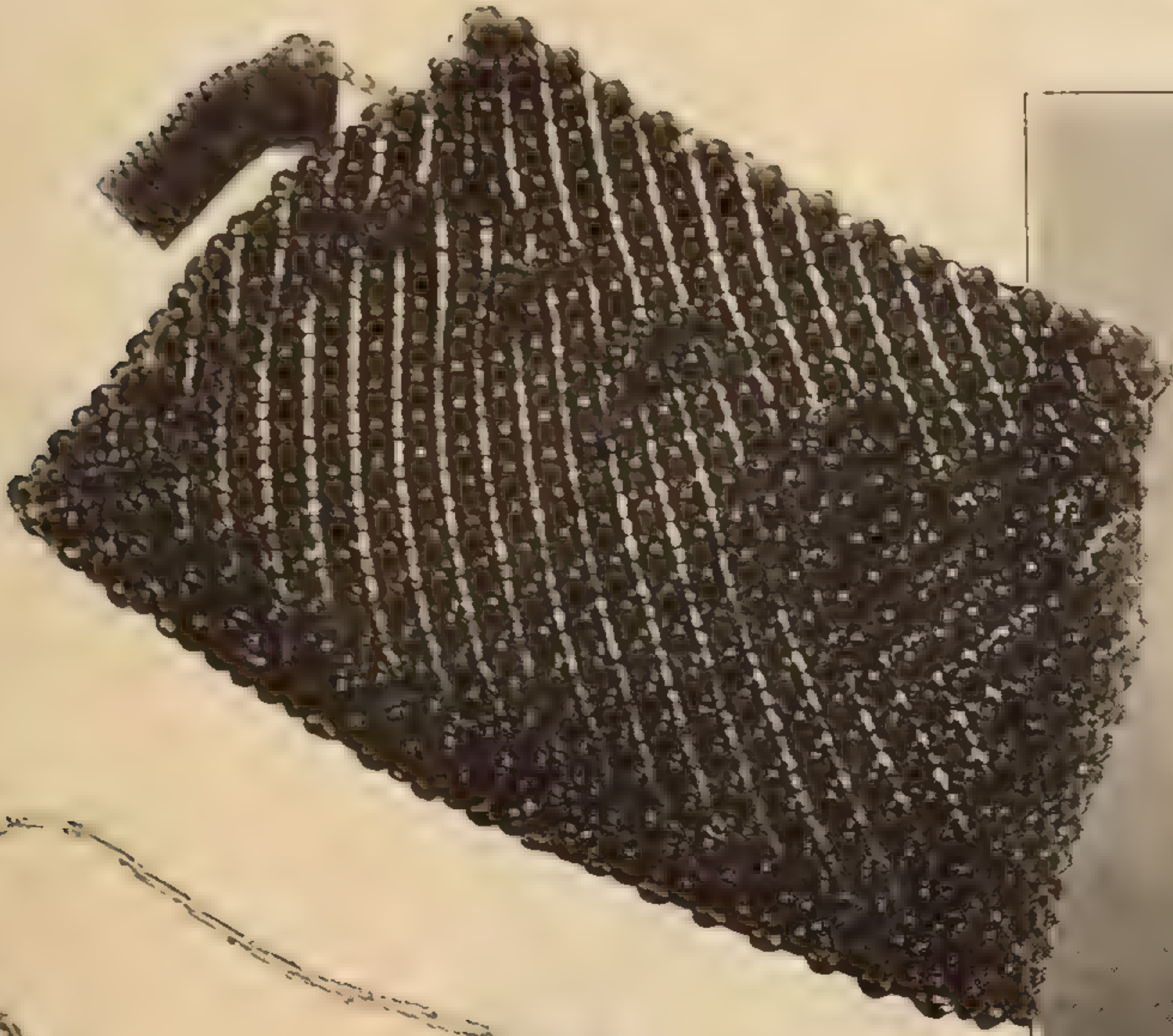
"I'll take Marjorie and Natalie," I answered, "because they're the oldest and will either be working or married before so very long. I can get them off my hands. You can have Marilyn

(Continued on page 68)

By ROBERT FENDER



Will your Christmas gifts  
bear the mark of *smart approval?*



**Upper Bag:** No. 1986. New Hobnail Metal Mesh, large envelope, pouch, and flat shapes. Talon slide fastener; silk-lined, double pocket, mirror, mesh-tassel and back strap.

**Lower Bag:** No. 3561. Pouch style in Beadlite Metal Mesh, smart clasp frame, chain handle. Silk-lined, with mirror. Made also in Pearlized colors.

**MISS LORETTA YOUNG**, charming moving picture star of the 20th Century Pictures Production, "Born to be Bad" in a Whiting & Davis complete Metal Mesh Ensemble.



## Bags and Ensembles in METAL MESH are Fashion-sanctioned suggestions . . .

"Hand in hand with Fashion," Metal Mesh gleams brilliantly on the smartest costumes of Fall and Winter . . . in complete ensembles . . . or in highlights of brightly cheerful contrast against newest fabrics! ☛ Bags in every type of Whiting & Davis Metal Mesh. Ensemble effects in jackets, capes, belts, gauntlets, hats and jewelry . . . and **newest . . . shoes** in Metal Mesh! Fascinating opportunities for selection . . . unusual, desirable, practical gifts, \$3 to \$10. ☛ Check them at your favorite store against your Christmas list. Discover how easily they will solve your Holiday remembrance problems.

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THE U. S. A.

Write for the interesting folder "Miracles in Mesh," illustrating unusual Holiday gifts.

**WHITING & DAVIS COMPANY**

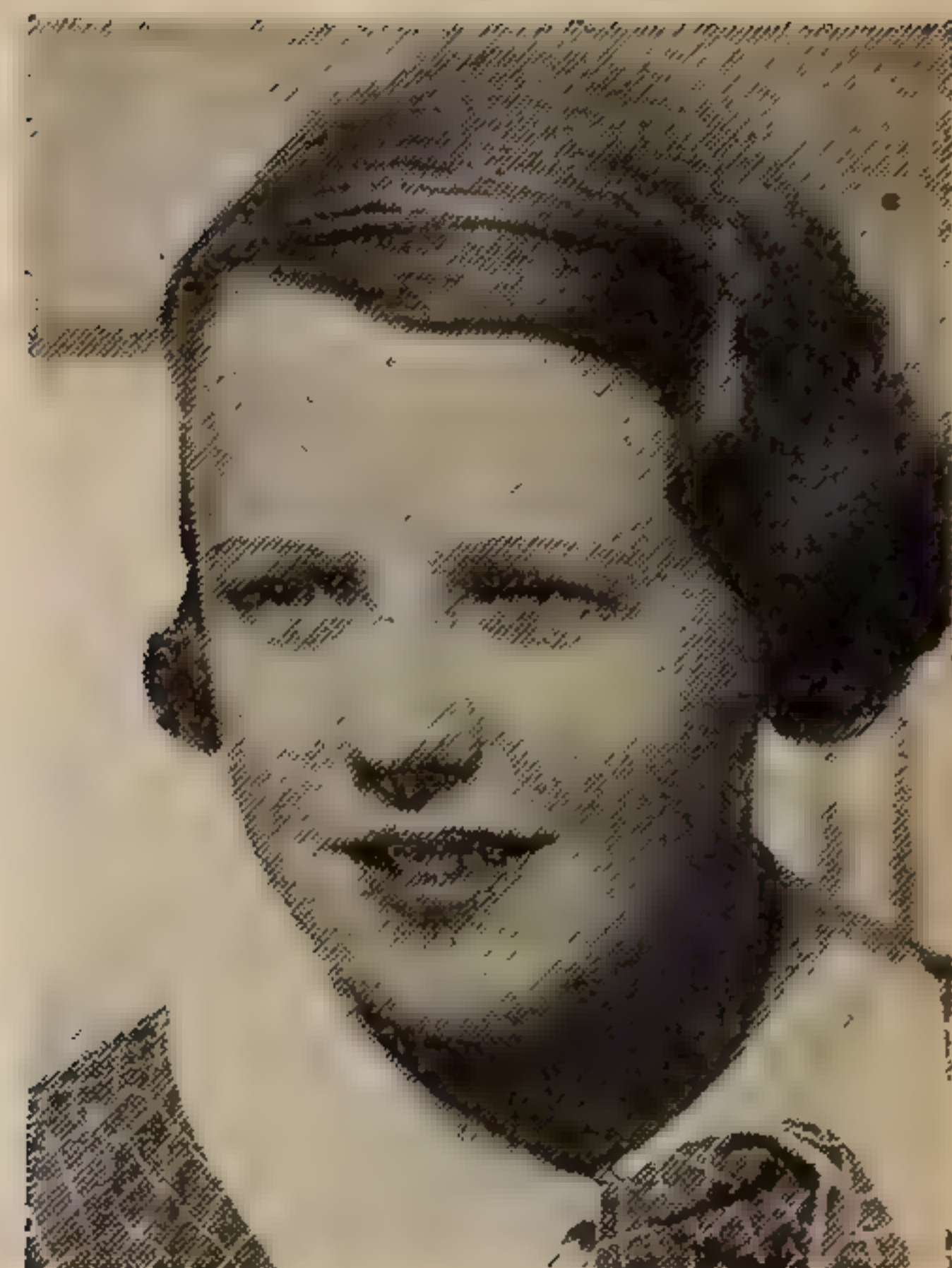
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NEW YORK: 366 Fifth Avenue

CHICAGO: C. C. Whiting. 317 No. State St.



By  
ELISABETH  
GOLDBECK



EDNA BEST  
(Mrs. Herbert Marshall)

# Can HERBERT MARSHALL Have Sex-Appeal, Now *That He's a Daddy?*

Herbert, who has a sense of humor, says he DOES feel "changed" since the birth of his daughter. But he says he never wanted sex-appeal, anyhow. Which is a strange statement from a young screen romantic!

**T**HERE is always a period of panic in the hearts of true movie fans when one of the great lovers of the screen has his first baby. Will he weather such blessedness with no damage to his sex-appeal? Or will fatherhood get him? What, for example, has it done to Herbert Marshall?

Not long ago, a crisis was reached in the Marshall career. He returned to Hollywood, a father for the first time on American soil. In England he was already a veteran at the job, since Sarah Lynn Marshall was six weeks old when her parents bade her a temporary goodbye to fulfill movie contracts in America. Plenty of time for parental stuffiness to have set in. And he was looked over anxiously for signs of domesticity and change.

Though he doesn't conform to the accepted standard for great lovers, Herbert Marshall has always rated aces high with the romantics, both personally and professionally. He is the hero of a true love story that began when

Edna Best, the mother of twin boys, fell in love with him ardently enough to disentangle herself from her first marriage and become his wife. He has never failed in power and appeal since then.

Hollywood ignorantly gasped when Edna walked out of a John Gilbert picture because she couldn't bear to be separated from her husband, who was in New York. But after getting that first glimpse of him in "Secrets of a Secretary," everyone understood and would have jumped at the chance to follow him anywhere. Now fan mail heaps upon him, and every woman who meets him comes away in virtually a daffy condition.

## He Does "Feel Changed"

**D**O you think the baby has had any effect on your sex-appeal?" I therefore asked, as reluctant spokesman for the anxious millions.

It was apparently a new idea to Mr. Marshall, who was



looking and behaving exactly as he had pre-  
parentally.

"I hadn't thought of that possibility at  
all," he mused. "You mean, people might  
say, 'Oh, he's married and a father. There's  
no romance about him!'"

He pondered that a moment. "I don't  
know," he said, "I do feel changed, rather.  
I got a great thrill from the birth of my  
daughter. I can't predict what it will do  
to my screen personality—but I assure you  
that it wouldn't have stopped me from  
becoming a father, if I had thought it  
would have some effect one way or the  
other on my sex-appeal."

He used the word with amusement.

"Sex-appeal' has become such a loose  
term. We use it for a quality that hasn't a  
great deal to do with sex. And I don't think  
that's the basis of my appeal, anyway.  
I hope not.

"I can't analyze what I am on the screen,  
but I have a fairly definite idea of what I  
would like to be. I would choose to be  
known and liked for a certain forthright  
quality, an honesty and directness. And  
humor. I would like to be subtle in humor.

"But I'm horribly bored with being  
called 'polished.' That has become the  
curse of my screen career, the adjective  
I'm always tagged with. I made a point of  
writing the vice-president of Paramount a  
special request that I be allowed to spit in  
somebody's eye in my next picture. I'm so  
tired of kissing hands, and being a gentle-  
man."

I've heard producers regretting that  
Herbert is so inevitably well-bred, so very  
Mayfair in his speech and manner, that as  
an actor he simply can't do justice to the  
lower classes. His innocent desire to spit is  
therefore very understandable—it's just the  
Marshall version of the comedian wanting  
to play *Hamlet*.

#### The Actor He'd Like to Be

"WHAT I would like," he said, "if I  
were this person I'd like to be,  
would be to appeal to women (after all,  
women have got to like you, haven't they,  
for success in pictures?)—but without being  
loathed and despised by the husbands or  
whoever the men are who are sitting beside  
them in the theatre. I'd want to be able to  
have women like me, and say they like me,  
without getting a sneer from their escorts."

Herbert went on with his self-portraiture.  
"I'd want to treat women on the screen as  
they like to be treated in life, and still have  
the men like me. That's pretty difficult, of  
course, because women would like to be  
treated in ways their husbands and lovers  
might not approve of at all.

"But the main point and the greatest  
safeguard is to avoid screen glamour—that  
is, any of the qualities that have made the  
glamorous males of the screen. Of course,  
I couldn't be glamorous anyway, even if  
I tried. I haven't a rich smile—" he said  
that with an unctious that recalled all the  
pomaded heroes of the past—"or that kind  
of strong physical sex-appeal that consists  
of—Ooosh!"

He supplemented his sound effects with a  
movement of the shoulders that embraced  
all the animal magnetism that has been let  
loose on the screen from the earliest days  
to date.

"That sort of thing is what the men hate  
and resent. If I were this ideal creature, I'd  
want women to like me for some other  
reason than that. I would want my sex-  
appeal to be concealed, or at least to come  
to them in some other guise. I wouldn't  
want to be without it entirely, of course—  
I just wouldn't want to trade on it alone."

#### But He'd Hint of Embraces

THE Marshall idea is so close to the  
reality, you'll notice, that it must be a  
great satisfaction to everybody, including  
(Continued on page 51)

## 500 PEOPLE IN SCIENTIFIC TESTS END COLDS IN HALF THE TIME

You may benefit by what they  
proved—Pepsodent Antiseptic  
fought off colds—cut time  
lost from colds in half.

Recently an interesting test was  
brought to light new facts about the  
Scientists found that the antiseptic  
gargle and to spray with makes an  
as to how many colds you have  
makes a difference as to how long  
These scientists took a group  
and observed them closely for  
Here are some of the remarks  
covered.  
A cold will last five days on the  
Pepsodent Antiseptic is gargled  
of a cold is cut to two days—  
from a cold were saved.  
Many of the group who  
Antiseptic had no cold at  
months. The number was  
greater than among the  
with other antiseptics or salt water.  
This is the first test of its kind  
tific conditions with the  
salt water. Most is learned  
the public to



Now \$1 equals \$3  
when fighting colds

Pepsodent is 3 times more powerful than other leading  
mouth antiseptics. Hence it gives you 3 times greater  
protection—gives you 3 times more for your money.

THE test of any antiseptic is: *will it  
work?* How effectively Pepsodent  
Antiseptic "works" is now on official  
record. Tests on 500 people give science  
convincing proof of what Pepsodent  
offers you in fighting winter colds.

Five hundred people were divided into  
several groups. In fighting colds some  
gargled with plain salt and water—some  
with other leading antiseptics—one  
group used only Pepsodent Antiseptic.

Those who used Pepsodent had 50%  
*fewer colds than any other group.*

What's more, those using Pepsodent  
Antiseptic, who did catch cold, got rid  
*of their colds in half the time.*

What convincing evidence—what re-

markable testimony. Here is a clear-cut  
example of the extra protection that  
Pepsodent Antiseptic gives you.

#### Know this about Antiseptics

Take note! When mixed with water,  
many leading mouth antiseptics *cannot*  
kill germs. Pepsodent Antiseptic can  
and does kill germs in 10 seconds—even  
when it is mixed with 2 parts of water.

That's why Pepsodent goes three times  
as far—gives you 3 times as much for  
your money—makes \$1 do the work of  
\$3. Don't gamble with ineffective anti-  
septics. Be safe. Use Pepsodent Antiseptic  
—and none other. Safeguard your health  
—and save your hard-earned money.

# PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC





# "Hollywood Is a Chain Gang—But I Don't Want to Escape," Says Warner Baxter

(Continued from page 19)

glance. No one paid the slightest attention to me. Why should they? I'm just one of what Clive Brook called 'the chain gang' here in Hollywood.

"That was a swell interview with Clive, but I don't entirely agree with it. Hollywood is a chain gang, all right, but don't you fool yourself, or be fooled—not one of us wants to escape from it. You couldn't drive us away. I know you couldn't drive me away. I hope I'm an actor until the last bell rings. And if I can't be in front of the camera, I hope to God I can be somewhere in back of it.

## Would Be Miserable Elsewhere

"I'D be utterly miserable anywhere else in the world. I wouldn't know what to do or where to go. It's getting worse all the time. There was a time when I liked to take trips and be away for a few weeks or a few months. Now, I chafe at the bit after a week at sea or wherever I go. I think I may be unique among actors in that I have never said, because I have never thought, that I want to be out of it all, to escape.

"Hollywood is not only the safest place in the world for an actor from the point of view of going unmolested and being allowed to live his own life, if he really wants to live that way. I even do the marketing and bring home bundles of spinach and steak off and on, and no one thinks it odd. But it is also the safest place for a married actor.

"They say, and write, that there are matrimonial dangers in Hollywood; that divorce is epidemic; that marriages cannot last here, among the film people. Well, I only know that mine has lasted for more than fifteen years and I know, too, that these same people who have divorced here after a year or two would have divorced within three months anywhere else in the world. It was the people and not the place.

"Here, an actor is subject to temptations from beautiful girls and seductive women, of course. The world's most beautiful girls and most seductive women are not gathered together in any other one spot. But that's one safety valve—there are so many of 'em that, after a time, it is like working in a candy shop and disdaining to eat a gum-drop.

"Here, also, one actor is only one among many. He shares the spotlight, so flattering elsewhere, with all the Ronald Colmans and Clark Gables and Robert Montgomerys and Leslie Howards of the place. I, Warner Baxter, share with these men. I get only a very small percentage of the attentions and a correspondingly small share of the temptations. If I were anywhere else in the world, I would be a center of attraction—not because I am I, Heaven knows, but because I am Warner Baxter, a publicized name, a recognized 'attraction,' fresh from the Midway. A curiosity.

## Don't Need Romance for Escape

"HERE, too, we are among our own kind, people with the same interests as ours, who speak our language. We talk things over—the Ronald Colmans and I. We know what these flattering girls really want when they flatter. We know how much of it is for us as men and how much for us as possible stepping stones to bigger and better parts. As men of all crafts talk over the various problems they encounter, so we here in Hollywood talk over our problems and the things we are up against and why. We'd be lonely if we couldn't.

"Then there is the little matter of escape. Bankers, brokers, merchants, com-

mercial business men of all kinds are forever seeking what the psychologists call 'escape' from the humdrum monotony of their lives. Some of them escape by traveling. Some of them 'go back to the land.' Some of them go in for hunting, for golf; a good many of them distract themselves by playing about with delightful women—lovely women who are to them what food would be to a starving, isolated man, for they are novelties and not a part of their every-day, workaday lives.

"In Hollywood we do not have to seek escape—we are escaping all the time, every day, every week, with every new part. I am never Warner Baxter for more than a week or a month at a time. I live a thousand lives and know a thousand loves. I don't have time to get tired of being myself or of being my wife's husband. Before there can be any palling, any monotony, I escape again into some other character with all his problems and passions and troubles and delights.

"I can't get tired of making love to my wife. I can't wonder what it might be like to hold some other women in my arms, to kiss her, to make love to her because I have to make love to other women, year after year on the screen. I have to keep shifting from one woman to another. In real life I can—and do—love just one woman. And the permanence of that one love seems marvelous, almost miraculous.

"When I played *The Cisco Kid*, for instance—well, by what other means could a man know such romance, such high adventure, such complete departure from himself and all of his habits and life and love? I WAS *The Cisco Kid* for the duration of that production, and when I came back to being Warner Baxter again, it was rather a novelty.

"I always escape from myself when I am working. When I made 'Six Hours to Live,' for instance, I was absolutely that man. I slept with him or in him at night. I thought as he thought. I had, I knew, only six hours to live and I lived, more or less, accordingly. I found new values in my life and in the people around me. I did things differently. Certain layers had been peeled off life and a new aspect of things was revealed to me.

## The "Escapes" Hollywood Offers

"SO, there is no real excuse for a man in Hollywood to seek pastures new, either domestically or any other way. Hollywood gives him travel—location trips are always taking us hither and yon. Hollywood gives him release into other characters, and Hollywood gives him the escape of making love to other women and yet remaining true to his wife and safe in his own home.

"From the purely materialistic point of view," thundered Warner, "it is idiocy to complain about Hollywood. It is very fine to believe that men should work for the joy of working—and creating. But men don't. We work for money and we want the money to buy us beautiful homes, give us leisure and travel and fun and importance. Where else in the world could a man of my age be as secure and as successful as I am to-day, here in Hollywood? The answer is, precisely, NOWHERE.

"I had one other ambition in my life—I once thought that I would like to be a surgeon. If I had been—where would I be to-day? Unless I were the most successful surgeon living, really, I wouldn't have a tenth of what I do have. And as far as the mission of it all is concerned—the satisfying

sense of feeling that you are doing something in this world to benefit your fellow-men—well, I think we of the screen are rather by way of being surgeons, too. Certainly, we do help to amputate the blues and we do benefit the circulation and we do serve as psychological outlets and emotional releases for millions of people. We do not use the knife—we use the mighty scalpel of entertainment. There is no mightier weapon.

"A man in Hollywood, an actor in Hollywood, is safely married for another reason, too. You may say that it is a too-materialistic one, but you must take into consideration that with human beings, who are, after all, both body and soul, the materialistic is very closely allied with the spiritual and the psychological. What I'm getting at is that there is this reason for safety—the wife's reason.

## Wives Have Dreams Fulfilled

"ALL women, if they are really feminine, love luxury, love beautiful homes and cars and jewels and entertaining. The actor in Hollywood is usually able to give his wife these things and at an earlier age than men of other occupations. And when he does, when his wife is luxuriously housed and clothed and made to feel secure, it is rare, indeed, that she will want or try to escape from so warmly feathered a nest. If she does want to escape, it is usually into another, and equally warm nest.

"Winnie and I"—he is married to Winifred Bryson—"are building our permanent home here in Hollywood, the kind of home we have dreamed of all our lives. Into this house we are putting all the fancies and ideas and notions we have picked up after years of watching other peoples' homes, the things they had in them and the things they didn't have. I've always thought, for instance, that it's rather silly the way large houses have the kitchen on one floor and no facilities for even making a cup of tea in any other part of the house. So, we are having an electric plate installed in the living room. It will be behind a carved wood panel and it won't in any way mar the appearance of the room, but whenever Winnie and I feel like making a cup of tea for ourselves we won't have to go into the kitchen to do it.

"I've always felt it was rather silly, too, and decidedly inconvenient to have to move around a house, to different rooms, for games, cards, music, reading and so on. So I've built an enormous living room and put all these things and facilities into it.

"But the things that go into it—outside of the comfortable chairs and plenty of them, and the smoking tables with matches and full regalia and plenty of them—are incidental to the fact that it will be a home. Such a home as only Hollywood could have given us, safely, bought and paid for—our own.

"I tell you, Hollywood is the only safe place in the world for an actor. He can't be an egotist because there are too many other actors crowding into the spotlight with him. He can't plead that he wants to escape because he does escape all the time. He can't plead boredom with marriage because he has too much of love-making and outside 'romance' on the screen. He can't complain because he is comfortable, for Heaven's sake—and if he does, then he is a fool and may the thunders and lightnings strike him! I want to stay in Hollywood for the rest of my life. It would take thunder and lightning to blast me out of it!"



## Can Herbert Marshall Have Sex-Appeal, Now That He's a Daddy?

(Continued from page 49)

Mr. Marshall. Most women, when required to describe the essence of Marshall's charm, say it's his sweetness. This diagnosis makes Herbert both squirm and wince. The word "sweet" is always loathsome to men when applied to themselves. But it's only the word, and not the meaning, that offends them. For Mr. Marshall means exactly what his lady admirers do when he says,

"There must be a kindliness, a sympathy, a tender quality in this person I'd like to be. But it musn't be just kindness. That would be fatal to romance. There must always be something more powerful behind it, and tenderness must always have the suggestion of—ah—an embrace."

He laughed because he was choosing his words with great delicacy, which didn't deceive anybody. What he meant was—sex. You always get back to that, whether it's Mae West with her cards on the table, or Herbert Marshall with his subtlety and (excuse it, please Mr. Marshall) polish.

I considered it all very encouraging in a new father, and was ready to go out and report to the world that he was practically unmarked by the miracle of procreation, when he observed ominously,

"I'm determined not to go on too much about my child, as fathers are wont to do. I've made up my mind to that. It's very painful for everyone else."

Scarcely had I agreed, when he said, "I like her tremendously, and I spend just as much time with her as the nurse will allow. She's always shooing me out of the room. She's fairly stern about it, but she realizes that I have some rights."

In all justice, I must admit that he spoke less like Sarah Lynn's daddy than her best beau.

### His Own First Impressions

"SHE has a definite personality already," he continued. "She's a gay little thing. Bright and jolly. And she always was attractive. Never went through that mottled stage. Even when she was first born, she just looked as if she had a nice even tan—from the sea. I don't know where she acquired it."

I began to feel that parenthood was better than sex-appeal any day. Ever since his marriage to Edna Best, Herbert has been a sort of step-father, though Edna's twin boys, who are eleven now, live with her ex-in-laws.

"They're glorious," Herbert commented, "and they're with us a great deal. When our baby was born, they wired, 'So glad to hear of the arrival of Sarah Lynn. Does that make us triplets?'"

"We wouldn't have been heart-broken if this one had been a boy, but we were about sixty-four for a girl. We thought we'd rather have a girl in case of the next war. We'd much rather have her rolling bandages for the Red Cross than fighting in the trenches. For anyone who was really in the last war, and for anyone who can realize what the next one will be like, it's unbearable to think of having a son involved in it."

"I'm going to have even more fun with her a month or two from now when she comes over, or I go back, whichever it is, and she has developed a lot and much more can be done with her."

His enthusiasm carried him on and on. But there's no need for the fans to worry. Any man who can talk at length about a brand-new baby you've never seen and make you like it must have preserved his glamour intact.

# Nothing Like It!

# Equalizer KOTEX

(Patent No. 1,863,333)

## greater protection — untold extra comfort

EVERY woman will greet this news gladly. Kotex—your favorite sanitary protection—now gives far greater service because of the Patented Equalizer—a specially-processed center. Read just what it does. An intimate explanation is given you on the direction sheet inside each package. Learn how the cellulose keeps its downy softness; how the pad is now able to give you greater protection with less bulk.

*No pad can be like it!*

Examine this new Equalizer. It may look simple, but that processed center took 2½ years to develop. Imitations can be made. They will be made. But they cannot be the same—and this is why: this pad took months and months of research to develop; a board of three hundred women tested it; medical authority of high repute checked their findings; AND the United States Government granted Patent No. 1,863,333 for the use of Kotex, exclusively.

*Ends, of course, "phantomized"*

Rounded ends serve a purpose; but they must also be flattened and tapered, so that the "phantom" effect is certain. In Kotex this is done.

And all the other great advantages are retained—softness, absorbency, disposability, and the fact that it can be worn on either side with equal protection. You want all these features. In Kotex, and Kotex only, do you get them.

You will want to try the *Kotex narrow adjustable belt*... the final perfection in sanitary comfort... designed to give wearing ease never before possible.



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*Greater Protection is  
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**USE SUPER-KOTEX**

There are two or three days when you need *more* protection; no one size of pad can serve you perfectly at all times. Use SUPER-KOTEX for those days. It costs no more, now, than the regular size.

**NOW SAME PRICE AS  
REGULAR KOTEX**

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# Are Women to Lose Clark Gable?

(Continued from page 34)

long for and yearn for and have visions about. *So what?*

## Has Begun to Feel Carefree

"I TELL you, I've lost my ambition. I will do my work. And if, after I've done my best, a scene is not good, I'm going to say, 'So what? That's your worry. Not mine. I'm only paid to work here.'"

"Life and death! You're here a short time. Why not enjoy that time? I'm carefree, now, I tell you. If a picture is bad and I've done my work as well as I would chop down a tree—the best I could—why worry? *So what?*"

"And when a picture is finished, my car is ready and I jump in and start going, leaving Hollywood and the studio and everything in the world behind. And I stay away until the studio calls me back."

"Listen, the happiest friends I have are a couple that I met when I was 'down there.' They have scarcely a roof over their heads. Yet, they are the most happily married couple I know. I have never met anyone to equal them for character and happiness up here. *So what?*"

"And what will you do when you have a trust fund that will give you a hundred dollars a week, and can leave this business?" I asked.

"I'll travel. And meet people and—"

"But it takes money to travel."

"Not the way I'll travel. I told you we don't get all we want. I won't get that hundred a week. I'll get a part of it. Perhaps, I'll have to work part of my way—"

I have known Clark Gable since he entered pictures, this time. I know that he is telling the truth. All the restless, nervous agitation has left him. He's carefree. That's the best word to describe him. Carefree. *So what?*

## Mental Picture of His "Escape"

I DON'T think we'll have Clark Gable among us much longer. Not any longer than his contract demands. Some day, he'll be cited among those listed at Hollywood's Bureau of Missing Persons. And if you want to find him, you'll have to hunt on the decks of tramp steamers, in the seaside huts of tiny tropical islands or in the jungles of South Africa. He'll have a gun slung over one shoulder, a fishing rod over the other and a pad of paper in the hip pocket. And every once in a while, you'll see him hunch himself onto a tree stump or throw himself flat in the shade of a coconut palm. His pencil will scribble across the paper yanked from his pocket. And if you ask him what he's doing, he'll answer, "*I'm thinking!*" He'll be writing what he thinks. Perhaps he'll send the words to a publisher. But he won't worry about them. If the regular rejection slip catches up with his ever-changing address, he'll shrug his broad, brown shoulders and say, "*So what?*"

For Clark Gable is a *man's man*, whose rise, by a perverse trick of Destiny, has been influenced by one woman after another. He is a lone wolf who has been forced—and forced by women—to work in a pack. But some day, he's going to be what Nature intended—a man's man, working alone. And he's going to be so far away from life as he has lived it in recent years that no woman in the world will be able to catch him.

Understand, this is no reflection upon any or all of the women in Clark Gable's life. Out of love for Clark, they have done what women have done for the men-they-love since Eve tempted Adam. It is no reflection upon Clark. He was born an individualist.

Women the world over will put themselves in Joan Crawford's place in "Dancing Lady"—and be enthralled by Clark Gable. When the picture started, he was ill, but Joan would accept no substitute and waited for him to get well. Who could replace him as the Great American Lover?



Hurrell

Selfish, you say? All true individualists are selfish. What modern civilization calls "selfishness" is as much an integral part of an individualist as are his blood, heart and arteries. And, strangely enough, such individualists have always been the strongest magnets for women.

## Talks of His First Wife

IN Oregon, he met Josephine Dillon, who became his first wife and about whom Clark has never been quoted till now. "Why?" I asked him. He answered swiftly, "Because no one ever asked me before!"

Josephine was a dramatic teacher. Clark went to her for instruction. "I paid her for each lesson that first year. I paid her for each lesson until we were married."

It is nothing unusual for a teacher to influence a pupil. This teacher influenced Clark—his career and his ambitions. Can't you hear her saying, "If you go to Hollywood, Clark, you can get into pictures"? They were married after they came to Hollywood, remember.

One time, in talking to me about his first experience in Hollywood, Clark told me, "One man did help in my career. Nobody ever prints that, though. I wish you would." A wistful note in his voice! "He was an old director playing in that Jane Cowl production in which I carried a spear. He used to come down to the theatre each morning and help me study lines of famous plays. He did it for nothing; simply because I wanted to learn. He taught me much."

One man helped Clark Gable. And it is this masculine help that he will remember most vividly when he is scribbling his thoughts upon his pad in the desert or jungle or mountains.

"Undoubtedly, it was my first wife who secured me the appointment with Chamberlain Brown in New York. She has said she did. I did not know it at the time. I never thought to inquire why he saw me so quickly. She *must* have paved the way for me. Seeing Arthur Hopkins, then, was like seeing God. I saw him, too, at once, through Brown. And my first Broadway part, in

'Machinal,' came from that. Yes," he mused, "what they have written about the influence of women upon my career must be true. I suppose I owe them a lot!"

## How Second Wife Aided Career

IT was the present Mrs. Gable who kept him in the acting profession. A play in which he had appeared with Alice Brady had been a flop. He was discouraged. Mrs. Gable had wanted to be an actress herself. But she had married and become a mother at seventeen. She still kept up theatrical contacts, met many actors and actresses who were on the New York stage. She met Clark in 1928.

"I want to go back to Ohio where I came from and go into the automobile business," he told her. "The stage isn't for me." But Mrs. Lucas (as she was then known) saw in Clark the same possibilities as had Josephine Dillon. She talked to him by the hour, coaxing, persuading, encouraging. And he—capitulated.

Clark Gable had merely carried a spear on the stage when he appeared in Los Angeles with Jane Cowl. But Lilyan Albertson, manager, had remembered him. When she was casting "The Last Mile," she wired for him. There were plenty of men in Los Angeles who could have played that part and yet—another woman had remembered Clark Gable.

And when motion picture producers saw him in that play and clamored for him to sign—ah, I wish we had photographs of a scene between Mr. and Mrs. Gable in a San Francisco hotel upon the evening that Clark had to make his decision.

"I don't want to stay out here. I don't want pictures. I tried. I failed. I know I can make five hundred dollars a week on the stage—"

"No, Clark. No. You must remain. Think of the opportunity. Five hundred dollars will mean nothing in a couple of years. You can do it if you try—"

Again, it was woman's ambition, rather than Clark's; woman's vision, rather than man's.



## A Woman First Ballyhooed Him

AND here is still another story of a woman's influence on his career—a story that has never been told till now. It has not even been hinted. This woman brought about the final success of Clark Gable in pictures. No—not Joan Crawford in "Possessed"; not Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul"—but a far-sighted woman in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer publicity department.

Clark Gable walked into her office one day in answer to a summons to tell his story. He was a nobody. His first picture with Constance Bennett ("The Easiest Way") had not set box-offices on fire. He was just one more stock player on that big lot, one more person who would probably remain six months and return to—wherever he had come from.

But as he stood in that doorway, all of his rugged independence, his virile individualism flashed across the room to the woman seated behind the desk.

And the next day, this woman-of-the-publicity-department commenced telephoning the women of the press. "We've got a man down here who has more sex-appeal than any man I've ever met. You'd better come out here and have luncheon with him. You'll get a real thrill, I tell you!"

I was the first woman to answer that call. But the next day, there was another and the next, another. About ten days later, we women writers were huddled together around the luncheon table at the regular meeting of the Hollywood Women's Press Club.

"Have you met Clark Gable? Isn't he—I was never so thrilled in my life—"

For two hours, we talked of nothing but Clark Gable. For two months, we wrote of Clark Gable, who had only small rôles in "Dance, Fools, Dance," "The Secret Six" and "Night Nurse." We prepared the women of America, through our newspapers and our magazines, for a new sensation when they saw Clark Gable.

## Then Came the Dawn of Stardom

THE producers were not blind. They could read these raves of the Press women. They decided that if women of Hollywood could go for Clark Gable, so could women of the world. They cast him with Norma Shearer in "A Free Soul."

And the women of the world were prepared, through what they had read, to vibrate to Clark Gable! As Josephine Dillon and Rita Lucas and the publicity-department woman had felt that magnetic something, so had the women of the Press, so did the women of the world.

And as each individual woman had tried to mold him—so did the mass of us. We of the Press said, "You must give us *this* story. You must talk about *that* angle." And the women of the world sent him thousands upon thousands of letters. "You must play in this kind of picture. You must send me your photograph. You must—"

Hollywood is a town of *musts*. There are innumerable ways to secure fame; there are only a few ways to hold it. You must do as the public desires. If you are a popular, masculine hero, you must do as the women desire.

Yet Clark Gable had fought against doing anything except what he, himself, desired. "If I don't like it, it isn't for me!" He had told his own father that; he had told innumerable others. And now he was at the top, where no one cared whether he liked it or not.

He was a man's man, a lone wolf by nature, treading a path dictated by women because the pay was so great that he could count money as his compensation. But in the hospital, money didn't count. "Only life and death mattered."—He came away with life, determined to live that life as he wills it. "So what?"

# How Betty Found Fame and Romance in Hollywood



WHAT YEAST FOAM TABLETS did for Betty's skin, they should do for yours. A blotchy, unattractive complexion is usually caused by faulty elimination or a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That is what YEAST FOAM TABLETS provide.

YEAST FOAM TABLETS contain rich stores of vitamins B and G which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system. With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes vanish. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation and nervousness all go. You enjoy new health, and new beauty.

Don't confuse YEAST FOAM TABLETS with ordinary raw yeast. This yeast has a rich, appetizing, nut-like flavor. And it cannot cause fermentation because it is scientifically

pasteurized. Many American universities and various laboratories of the United States government use this new-type yeast in their vitamin research. All druggists sell YEAST FOAM TABLETS. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today.

## FREE TO MOVIE FANS!

Here's something every movie fan goes wild about. A brand new Movie Diary! Think how many times you have asked yourself: "What was the name of that picture?" "Who played in it?" "Where did I see it?" Here you can keep a record of everything you want to remember. Room for 66 pictures! Also for "Pictures I Intend to See." Another section tells hundreds of fascinating "Facts About the Stars." Yet the Diary is small enough to carry in your pocket or purse.

You can get the Movie Diary absolutely free! Just send an empty carton of YEAST FOAM TABLETS (50c size) with the coupon below.

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MP1  
1750 North Ashland Avenue, Chicago, Ill.  
Enclosed find an empty Yeast Foam Tablet carton (50c size). Please send me the new Movie Diary as per your special offer.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_





# Movie Salaries — Will They Be Cut?

(Continued from page 45)

It is interesting, not to say amusing, to recall at this point some of the ways in which these high salaries have been spent. Buster Keaton's "land yacht" was a luxurious craft costing \$50,000, and he bought an admiral's uniform to go with it. Another star, Colleen Moore, whose hobby used to be the collection of dolls, once had a doll's house that set her back some \$10,000. Clara Bow's pet white rat was air-mailed to meet her boat when she returned from Europe some time ago.

These are doubtless the sort of expenditures a movie star thinks of when he says that high salaries last only a short time, and that when they have departed, the actor is broke. "People forget that the actor is like the morning glory, which fades quickly," says George Bancroft in poetic strain. And other players, with considerable pathos, point out that the average "life" of a film career in Hollywood is just four years.

Unsympathetic persons immediately observe that all, or almost all, of those receiving big salaries have been dragging down the weekly pay envelope a good many years longer than that—ten years would strike a fairer average. Ramon Novarro recently celebrated his fourteenth year in pictures; Mary Pickford is still going strong after twenty years; Richard Barthelmess and Richard Dix are stars after fifteen years; and Garbo would have been "through" two years ago if Eddie Cantor's version of a four-year limit were true.

And even after the movie actress is through in Hollywood, even if she hasn't saved any of her salary, she still can make personal appearances, can make pictures abroad, where they are truer to their former favorites, and can endorse facial creams and soaps, all on the strength of her past triumphs. And any one of these activities would pay her well. Thus the cynics try to spike the "four-year" earning power argument, not without a chuckle of appreciation at the tears that the actor has always been able to jerk with his "morning glory" pathos.

## Arguments for High Salaries

OTHER reasons advanced by actors, and their friends, to defend high salaries include, first, that they have to pay high income taxes. But this could be considered a *result*, not an excuse for big pay. Second, the interesting argument is advanced that actors have hordes of relatives to support. Well, who hasn't? Third, actors have bad business judgment, and should be well-paid because they're apt to lose on their investments. This hardly deserves comment, though it reaches a wild, wonderful height of fantasy, which augurs well for "Alice in Wonderland" and other whimsical stories that Hollywood is producing at the moment.

Fourth is the tried-and-true old-timer about Swank. It is necessary for an actor to own yachts, limousines, and Beverly Hills mansions. If he doesn't spend outlandish amounts entertaining, and keeping up a front, he won't get parts.

To this oft-repeated reasoning, the skeptics reply that Greta Garbo hasn't been seen giving any parties lately, has she? And they still let *her* into the casting office! Mae West lives in a small apartment, and Marlene Dietrich, George Raft, Clark Gable and Katharine Hepburn all live quietly. Most of the other big players in town avoid swank and still, strange as it seems, remain in favor at the box office.

In fact, one might observe that a good deal of the publicity sent out of Hollywood strives to show you of the public how simply

your movie favorites live, what home-folks they are, and how they long to be housewives and wage-earners, instead of butterflies of fame. Apparently, far from finding million-dollar expenditures vital to stardom, stars

and Baby LeRoy came in for much attention until the second rumor, that the White House regretted the embarrassment caused Mr. Cooper and Mr. LeRoy by the first rumor, which sort of singled them out.



There are many ways of backing the NRA and here are three Paramount cuties telling General Johnson in their own novel way, that they are doing their part. Left to right you see Frances Drake, Toby Wing and Lona Andre

believe the public wants them to be simple home-folks, in many cases at least.

Hollywood has been a seething, tumultuous place these last few weeks, and the actress who built a \$500 dog kennel for her pet pooch during the hottest part of the controversy has not poured oil on troubled waters. One lady asserts that Constance Bennett's famous thirty thousand dollars a week (which lasted for ten weeks) created more Reds, Communists, and bomb-throwers than any other single thing in years. Anyway, people are audibly wondering at the comparative money value of human effort in a country where the average wage-earner makes less than three thousand dollars a year.

## Talk of an Actors' Strike

MEANWHILE, we have rumors of an actors' strike, and the Screen Actors' Guild, over a thousand strong, with Eddie Cantor at the head, hints of other dire possibilities. Will Ann Harding go out picketing? Will Janet Gaynor carry a banner?

We have literary gents who point out that Milton got \$35 or thereabouts for "Paradise Lost," while Mae West received approximately \$50,000 for acting in "I'm No Angel," with \$25,000 more for writing the story. And un-literary gents say it is worth every penny of the difference!

One producer admits that the salary talk has resulted in a "partial demoralization of the studios," and, boy, when you have a demoralized motion picture studio, you have something! "There'll be a hot time in the old town to-night!" is the theme song around Hollywood these days, and the suggestion of a high-powered delegation of movie stars to camp at the White House doors, in protest, is just one of the current notions.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the subject, we still have our rumors. President Roosevelt is rumored to have looked with questioning gaze at high salaries paid to "immature" persons, and Jackie Cooper

Also, the President is reported as being unable to see why movie stars are paid in excess of his own stipend, \$75,000 a year, and others maintain that there is a certain indecency in actors' dragging down a half-million every time the calendar turns, when men of high talent in other occupations do not earn a tenth, or a hundredth, of that figure. Thomas A. Edison, who invented motion pictures, didn't get the sensational rewards that some of the stars do to-day—not until he had worked a lifetime.

Whatever the rights and wrongs of the subject, Washington is going to have one swell job figuring them out, compared to which the Wall Street inquiries will seem to have been a cinch. The actors defend high salaries by saying that they deserve the money, they earn it, and the public pays it to them because they're what they are.

They come right out into the open and assert they're even *underpaid*. If Mae West were to receive what she's really worth, a trade paper remarks, she would get more than the President, his Cabinet, and the whole Senate combined, and it would be money well spent. That is one way of looking at it.

## What If Stars Did Strike?

MEANWHILE, producers seem to be prepared for a strike. They would develop new talent, they hint, and not be too sorry to bid farewell to some of the old. Incidentally, producers have shown themselves particularly adept at developing new talent lately, what with Mae West, Charles Laughton, Katharine Hepburn, Max Baer, Margaret Sullavan, Diana Wynyard, Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Charlotte Henry, of "Alice in Wonderland," now sitting on top of the cinema heap, whereas they were comparatively unknown a short time ago. If producers should concentrate on new talent, Fredric March might discover that the banker he was educated to be doesn't earn such dividends, and Clark Gable might find that, though a movie star must have a certain sum to live on, a telegraph



linesman or stage actor can exist on less.

And the public, itself, may punish the stars for what it may consider an unsportsman-like attitude. If J. P. Morgan could take it, many feel, so can Eddie Cantor. "Naturally, many people in many walks of life resent such sums," admits Robert Armstrong. "But none of this resentful public, whether they be bankers or laborers, take into consideration the short career of the actor, especially in motion pictures." The morning glory theme again! They even made a picture about that theme.

How did salaries get so high in the first place? By rival studios bidding fiercely against each other for the services of this player or that—the highest bidder being the winner. And you have had the spectacle of many a star letting himself be wasted on weak rôles and weak pictures, simply because his weekly wage compensated for the loss of his self-respect. The cynics remark that if players' salaries were uniform and comparatively small (like stage salaries), you *might* see your favorites making better pictures. Any studio would offer them the same salary; so the studio that offered the best acting opportunity would be the winner. Also, the cynics remark, if salaries were lower, theatre admission prices *might* be likewise. And does *that* possibility appeal to the public!

But Eddie Cantor, invited by President Roosevelt to explain the players' viewpoint, says any attempt to equalize salaries, regardless of stars' earning power, would be "unjust."

### Where Half the Money Goes

WITH Washington and the newspapers making much of the fact that fifty-one per cent of the total of movie salaries has been split among five hundred people, Hollywood senses that that condition is going to be changed. The New Deal seems to be determined to spread money out, to make it go to more people. And if their salaries are reduced, what can the poor players do to continue to get a king's ransom weekly? There is talk of stars' sharing in the gross receipts of pictures (as a few do now). But notice that they mention "gross receipts," not "net profits." The "net profits," if any, are small. And these cinema kings and queens aren't used to small-time stuff. But maybe Washington will also try to curb that "receipt-sharing"—as different from "profit-sharing." The movies have got to begin to show profits, somehow!

Several producers, too, are excited about the possibilities of a Washington investigation. With trembling alarm, a producer entertains all visiting Senators, Congressmen, and other government officials in the hope of creating good will, and one visiting diplomat is said to have been offered the company of one famous glamour queen at lunch, if he'd put in a good word for her boss back there in Washington.

They don't know what will happen, and some of them are scared, which seems to back up the actors' assertion that there has been a good deal of "buccaneering" in that quarter. We might even have the government stepping in to take over control of an industry which "is close to the point where it cannot control itself." In that case, m'dears, Mae West's next opus may be produced through courtesy of the United States Senate, while the House of Representatives turns its august attention to new stories for Westerns. The fun continues to get broader and merrier as it goes along. Practically no subtlety is indulged in by anyone concerned, and we are right back to the ribald days of slapstick.

Hitherto salary squabbles have been a private Hollywood amusement, but despite the actors' feeling that they should continue to be so, they're going to come out into the open now—and how!

## GIVE YOUR HANDS, TOO, A LOVELY COMPLEXION!

Allure starts at the finger-tips. Only lovely, smooth hands inspire romance! How vital they are to screen stars... how much more vital to you! For your romance is real romance. And it's so simple to give your hands a lovely complexion, in spite of work and weather. After exposure, after your hands have been in water, and always at night, smooth on **HINDS HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM**. Hinds is much more than a "finishing lotion" for the hands. Hinds heals, softens, protects, because it is a rich, penetrating cream in liquid form. And it costs so little!



How lovely **CONSTANCE BENNETT'S** hands are! Shown with Gilbert Roland in RKO's film, "After Tonight."

Try Hinds Cleansing Cream, too... by the same makers. Delicate, light... liquefies instantly, floats out dirt... 10c, 40c, 65c.



# The Private Life of Mae West

(Continued from page 21)

writing the dialogue—that's easy. I just talk natural. But it's the plot, the theme of the story." She sighed.

"And I've always got to top myself. All my life, I've been topping myself. I've got one story to top 'em all. It's about a prize-fighter. It's good any time. First, I was going to write it for my next picture. Then I wouldn't. No sir! That's one story that's always good and I'm not going to give it to 'em now. I'm holding it in reserve. With it I can always top myself—or anyone else. I'm holding it until it's necessary. But to get another one now . . . I'm all worn out. I ain't—I'm not in the mood to give an interview to-day . . . And they call me every day and say, 'Is it ready?' You can't turn on ideas like you push a button." She pushed an imaginary button on black-silk-covered knee. "You should know that; you write. It just can't be done. But I ain't askin' more than eighty-nine—" She stopped, quickly. "It ain't—isn't good for me to talk about salary."

I smiled. The printed reports of her salary are \$8,500 weekly. I judged that the guess must be about \$400 short.

"No, I can't talk about salary—" She sighed. "It's getting me down. Now, you take interviews. I gotta be careful. When I say, 'When I was a little girl,' then they quote me as saying, 'When I was a young brat'. I gotta remember. Don't you see how my life is? I gotta top myself in my pictures and I gotta watch myself in everything else. My private life has gotta be a model. I can't fall in love with any men. I haven't got the time. Perhaps if I can keep men out of my life for two more years—then . . ."

## Kept From Falling in Love

"YOU see, first it was my mother. If she thought I was falling in love, she'd stop it right like that. If I was liking a man too much or she thought a 'crush' was gettin' serious, she'd find a way. She knew me so well, she could always find a way. She wouldn't let me learn to really love. She wouldn't let me—and now Timony protects me. It's to his own interests to protect me. But don't you see? First my mother, whom I adored, and now Timony—"

She looked at me with wide eyes. And, suddenly, it was as though I saw Mae West for the first time. As I looked into those eyes turned so steadily and so abruptly upon me, I remembered the gaze of a lioness that had lain indolently in her cage at the lion exposition of a county-fair recently. She had not moved. While the others had paced restlessly up and down, shaking their heads nervously, pawing the air anxiously—she, the most beautiful creature of them all, had lain there and looked steadily at me. There had not been dismay or discontent or even longing in her steady eyes, but simply resignation. It was a look that said, "I'm here in this cage. What can I do about it?"

And I thought of that lioness yesterday afternoon as I looked at Mae West in her magnificent town-car. "I'm in this cage. What can I do about it?"

"I don't go anywhere," Mae said. "I've lived in the same apartment since I came to Hollywood. I have the same maid. I see the same people. They wake me up to ask me if I have my story finished. I can't get to sleep, thinking about the story. I don't go to parties. I don't see anybody, I tell you—"

She, too, was not complaining. There was neither dismay nor longing in her eyes or her statements. She, too, was resigned to the rôle that Fate and herself and her mother and a man named James Timony had created for her. She was simply stating facts. As the lioness, in her silent way, had stated her condition to me.

## Had to Dramatize Herself

AND this is the real Mae West—a woman of passion, highly-gear'd emotions, tense feelings, who has been forced over a



Thousands flocked to see Mae West at the première of "I'm No Angel" (above), which was sparsely attended by other stars. Were they jealous?

The February issue  
of MOVIE CLASSIC  
will tell you the story  
of the one great love in  
"The Private Life  
of Mae West"

period of many years to feed those emotions to a box-office. A greedy, wanting-to-be-shocked box-office. Urged gently at first, tempted cleverly, promoted subtly, Mae West has put all the force of her cyclonic nature into bringing the thrills of love and life to others. To throw her hips this way and that was a natural gesture of her unusual personality. It was a natural outlet for the over-charged battery within her. It would have stirred her friends; it did stir her friends—but it was promoted to stir the front rows, and the gallery, in the creation of the shimmy.

"I have really loved only once," she has told me; she has told others. But never before have I heard her say, "They always found a way to break me up with a man before it became too serious. I was not allowed to love, really love. My mother and then Timony—"

"When my mother died, it was as though everything had gone with her. Everything! I opened in 'The Constant Sinner,' my first play after she died. It was a huge success. The first night was tremendous. They found me in my dressing-room, afterwards, just sitting.

"What's the matter? It's a wow, Mae. Seats are sold out for weeks in advance. It's a great success. And in these hard times. You should be feelin'—"

"There wasn't anyone to play to," I told them.

"Why, the house was packed. Ten dollars a throw. What do you mean?"

"It was the first time I'd opened without Mother. I meant just what I said. She wasn't there. There wasn't anyone to play to."

And in this off-guard sentence, she gave, I believe, the key to the entire life and love-life of Mae West. Mae West, as you and I have come to know her, is not the real Mae West at all, but a public institution. Something that was inspired by a child who had the natural gift of mimicry, builded by a mother who had vision and—after that mother's death—protected by a Timony.

## How She Was as a Child

EVEN her childhood, viewed in the light of these new revelations of the mature woman, proves that the real truth of Mae West, as we know her to-day, lies in those two words—*public institution*.

"I was different from my sister and brother," Mae told me. "My mother had to use the strap or show it to 'em to make 'em mind. But if she gave me an unkind word, I would sulk for days. I was sulky and stubborn. And Mother insisted upon my having my own way. 'Let her go. She's different,' my mother would tell my father.

"When I was just a kid, I was crazy about the boys. But I thought I was supposed to do the kissing. My father tried to stop me and tell me the boys should do that, but my mother said, 'Oh, let her go. That's just Mae's way.' She wanted me to be as I was—"

Mae's mother was French; she was born in Paris. There are no people more intuitive than the French. Mae's father was an American. A stolid American. A prize-fighter. To him, Mae was just one more child to be handled in the good, old-fashioned American way. Her instincts to capture the male-being were something to be restrained, strapped into obedience, if necessary. But to Mae's mother, they were



something to be allowed full sway. "Mae is not like other children. Let her go. Don't make her like the others," she warned her husband again and again.

And Mae's mother suffered much to allow her daughter such freedom of spirit, *as a child*. To imitate guests who came into the home would have been an impudence in the other children, even to the mother. But in Mae, it was something to be encouraged—because Mae's imitations had so much *impudence and daring* as to be entertainment. And Mae's Parisian-born mother recognized that entertainment even in a baby. Mae's unbridled spirit was often embarrassing, however, even to her mother. Her friends could not understand the mother who would allow a child to be so spoiled.

### Had a Will of Her Own

"BEFORE Mother died, she told me some of the times I made her nearly crazy. One day, for example, she was going through an old album. There was a terrible picture of me an' a white dog. I looked cock-eyed. Mother laughed and said, 'You loved that picture, Mae.' It was terrible, but I guess I loved it because I got my own way.

"They wanted to take me to a photographer. I wouldn't go unless they'd let me have a white dog. Argument didn't do any good. Mother knew it wouldn't, so she sent my uncles out after a white dog. They brought me two and I turned 'em down. I didn't like their looks. Then they brought me another. I said that one would do. We started for the photographer's.

"I guess the dog knew where he was goin' and got camera-shy. Anyway, he ran away. I sat in that photographer's shop and simply wouldn't budge. I wouldn't have one picture taken without that dog. My uncles chased up and down the streets of Brooklyn, hunting for it. It was dark before they got him. I just waited. His tongue was sticking out; he was panting terrible, but—I had my picture taken with him.

"It was like the time I went calling with my mother. There was a spinster—you know, an old maid—in the house. There was one of those little figures under glass like they used to put in houses. I just touched it with my hand and she spoke sharply to me. People could never speak sharply to me. Never. I went right into the bedroom and got my hat and coat and my mother's. I wouldn't stay another moment in that house where that woman had spoken sharply to me. And I never went back again. No, never!

"There were other examples like that. Plenty of 'em. Mother often told me how I'd be playing around the house when she had company. I wouldn't seem to be payin' any attention. And then, when the company had left, I'd imitate 'em, saying everything they'd said in the same voice. I could imitate anybody."

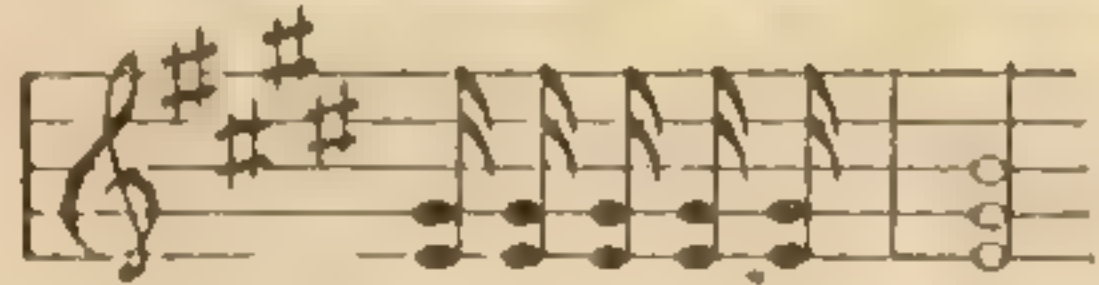
### Her Mother "Discovered" Her

AND her mother took her to vaudeville, to see all the headliners of that day—Bert Williams, Eddie Foy, Eva Tanguay, George M. Cohan. She'd come home and repeat the show for 'em. Her father didn't approve—entirely. He had the average American idea of a "spoiled child." But her mother encouraged. She did more; she instigated.

"I had a low, husky voice as a kid. Deep. My voice changed when I was about fourteen and became sweeter, higher. But my voice was like a boy's then." Mae's mother encouraged the use of that voice—in song and imitations.

Mae's mother began her daughter's career, at five years of age, by having her appear in imitations of Bert Williams and Eddie Foy and others at church socials. It was the beginning of her training. A mother

# "LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"



PLEASE LET ME TURN OFF  
THE RADIO, AUNT VI.  
I USED TO BE CRAZY ABOUT  
THAT SONG BUT NOW....

"LOVER, I LONG FOR THEE"?  
WHY, DEAR, DOES IT REMIND  
YOU OF SOMEONE?



OH, I SUPPOSE SO... A MAN  
I MET ON MY VACATION. HAD  
DINNER WITH HIM IN TOWN  
AFTERWARDS — JUST ONCE

ATTENTIVE OUTDOORS...  
INDIFFERENT INDOORS!!  
WAS THE RESTAURANT  
CROWDED AND  
STUFFY? DID  
YOU DANCE?



YES, BUT WHAT'S THAT GOT TO  
DO WITH ANDY'S DROPPING ME?

SIMPLY THIS, DEAR,  
TO BE VERY FRANK...



YOU SAY HE MIGHT NOT  
NOTICE IT OUT IN THE AIR,  
BUT INSIDE..... WHY,  
AUNT VI, YOU CAN'T MEAN  
I'VE BEEN GUILTY OF "B.O."

JUST A  
HINT, DEAR



LIFEBUOY'S THE  
NICEST SOAP!  
MAKES ME FEEL  
SO FRESH AND  
CLEAN. NO "B.O."  
NOW!



FOUND — *one lost sweetheart!*  
(since *Lifebuoy* ended "B.O.")

SO THIS IS  
YOUR ANDY

YOU BET I'M  
HER ANDY.  
FOR KEEPS!



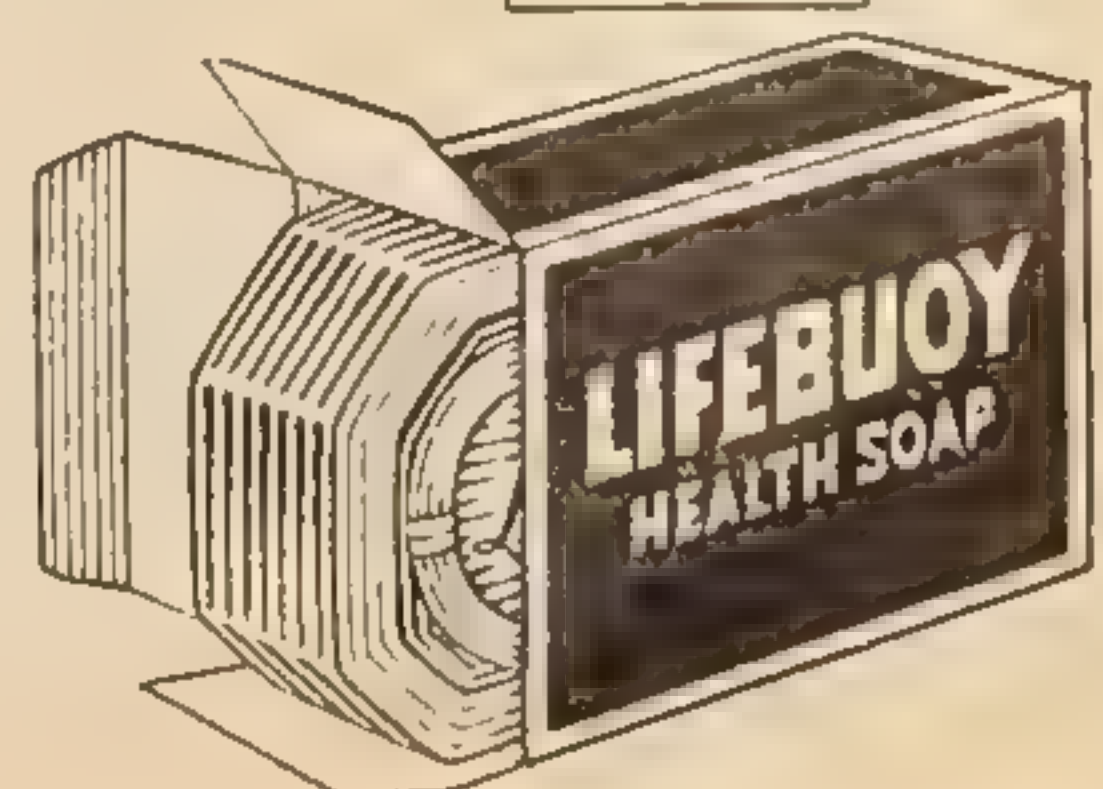
"YOUR COMPLEXION IS SIMPLY RAVISHING"

WANT your complex-  
ion to win compli-  
ments like this? Wash  
with Lifebuoy nightly—  
watch skin clear and  
freshen. Lifebuoy lather  
*deep-cleanses* pores. Leaves  
skin free to breathe  
—free to grow lovely!

"B.O." never warns  
Any one of us may un-  
knowingly offend. Play  
safe—bathe regularly  
with Lifebuoy. Its  
clean, quickly-  
vanishing scent  
tells you Lifebuoy  
lather deodorizes  
pores — stops  
"B.O." (body odor).



"I OWE IT ALL  
TO LIFEBUOY"







## "MEN HAVE FUNNY IDEAS..."

*The original Jekyll-Hyde must have been a woman—trying to live up to her man's strange notions. We women must be two entirely different people to please our men—busy and practical by day, "charming" and "adorable" at night.*

BUT that's not as hard as it sounds. We use Frostilla Lotion—and then our night hands tell not what our day hands have been doing! And they do *plenty*. Household tasks and cooking are no respecters of beauty. But *on* goes a little of this famous, fragrant lotion—and *away* go chapping, redness, roughness!

A few drops of Frostilla Lotion each day do wonders in leaving our hands white, smooth, velvety, deliciously scented...so leisure-lovely that he probably thinks the house runs itself!

3 sizes at drug and dept. stores in U. S. & Canada—10¢ size at better 5- & 10¢ stores.

(Sales Reps., H. F. Ritchie & Co., Inc., N. Y. C.)



"She Done Him Wrong" was "Diamond Lil" transferred to the screen. And her "swan bed" was a movie version of her famous stage one, which you saw on page 20

had allowed her one child who was "different" to run wild at home, because she wanted that difference to grow and develop and become the dominating characteristic of the tiny personality. That shrewd, French mother knew that the world would always pay well for *difference*, but little for similarity.

She recognized the potentialities in the impish, brazen, colorful little individualist, who sulked and pouted and screamed for her own way. She was determined not to ruin it by a too-early control. She was equally determined to divert it into channels where control would become automatic, eventually. She began control through public appearances at church socials.

### Where She Got Stage Start

AT five years of age, Mae was learning the control that comes from ambition, a desire to please, a determination to make an audience laugh and applaud. A control that is more of a prison to self than the rules of families or parents. Mae's mother instilled in her baby an ambition to please *across the footlights*, to mold her life for those across the footlights.

In most of the life-stories written about Mae West, it has been said that Hal Clarendon saw her at one of these many neighborhood affairs and offered her a position behind real footlights in his stock company at the Gotham Theatre. But in 1929 Mae West gave an interview in which she said:

"The Hal Clarendon Stock Company of Brooklyn used to have an amateur night and when I was eight years old, I did an imitation of Bert Williams and Eddie Foy and won ten dollars. Clarendon knew my father, who was just giving up fighting, and he asked my father to let me join the company. Father consented and I became a regular member of the company. I played the prince in 'Richard, the Third,' *Eva* in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' *Little Lord Fauntleroy* and a lot of other parts. When there was no kid part in the case, I did a song-and-dance act during the olio. My Dad, who was sorry I wasn't a boy, taught me gymnastics and acrobatics and used to box with me. I could sing, dance and play the piano, too."

Mae verified this. "It was a thrill. All those amateurs waiting to try out. So many of us. And me winning—right away. It was easy. You see, I topped 'em all!"

Mae's school days were sketchy. She was too much of a mother-nurtured individualist to remain just a placid member of more-than-forty children. She once said, "I don't read—never have read and guess I never will. I write in my books what I learned myself, from life."

She once told me, "I began to take an interest in boys when I was in the cradle. They took to me—we took to each other from the first. My father used to want me to come home and all that, but my mother used to say, 'Oh, let her go, she can take care of herself.' I guess she wanted me to learn all that right at the beginning!"

I doubt if there's a case parallel to Mae's in history. Here is a girl who learned all that was to influence her life in later years—at home, right on her own doorstep. Ambition may be born in one through a mother. But nothing can nurture ambition like the applause of those who are your neighbors, your friends.

### She's a Home-Made Product

MAE WEST found that in church socials. She found it in stock company in her hometown—always before her friends. The adulation and praise and publicity among the *home-folk* carried out what a mother had started. The home-town boys taught lessons that every woman must learn. If Mae learned them early, she was learning what a shrewd mother understood must be known *well* if a girl were to continue to captivate a world across the footlights.

"At eleven there was a break—" and there was a slight break in Mae's voice as she said it. "I was too big for kids' parts and too young for grown-ups." I was just in-between. I was a full-grown woman by fourteen. At eleven I stopped being on the stage and just lived for a while. Those are the only years in my life that I *just lived*. They were marvelous years—

And it was during those years that she had her one great love-yearning—the one that comes to all women. Mae had to choose between becoming just a woman—or a public institution. Read about that choice in the February issue of MOVIE CLASSIC.



## Hollywood Shakes a Tasty Cocktail

(Continued from page 31)

a liberal dash of rum. Pour into mixer with fine ice and shake until creamed. Serve in cocktail glass and decorate top with nutmeg.

George E. Stone says: "My favorite drink is a *Romaine Cocktail*. Once I went hunting, and before leaving camp I mixed a Romaine Cocktail to warm me up. I went into the tent to answer the telephone. When I came out, a rabbit had drunk the cocktail. That bunny took one look at me and my three hunting dogs, and then came after us. I climbed one tree, the dogs went up another. At this moment a grizzly bear passed a few yards away. The rabbit saw the bear and went after it. The last I saw of either, they were going over the top of a mountain, and the frightened grizzly's hair had turned so white that it looked like a polar bear."

### Three Sippy Sensations

**N**OW after that description, if you still want a Romaine Cocktail, here's how to mix it: Take equal parts of gin, Bourbon whiskey, orange juice and grapefruit juice, and pour into shaker. Add two dashes of grenadine, and one part of carbonated water (for life). Fill shaker with *lumped* ice and do your stuff. Remember, the carbonated water furnishes the zip for this drink, so do not use chopped or shaved ice. Serve plain—and pray for quiet results.

Edmund Lowe and Lilyan Tashman like the same cocktail, a thing they call *Brandy Blazer*. This is a novelty concoction, and may be served spectacularly, as follows:

For one drink, use one glass of brandy, add a lump of sugar, one piece of lemon peel, and one piece of orange peel. When serving, light with match, stir and serve. The serving of a tray filled with *Blazers*, all in blue flame, distinguishes this drink.

C. Henry Gordon's favorite drink he calls *The Fade-Out*, because, like a movie fade-out, it ends everything. It is simple to mix: Peel a fresh peach and cut in halves, removing pit. Place the two halves in a tall glass, previously frosted. Bury peaches beneath shaved ice, and fill glass with champagne.

And now, comes our friend, Jack Oakie, upon the scene. Jack wishes to offer a toast to the death of prohibition. And since a toast is what we need at this point, let's all raise our glasses and chant with Jack:

*You came, you saw, you conquered;*

*You left us parched and mad;*

*You brought us gangs and bootleg kings,*

*And liquor twice as bad.*

*You stifled independence,*

*That's why I'm glad to say:*

*"Goodbye, Eighteenth Amendment,*

*DON'T COME AGAIN SOME DAY!"*



International

Gloria Swanson and her husband, Michael Farmer, bidding adieu to the old Dry Law at a recent repeal party

# Hands catch GERMS

as they slip through  
handkerchiefs!



## KLEENEX

**catches and holds germs;  
they can't escape to  
contaminate and infect.**

**G**ERMS slip through the tightest weave of linen or cotton handkerchief as through a sieve, contaminating everything you touch.

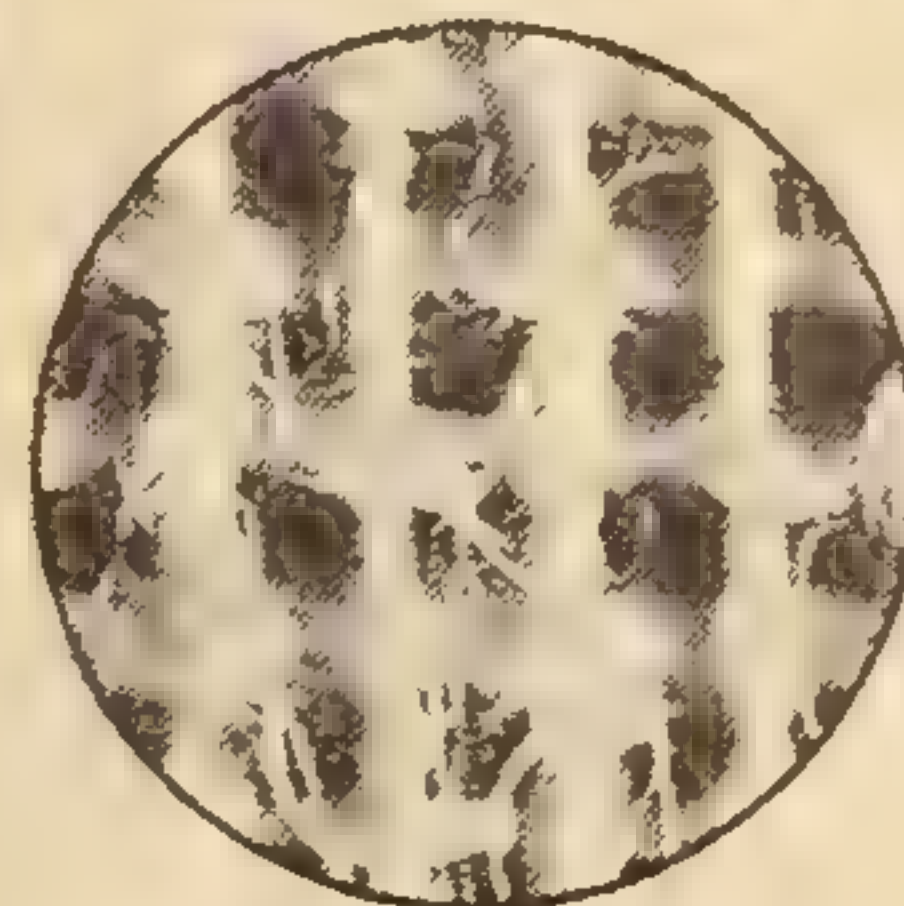
As long as that cold hangs on, use sanitary, disposable Kleenex only! Kleenex, far closer in texture than any handkerchief, stops germs, holds them fast; keeps fingers non-infectious.

### Why add to cold misery?

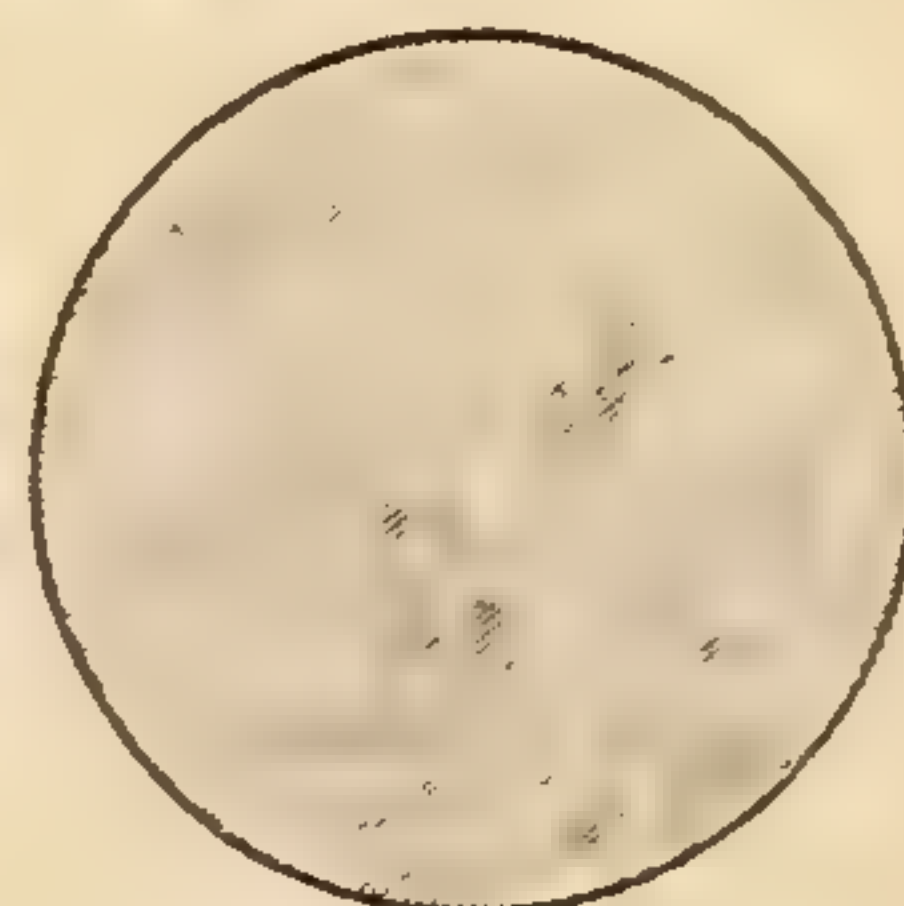
And it's damp, rough handkerchiefs that add so much to the misery of a cold, by constant irritation. Kleenex is the softest, yet strongest of tissues. It is always clean and dry. You use each tissue once, then destroy it.

The Kleenex patented pull-out carton assures economy. Hands cannot mess up other

### WHY KLEENEX IS SAFE



Handkerchief  
magnified 64 times



Kleenex  
magnified 64 times

See above why germs pass through handkerchiefs as through a sieve—why Kleenex stops them! Actual tests show handkerchiefs leave approximately 1000 times as many germs on your fingers as Kleenex does. Hands spread germs when you use a handkerchief. Kleenex is safe, protects the family from catching your cold.

Illustrations and text copr. 1933, Kleenex Co.

sheets in the package, or take out more than required.

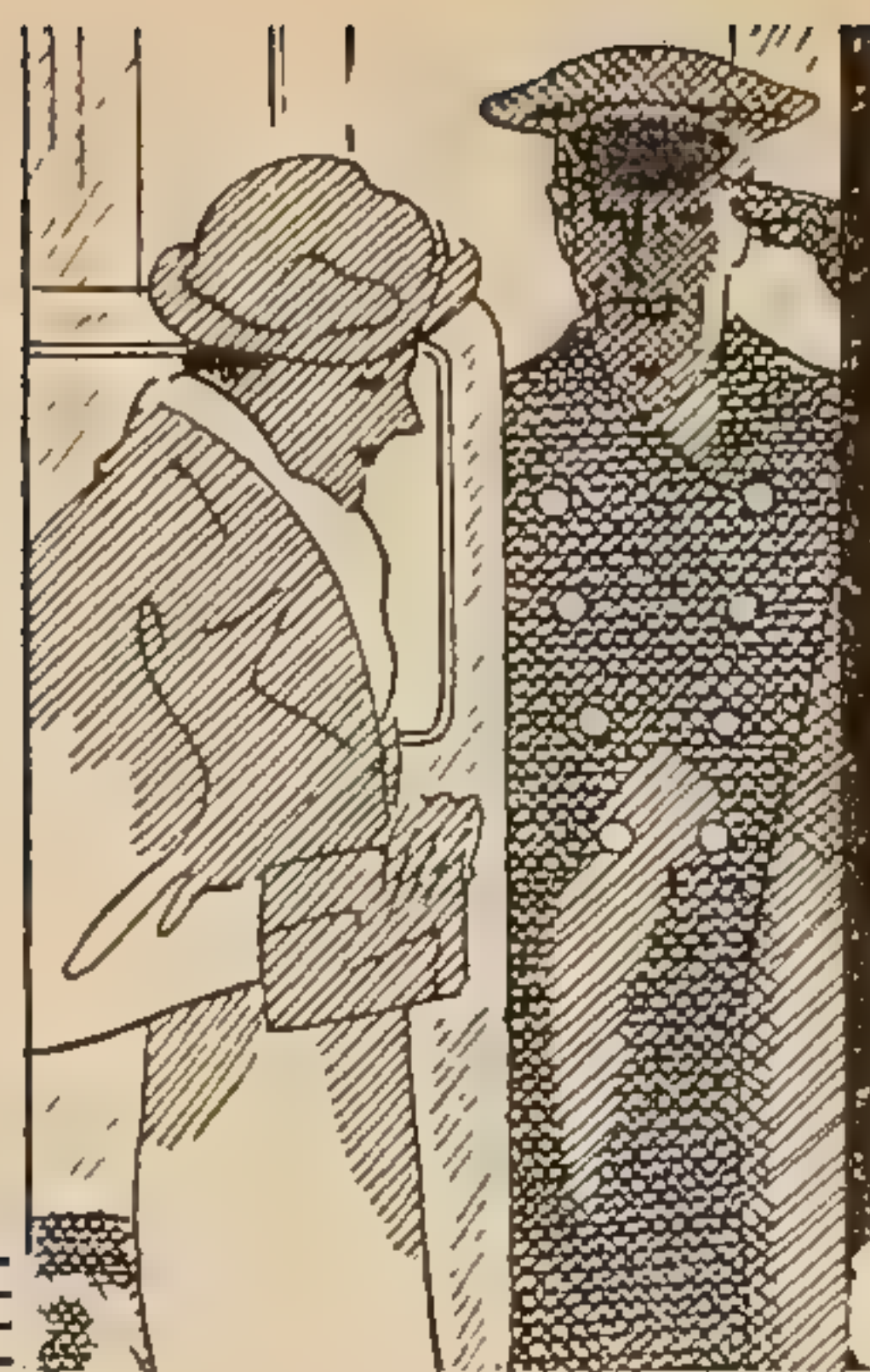
Try Kleenex for removing face creams, too. Kleenex is so absorbent that it *blots* all impurities from the pores.

### Be economical—use Kleenex

Kleenex now comes in regular-size packages, and rolls; also in extra-size tissues—and now, in the handy new Pocket Packet at 2 for 5 cents. Also 'Kerfs, smartly-bordered handkerchiefs of Kleenex. . . . Sold at all drug, dry goods, and department stores.

# KLEENEX *disposable* TISSUES





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## Easiest Way To Become Popular

Tireless energy, sparkling eyes, laughing lips, rosy cheeks bring success and popularity. Free your system from poisons of constipation, the cause of dull eyes, sallow cheeks, dragging feet. For 20 years men and women have taken Dr. Edwards Olive Tablets—a substitute for calomel. Non-habit-forming. They help to eliminate the poisons without bad after-effect. A compound of vegetable ingredients, known by their olive color. They have given thousands glorious health. Take nightly. At druggists, 15c, 30c and 60c.

# James Cagney Confesses He Couldn't Be a Doctor!

(Continued from page 26)

"You don't get over things like that. They eat the outer skin away. That's what they did to me. I may be as tough as a piece of elephant hide on the screen, but I'm afraid I'm as soft as a talcum-powdered baby off the screen.

"People have asked me if it hasn't sort of calloused me, coated me over, taken the sting out of these memories since I've been in movies, making money, enjoying comfort and ease. No—a thousand No's. I can't enjoy them. Having them has made it worse. It has made me more acutely aware of the bitter contrasts there are in life and in lives.

"If I meet some fellow from 'way back—from my old hoofing days, perhaps—some fellow who hasn't made the grade and who can't seem, any longer, to meet me on the old common ground, it hurts like hell. It makes the appalling fact that *sixty per cent of the wealth of this country is controlled by one per cent of the people* a personally painful, personally shameful matter. A shame that is going to lead us—well, it isn't so good.

### Jimmy Sees One Way Out

"IT makes me ache to know that on one street there are houses where good food and comfort and servants are the order of the day and on the next street there are houses with foreclosure notices and undernourished children and empty larders and heart-break. Stiff, isn't it, that we fortunate ones can and do eat hearty dinners and lie down in warm beds, while our neighbors go hungry and hopeless and cold? I could cry like a woman for the boys of to-day, coming out of colleges, hands out to seize their birthrights, and—there are no birthrights for them. Something, someone has stolen them . . .

"That is why the troubles of these past few years have hit me right between the eyes. The neon lights haven't given me astigmatism.

"There is only one 'out' so far as I can see, and that is—for all political parties as such to be forgotten. Scrapped. For all parties, Republican, Democratic, Socialist, Communist, whatever names they bear, to be merged into one—the HUMANITARIAN PARTY FOR THE RELIEF OF MANKIND. To forget the isms and osms and remember food and drink. To forget platforms and remember the crying need for enough to go around.

"These past couple of years have done terrific things to people. Not a day passes but what a half-dozen boys in their teens stop me on the street and say, in effect, 'Brother, can you spare a dime?' I don't need to ask them what for. Starvation, malnutrition, empty stomachs and licked nerves are written on their faces as plainly as ABC in a kid's primer."

I said, "What do you do? Give them the money?"

Jimmy said, abruptly, "No."

### How He Helps the Needy

AND I had to find out for myself what it is he does do; I had to discover by making a few inquiries, doing a little investigating here and there that Jimmy Cagney HAS, unofficially, founded the Humanitarian Party of one. The President and the People being—James Cagney and wife (who was formerly Frances Vernon and met Jimmy on the stage).

I had to find out for myself that in this "hard-boiled guy" (who neither smokes nor drinks—he says smoking makes him "mor-

bid") is one actor who is not in any way affected by the glare and blare of fame and money and adulation. One actor who isn't either softened or hardened by luxury and stellar stuff. One actor, at least, who thinks of the world around him, of his fellow-men whose luck has run out on them, just as soon as he would think of himself.

I had to find out for myself that Jimmy has a charge account at a good restaurant here in town. When these boys stop and ask him for a dime, he sends them to this restaurant and—they go hungry no longer. You would be surprised to know of the empty stomachs that are filled by this "Lady-Killer" Cagney—and the broken-down nerves that are built up and recharged with courage by the mere fact of finding a Big Guy who has remained a genuine human being.

I found out one or two more things about this chap who can't hit a woman on the screen, even in good clean fun, even with a good clean grapefruit, without first working out a technique that will not hurt at all. I learned that when a friend of his wrote him recently about four families among the cotton-pickers up Tulare way, who were literally starving to death since the strike, they didn't starve for one hour longer than it took Jimmy to get a good-sized check to Tulare.

### The Kind He Pities Most

THEN, again, there was that case of a wired request for five hundred dollars, supposedly from an old New York friend. This friend has a wooden leg. Jimmy was upset. He said to his wife, "He's probably had a fight or been in some sort of accident and lost or broken his artificial leg. In which case, he's helpless. 'Tend to this right away, will you?"

But Mrs. Cagney, shrewder, wired one hundred dollars, pending the arrival of the promised letter of explanation from "Leonard." Two days passed and they learned that the money had not been picked up in Chicago. Jimmy then telephoned a mutual friend in New York to ask what had really happened to Leonard and where he was. The mutual friend said that nothing had happened to Leonard, that he was right there in New York, had never gone to Chicago at all, and that Jimmy had been neatly bilked.

I said, "And how did that make you feel? Disgusted?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I felt sorrier for the fellow, whoever he was (and I have a pretty good idea), than I would have felt for Leonard. Anyone whose morale has gone so crippled as to have to stoop to stuff like that is more to be pitied than a chap with a wooden leg.

"This sort of thing," Jimmy said, "is the kind of human suffering that is the hardest to watch and to know about. You see, when things right themselves again—and they will—people can get back material things. Of all the losses, the material ones are the least important. They can recover their houses and cars and furniture. They can buy new stocks and bonds and railroads and yachts. They cannot buy back morale, if they let themselves lose it.

### Will Never Be a Slave

"THE thing I'm most afraid of is the *slave-complex*. There is such a thing. I've watched it growing. Fellows who once had salt in their blood and steel in their nerves, who were four-square on their feet and as independent as all hell, have gone



cringy and fearful. Fearful of losing their jobs. Cringy to their bosses and to those in power.

"I had an instance the other day. I ran into a chap who had something to do—never mind what—with the making of my recent picture, 'Lady-Killer.' I said to him, 'How is such and such a sequence?' He looked this way and that, furtively. He said, not meeting my eye, not looking at me, 'Oh, swell—swell.' I said, 'Come, now, look at me—How is it?' I knew damned well that it was rotten and had been cut out or should have been. He persisted, 'Swell—really, I'm tellin' you—swell.' And there was a chap who, a year or so ago, would have told any man to his face that his work was lousy and ought to be on the cutting-room floor.

"The strikers—I've talked to them, tried to find out about their conditions, plans, state of mind. They balk at the question. They look as the other chap looked, furtive, afraid to talk, afraid to speak their own licked minds, afraid to call their poor, beaten souls their own. Afraid—because they are SLAVES.

"The only people who are comparatively safe to-day are the few people who, in their respective lines, happen to be in demand. The bad part of this is that the demand may not have anything to do with merit.

"I hate pain. The worst of all pain is slavery. The worst of all slave-driving is fear. I've never known it. I don't believe I know it now. When I was making sixteen a week, when I was making seventy-five and needed every cent I was making, I'd walk out on any job when the red was up. It's in me to be like that. I'd still walk out if pushed far enough, BUT—I'd walk out, now, with a gnawing worry about those dependent on me, my wife, my mother . . .

"I'd worry, but I'd never let it get me—the slave-complex. Banks may fail and prices rise or fall, stocks may collapse and Wall Street totter—or move to New Jersey. But if a man's spirit doesn't collapse, if his heart doesn't totter, he hasn't lost anything he can't get back.

"Because I hate pain as I do, I find this compensation in being an actor—that for an hour, here and there, we are able to make sufferers forget their own particular brands of suffering. We lift the load for a few feet of film."



How these movie youngsters grow up! Here, for instance, is Esther Ralston's erstwhile "baby" visiting her mother on the set of "By Candlelight".



AFTER  
MONTHS  
OF  
HOPELESS  
STRUGGLE  
AGAINST  
UNLOVELY  
FAT



I KEPT GAINING WEIGHT IN SPITE OF DAILY  
EXERCISE AND CONSTANT DIETING . . .



I TRIED TIGHT, CHOKING GIRDLES, TOOK WEAK-  
ENING SALTS, AND STILL I WEIGHED TOO MUCH

FINALLY, I FOUND A  
TRUE REDUCER . . .

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I TRIED a dozen or more foolish fads in my efforts to reduce. I watched my diet at every meal for months and months—yet it seemed that I would have to go on foolishly fighting fat for the rest of my life.

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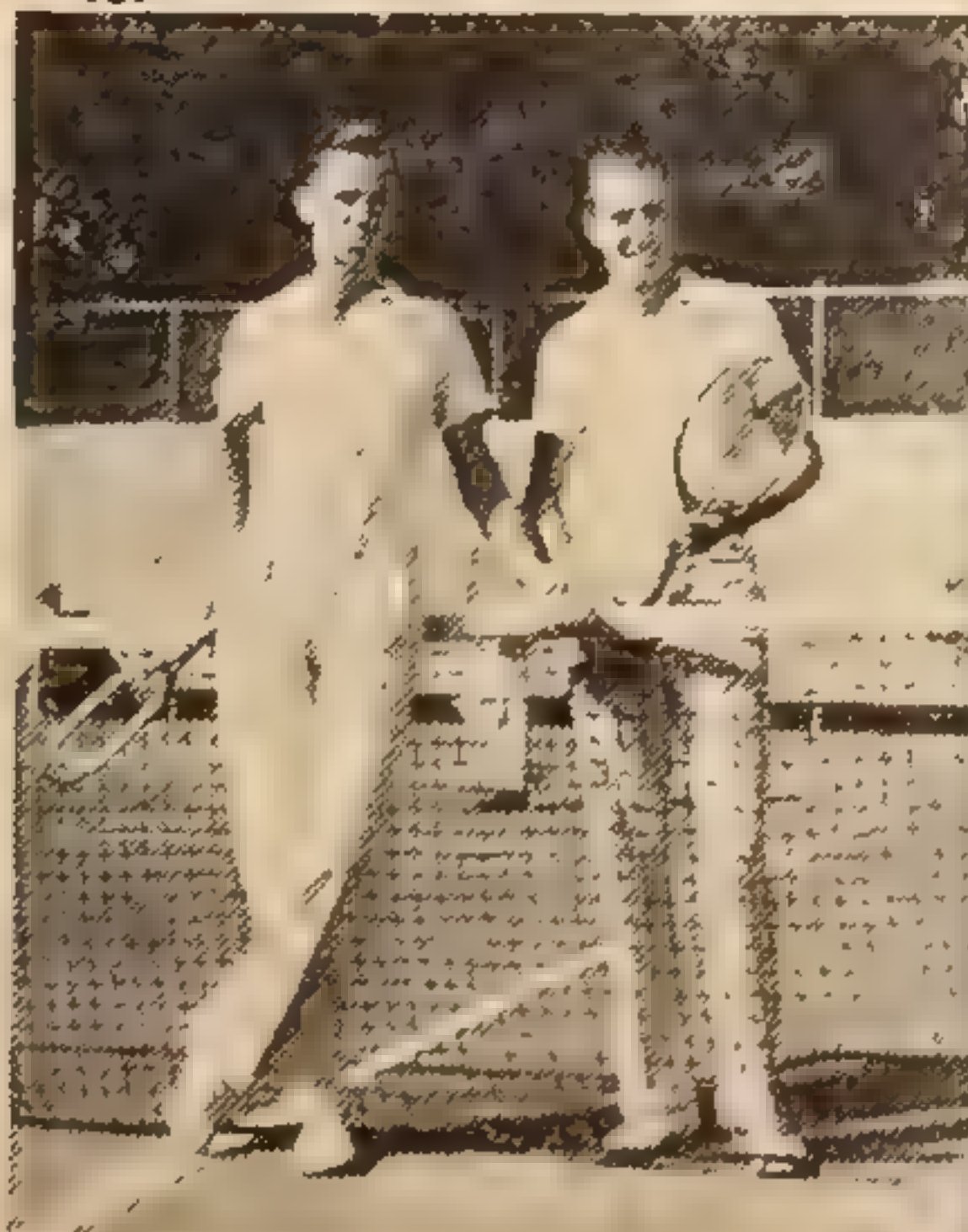
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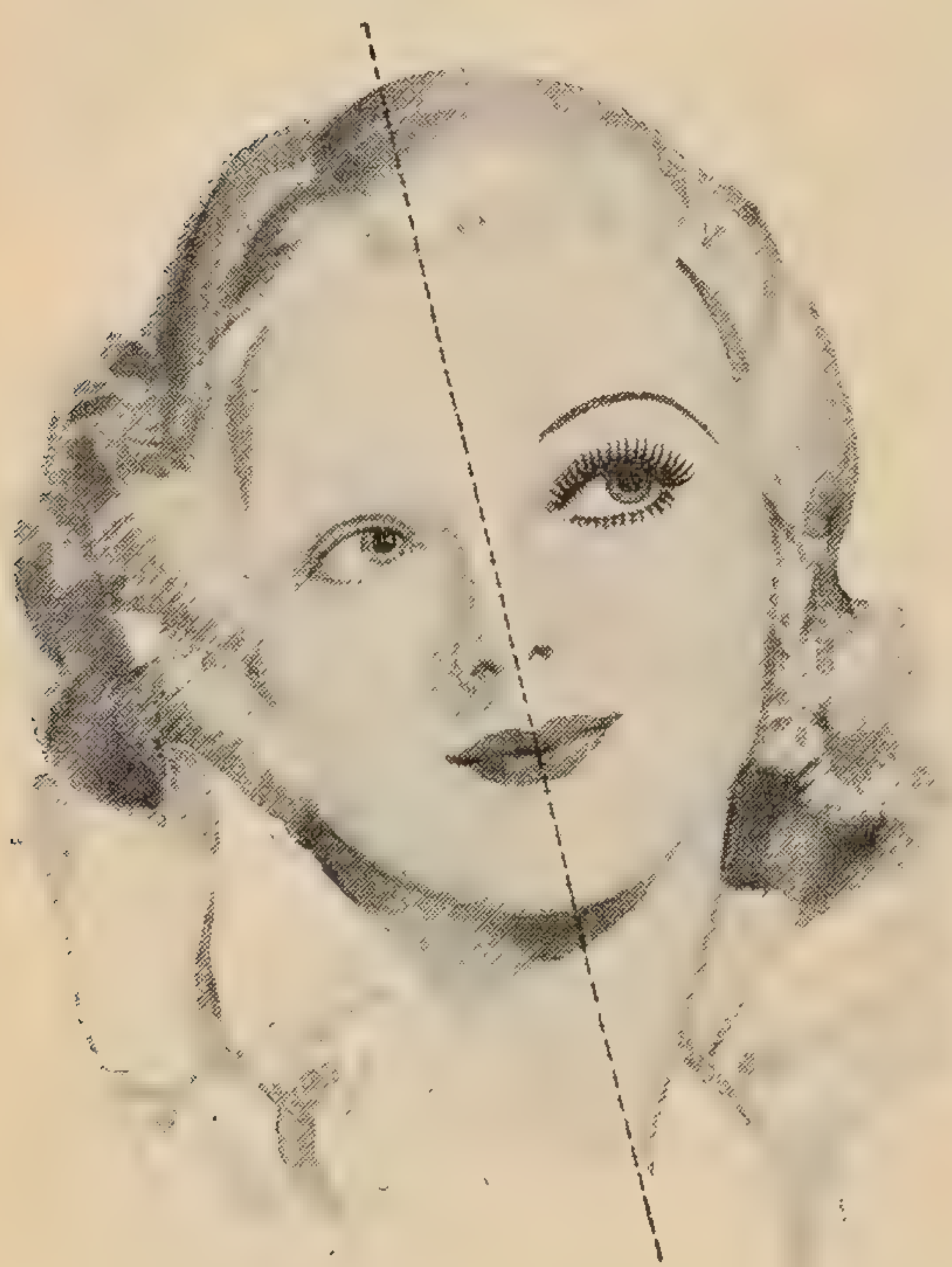
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**Maybelline**  
EYELASH DARKENER

The perfect



Mascara

## The Hot-and-Cold Leaders of the Screen

(Continued from page 17)

### Asther Heads the List

OF these, the foremost is Nils Asther. If there is a handsomer man to be found in the film boundaries than this Viking-like Swede, if there is a lover who can convey more color and romance with the single lift of an eyebrow than Nils, I have not found him in eleven years of looking them over. He has every attribute that should make for screen championship. He has proved that women can go crazy about him, because they *have*—for one or two pictures. But what happens? They can apparently forget him as easily as they fall for him.

His career has been a see-saw of hot and cold reactions. A rage for twenty-four hours, he has then been in eclipse for forty-eight. It has been that way from the very beginning and it may be that way right up to the finish of his up-and-down movie life.

When the ladies re-discovered Nils for about the tenth time in "The Bitter Tea of General Yen," even blasé Hollywood figured that perhaps his see-saw career had finally settled and that now the Swede would remain on the top of the heap. For thirty days, producers and magazine editors were flooded with lavender-scented hosannas from old sweethearts, temporarily flocking back to the Asther fold. In "Storm at Daybreak," he even succeeded in making a normal leading-man rôle approach the sensational. Yet already the flood of letters had diminished.

And already the excitement must have waned. His contract with M-G-M has been allowed to lapse. And for the tenth time, so far as Hollywood is concerned, Nils Asther is temporarily in the shade—until his next "flash performance" comes along and he once more corrals the darlings into his fold again! It will come again, of course; it always does.

### Cortez' Ups and Downs

UNDER Asther's strange movie fate, make ditto marks for Ricardo Cortez. Ric, who was originally ballyhooed as the "successor to Valentino"—and who *almost* was! Ric, who has been in and out of Hollywood, and on and off the screen ever since that moment when Jesse Lasky changed his name from *Kranz* to *Cortez* and started him on his hot-and-cold movie fate. Once, Cortez was so "through" as far as Hollywood producers were concerned that he left Movieville for eleven months, never intending to return.

Then came a flare of interest in him once more in "Her Man" with Helen Twelvetrees. They called him "re-discovered" and "the sensation of the moment." RKO starred him in "Symphony of Six Million" and it looked as though the Cortez days of minor rôles and "screen heavies" were over! He flared and flashed in a bonfire of newly-kindled excitement. And then? Wasn't that Ric in that heavy villain rôle opposite Loretta Young and Franchot Tone in "Midnight Mary"? The heavy lover of six months ago had turned merely "heavy" for the moment and another "flash player" had faded . . . until his turn to comet once more!

### Gilbert's Eclipse an "Accident"

JOHN GILBERT is the one exception to the rule that "flash players" never quite achieve the top of the heap, even when enthusiasm for them is at its hottest. Jack more than achieved the top of the heap in the days of his silent screen glory; he *was* the top!

And unlike the temporary eclipses of Asther and Cortez, his eclipse was not due to that unexplainable public whim that can

seat, and unseat, an idol for no apparent reason at all. There were two reasons for Gilbert's inglorious exit—the microphone and a deadly phrase, "his white voice." The public was told over and over that John Gilbert could not talk. In time, without real investigation, the public took it for granted that it was true.

He personally refers to his two years of persecution on that score as a "nightmare mistake." He is boldly insistent that there never was anything wrong with the calibre of his voice or with his diction, and he is willing to prove his claim before any voice authority in the world.

Evidently, Greta Garbo—once his co-star—believes Gilbert, and believes in him, for the queen of the screen had her pick of leading men for "Queen Christina"—and chose Gilbert, the man they had called the "idol" of the silent screen and the foremost "flop" of the talkies. It would surprise no one if the accident of Gilbert's flashing off the screen is completely forgotten by the public as he comets across the movie sky to take his place "on top" once more.

### Farrell on Up-Grade Again

WHEN Charles Farrell made "Seventh Heaven" with Janet Gaynor, lo, those many years ago, he was referred to by Hollywood producers as "the most valuable piece of leading-man property" in the movies. And from that moment to this, he has been a flash player! One moment (in the pictures in which he co-starred with Janet) he was "hot." The pictures he did away from his red-headed co-star were "cold."

At the time that he asked for his release from the Fox company last year because he felt the rôles he was drawing (even with Janet) were uninteresting and dull, everyone, including Charlie, believed that he would move on to bigger opportunities at some other studio. What actually happened was that he did not make a single picture at any studio for more than ten months. Then the tune changed! You began to hear that Farrell was "cleaned up." They said he was great only with Gaynor; that, away from her, he was not worth the current of his name in electric lights. He might have fallen into the oblivion of Hollywood's numerous failures—except that he has suddenly come to life with two excellent performances in "Aggie Appleby, Maker of Men" at RKO and "The Shake-down" for Warner Brothers. Once more Charlie Farrell is "on his game" again!

In and out go these flash players' names on theatre marquees. Now you see 'em and now you don't. A cheer to-day and a jeer to-morrow, boots and bouquets forever . . . this is their fate.

### Tearle Flashes Back

OUT at M-G-M they are saying that Conway Tearle will again be a sensation after his screen performance in "Day of Reckoning" with Richard Dix and Madge Evans. There's a funny one for you! For three years Conway Tearle has been considered deadlier than the proverbial doornail to Hollywood and the movie fans. He was not even considered to be a "flash player"! To the movie-wise, his day was over and his game was run. They said the fans (the women fans, of course) were "cold" on Tearle. They had passed on to other excitements, such as Gable and Raft.

And yet I can't help wondering how they accounted for the fact that the M-G-M fan mail department was swamped with letters for Conway Tearle, the moment it was announced that the screen's former most



blasé lover—who had once scored with Corinne Griffith, Clara Bow, Norma Talmadge and Alice Joyce—was once more in the fold? These letters were from the same "public" that they figured had turned cold on Tearle. They were from the women fans supposed to be responsible for his premature exit!

Just before Conway Tearle left Hollywood to go to New York "for good" and leave the movies forever behind, he attended a première at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. The picture, I believe, was "Grand Hotel." As he walked down the long line of fans who were tearing the buttons off Clark Gable's coat for souvenirs, not a single person seemed to take the slightest interest in his arrival.

A few weeks ago, he came down that same, jammed entrance again, this time to the première of "Dinner at Eight," in which he created the rôle of *Larry Renault* on Broadway. The moment he alighted from his car, the crowd let out a greeting that must have warmed his heart, and thoroughly surprised those executive gentlemen who had come to believe that Tearle was "through."

Greater idols of the moment were ignored as the fans surged forward to get the Tearle autograph. He was greeted from every side with "Hello, Conway Tearle! When are you going to make another movie, Conway?" A very cold lover had suddenly turned very hot again—which is the way with Hollywood's flash lovers.

The list might even be extended to include Adolphe Menjou and Gilbert Roland. Adolphe's suave, amused love-making had millions of women longing to meet a man like that. And then came talkies and featured rôles. Now he's zooming up again; every studio in town is after him. Opposite Norma Talmadge in silent films, Gilbert Roland was tempestuous and popular. Talkies took him off the screen. But recently, opposite Constance Bennett in "After Tonight," he has started collecting America's mash notes again!



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*Wide World*

At last, the screen's most sought-after bachelor has fallen. Gary Cooper is bidding goodbye to his fiancée, Sandra Shaw, movie actress, as she leaves by 'plane for New York, where Gary will meet her soon and where the wedding may take place. (If it hasn't taken place already!)

## Tinkling bells, and the clink of silver

IN A Chinese fairy story one reads about the Emperor's garden, where rare and colorful plants from all over the world were constantly flowering.

It was the duty of the honorable head gardener to watch for the most beautiful of the blooms and tie to the stem of each a little silver bell. As the flowers swayed in the breeze, the bells tinkled with sweet music. Thus the courtiers and the distinguished visitors, strolling along the paths, were sure to see the finest specimens.

This was the Emperor's way of saying, "I have something extra fine that you should see: Look this way and you'll be repaid."

In the advertising pages of this magazine are similar messages addressed to *you*. Read them and you will hear the clink of silver. Our manufacturers are saying: "We have some extra values. We have some especially seasonable articles that you should see. Patronize the stores that retail our goods and you will be repaid."

You have nothing to lose when you accept this invitation. In fact, when you fail to do so, you're missing some of the very news for which you bought this magazine!





A new lipstick  
gave her more

## NATURAL APPEAL!

**L**IPS of lovely shape... but somehow unattractive. Never "sweet enough to kiss" simply because she spoiled their beauty with a painted look. It wasn't until she tried a new lipstick that her lips glowed with natural, appealing color... without a trace of paint!

### Keep Your Lips Kissable

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World's Most Famous Lipstick  
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# Marlene in a Rage!

(Continued from page 25)

talk about her great box-office value. She simply says "No" until a contract is suggested that pleases her—and then she says "Yes" in the same, quiet manner. I can imagine the surprise of the Front Office when Marlene Dietrich, *the mother*, whirled in upon them.

### They Say It With Flowers

**T**HE dressing-room in which we were talking about Maria was packed with white flowers—Marlene's favorite. One of the largest baskets of white chrysanthemums that I have ever seen centered the table.

"I sent those to Maria, yesterday, upon her first day of work," Marlene said. "And she sent me these"—pointing to a dainty, smaller basket. "She insists upon paying for them, herself, from her salary. Her father sends her some money. They have a secret arrangement between them. I urge her to save it. But she *must* buy me presents.

"And when her father comes!" ("Her father" is Rudolph Sieber, young German director.) "Even the swimming pool was filled with flowers for his last arrival. She had them in every corner—white roses and white camellias."

"You have never sent her to school, Marlene?"

"No. That is because I am not settled anywhere. She would only get started—" Another shrug. "That is the problem, of course. She has no children with whom to play. I invited some in and I found them playing house. I heard them saying, 'Now, my brother is in love with your sister. When she comes in, he must kiss her.' Talking about love-making and playing love-making before they were eight! I could not have that, of course. I did not know what to do.

"Of course, when her father is here or when we are in Europe with him, everything is all right. He plays with her. They are like children together. They adore one another. If you think I have love for my child, you should see my husband! And when I am not working, I play with her here, too. I am with her so much because she has no children to play with."

"And are you raising her according to German or American customs?"

"German. Not exactly as I was raised, but with the same idea back of it. I never had one moment to myself. I went to a state school from eight until one o'clock. Then, after lunch came a piano lesson, followed by a gymnastic one. Then French and my English lessons. Then we took walks in the park. That was in Berlin, you see. And I was in bed at seven o'clock each night until I was confirmed at sixteen. Yes, Lutheran. But my husband is Catholic and Maria likes the Catholic church.

### What Maria's Day Is Like

**M**ARIA has a German teacher in the morning. She teaches her everything in German. Maria *thinks*, as I said, in German. Then she walks with her nurse. At twelve she takes her piano lesson. In the afternoon, a teacher *talks* to her in English and reads her stories in English. She is not learning grammar and lessons yet. I want her to get well-started in spelling and things like that in German first, so that she does not confuse the two. Then, three times a week, she has her dancing lessons. She plays in the garden and studies her lessons for the next day. She loves to be outdoors. And she likes Palm Springs. I send her down there once in a while. Yes, I will tell you who accompanies her: There are the chauffeur and the teachers and the guards."

"How many guards have you now?"

"I have eight. I always had seven before,

but since this NRA—I employ one extra."

My mind flashed to remarks that I had heard certain *American* citizens make about adding extra help to aid the NRA! I asked, "And is Maria's diet German, too?"



International

Just to prove that she has not given up her masculine attire, Marlene Dietrich attended a recent premiere in this outfit—camel's hair coat, white flannel trousers, white shoes, and white cap

"Yes. First, there is no white bread and her vegetables must be cooked in their own juice, not in water. She has meat three times a week and fish one day. The meat is boiled, always. And twice a week she has the insides—what do you call it?—of the animals. The livers and kidneys and sweetbreads and brains. I try to keep her from highly-seasoned foods. She loves them. And she adores your American pies. I keep her away from them as much as I can.

"Maria adores America. In Europe, when she saw an American flag, she stopped and threw out her arms and said, 'My home!' And she tells everyone in Europe about America!"

### Denies Divorce Rumor

**"M**ARLENE, do you know the latest rumor is that you are going to divorce your husband?"

She laughed. Marlene Dietrich laughs aloud seldom. She smiles, but does not laugh. But now—genuine, infectious laughter. "The only reason that my husband is not coming over here now is because I want to go back to Europe as soon as this picture is finished. I do not have to stay here between pictures. It is difficult for us all. But divorce? No! I would not separate Maria and her father, and I would not separate myself from my husband, either. Certainly, you can quote me!—Oh, it is funny!"

I changed the subject quickly. Somehow, her laughter had been convincing.

"And do you allow Maria to go to motion pictures?"

"But of course. She loves them."

"All pictures?"

"No, not all pictures. It is difficult. She wants to see them all. But you cannot let a child see a picture you cannot even explain; because, to explain, you must tell her things that you don't wish her to know so young—"

It was Maria Sieber's mother speaking, and not Marlene Dietrich, glamorous screen star.



# What Do Your Eyes Betray?

(Continued from page 23)

and radiate spirit and health and humor. Don't be afraid of it. The eagerness of young life is always the greatest attraction. If a girl tries to do a Garbo, half the time she succeeds only in looking self-conscious.

"To be truthful," continued the artist, "I know that Garbo, herself, sparkles in private life! She does it often and well. But for screen purposes she becomes deliberately passive. A woman is more mysterious that way, when her eyes are completely relaxed. You feel that she is taking in something, that she has retired within herself, and you want to discover what that self is.

"The danger in cultivating detachment, of course, is that it makes some women look uninteresting. They cut off the thread from the outside world when they do it. The simplest method to find out what it does for you is to have a full-face picture taken of yourself. Do your eyes show mystery—or an inferiority complex? Do you look more attractive when you are thoughtful or when you are aglow? Full-of-life men are seldom interested in mysterious women. It's the poetical and imaginative fellow whom they intrigue.

## Garbo's Eyes Make Men Wonder

"I WOULD say from Garbo's eyes that she is earth-bound—but able to wear many masks. Being so wide apart, her eyes lose in vivacity what they gain in calmness and gentleness. When she becomes stormy, she seems murderously cold. Why? You'll find the answer in those straight lids of hers. They explain that it will never be possible for her to express her innermost feelings. She can only agonize in trying to make others understand. *Eyes like Garbo's are man's eternal question mark . . .*"

They do not have to be veiled, however, to make them enigmatic, Pogany declares. Observe Carole Lombard's—so large and opened. But being utterly passive, they're as full of mystery as the night. Practise that in front of your glass, if you're the Lombard type. It's sure-fire, particularly where Cupid is concerned.

Another noted pair of orbs, said by many to be the most glamorous in the whole movie kingdom, are those truly marvelous spell-binders that belong to Marlene Dietrich. Her eyes are so perfectly relaxed that your curiosity is aroused to white heat. What are the thoughts lying behind them? What do they conceal? They keep you guessing, yet they're revealing, too. The curved eyelids—they denote what Pogany refers to as "the soft, inspiring mother complex." All in all, I say you're fortunate if you have that Dietrich look!



Willy Pogany doesn't analyze these eyes—but anyone who has ever seen them in action is conscious of them. They belong to Clara Bow. And what do they tell?



Are your eyes a fraction closer than normal? You have a way with you! If they are also deep-set, they show spirituality and will power—like Mae West's (above)

These unique combinations are what make women so fascinating. For example, take someone whose eyes are round and set deep in the sockets like those of Mary Pickford. Round eyes speak of intelligence and an abundance of cheer—and charm. Since they're deep-set as well, Mary's proclaim her to be profoundly religious, amazingly vital. Claudette Colbert's are very similar, but a little further apart—which signifies greater tranquillity and ease.

## What Joan's Eyes Reveal

AND now consider the startling revelations in the eyes of Joan Crawford. Pogany sees in them an almost terrible tenseness—a fear of frustration—an anxious giving of herself to life. Even though her eyes are blue, notice how dark the iris is—signifying the intensity of Joan's emotions, the strength of her will. She is the only star in Hollywood who has the strange power to do what the Scotch call "threep at you." When she half-shuts her eyes and fixes you with her glance, you might be drawn by a magnet . . .

But don't think Nature has cheated you, if you haven't large eyes. Sometimes small eyes are much more harmonious to a certain type of face. Norma Shearer's could not possibly be called large, yet they're the center of her fascination. Why not imitate the splendid use she makes of them? The next time you see a Shearer play, watch how she relaxes her eyes for mystic moments and at other times permits them to flash spiritedly. The *narrow pupils* show unusual firmness and a driving ambition. The *clear iris* suggests graciousness, an eager joy of living.

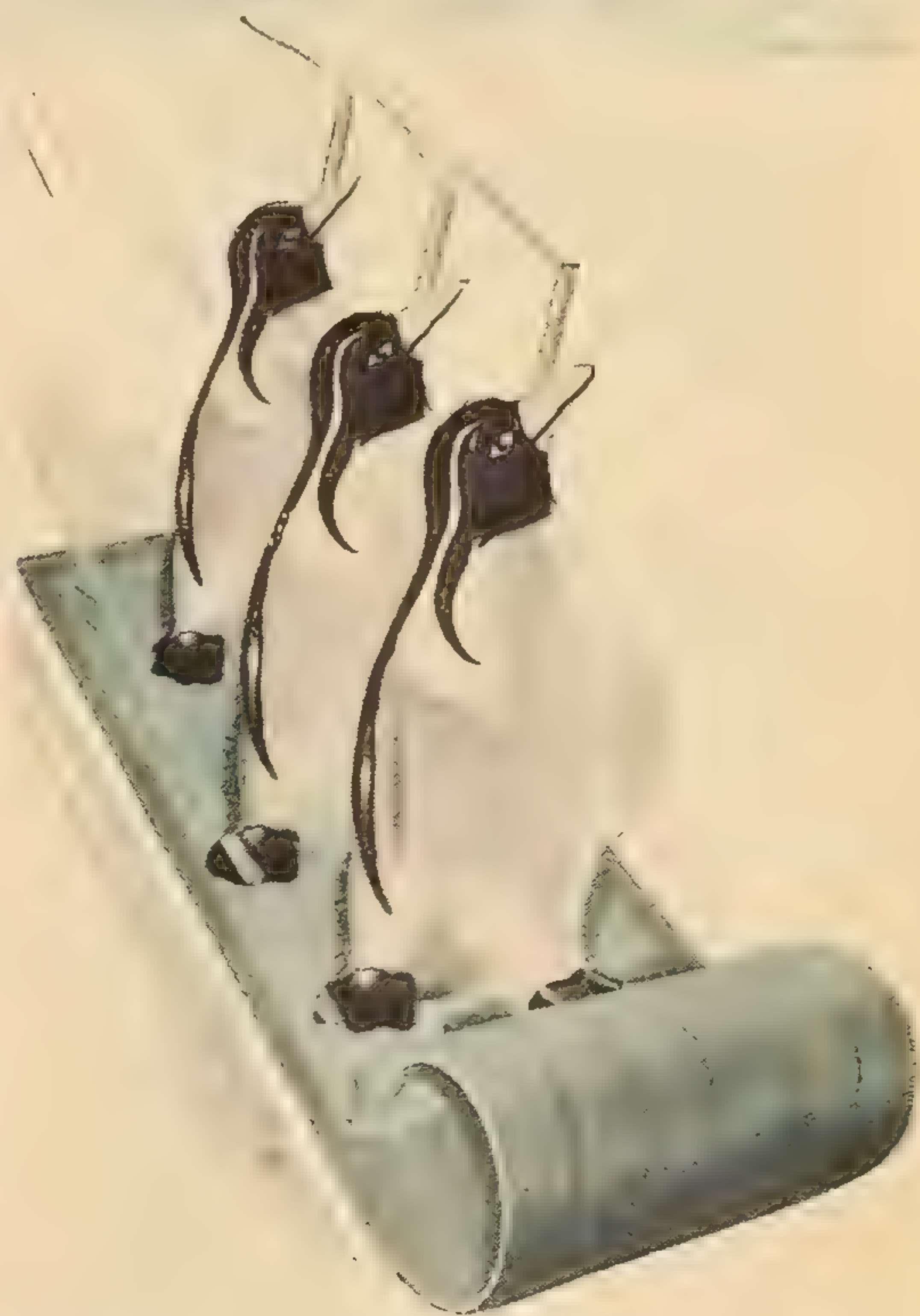
Supposing you have eyes that are flecked. Then you come in the Kay Francis category. Her eyes are green, dappled with brown, and here's the character chart to that: Kay, beneath a thick layer of civilization, has an excess of feeling and at times is completely swept away by it. She is apt to go to extremes of emotion. The Francis ideals—and yours, if you have orbs of mixed tints—are highly elevated. But an irregular will is indicated; enthusiasms are short-lived.

Years ago, if you had studied the light blue eyes of that scintillating miss, Gloria Swanson and had read what they had to say, you wouldn't have been one whit surprised at her subsequent fame. *Almond-shaped eyes* like hers give evidence of a vehement wish to please and of sweetness and a desire for elegance. But that isn't all! The contour of the lids indicates that Gloria is the type who gets what she goes after.

Humanity is a pretty complicated affair and personalities are very involved—but there is a key to them. What kind of person are you? The answer is in your eyes!

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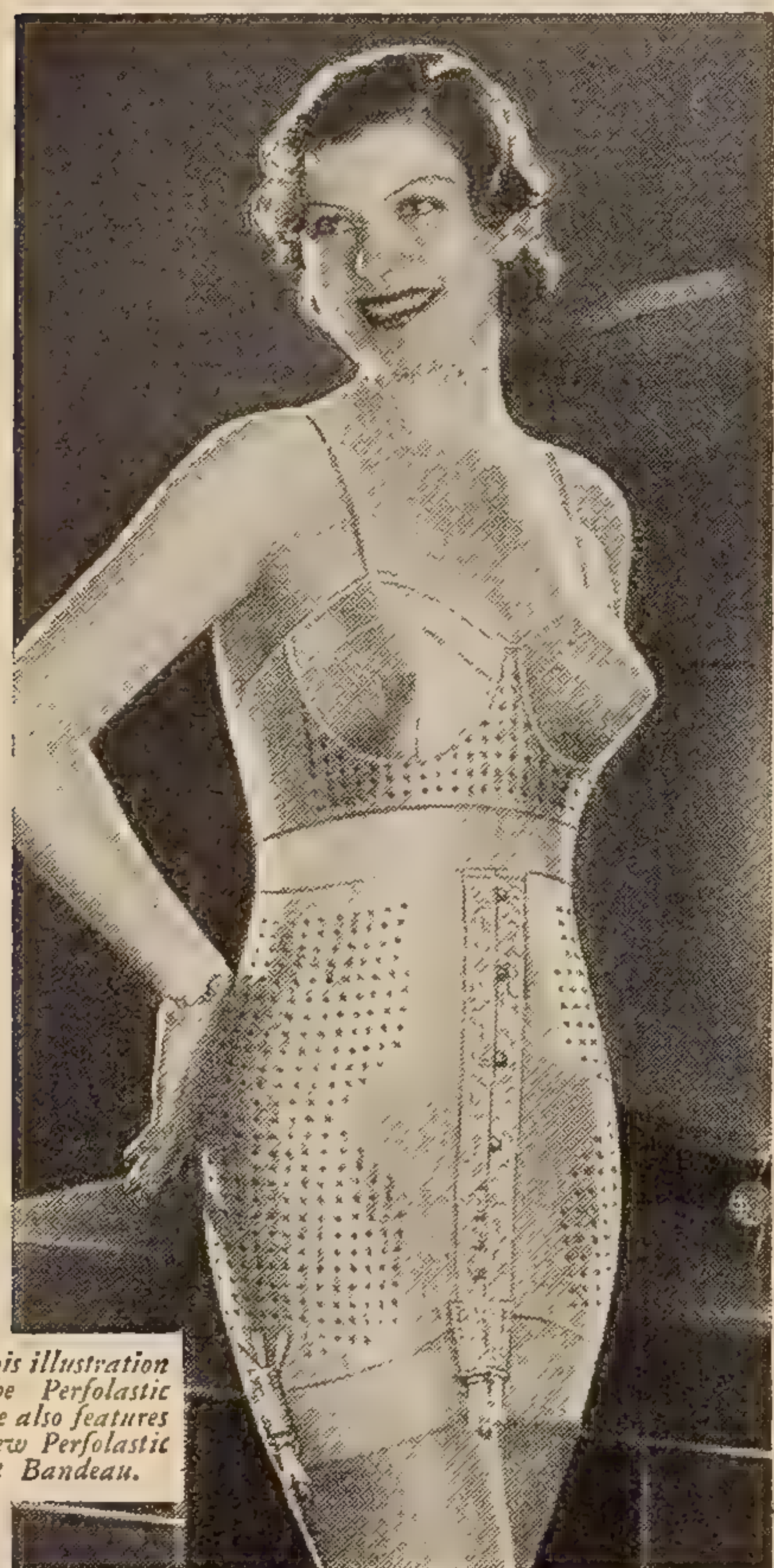
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## Our Hollywood Neighbors

(Continued from page 6)

IT will take exactly four new evening gowns for the picture gals to cut a snappy figure at the Hollywood Mayfair parties this year. There will be but four parties. Time was when these events were held every month during the Winter and Spring season. Maybe that was a bit TOO often. Perhaps the screen aristocrats got tired of seeing the same faces every month, and eating the same menus, and forking over ten bucks per plate for the privilege of being there.

The first Mayfair party this year will be held in December, and by that time Prohibition will be a thing of the past. We're not trying to hint that ANY star would take a drink—my goodness, NO. But just the same it was a nuisance to have to carry soda pop on the hip.

There's some talk, too, of making the parties smaller. On good nights, in the past, there were as many as six hundred guests. It was like bargain day in Macy's basement. Four hundred may be top for this season. You see, the old New York society influence is creeping in.

And, most important of all, it will probably be supper instead of dinner. No one ever dreamed of arriving at Mayfair before ten, and the dinner usually went to waste. Now there will be a tasty snack served at midnight.

So, if you're going to Mayfair this season, for goodness sake eat a hamburger before you start. Have onions on it. No one cares.

**F**OR some reason it struck us as a funny story—ANYWAY, it was funny the way we heard it.

A well-known Hollywood man-about-town, feeling in a mood of repentance or something, went to church one, fine Sunday morning. He listened reverently to the choir and to the sermon. He had his coin ready when the collection plate came along. Then he happened to look up and see who was passing the plate.

It was Vince Barnett. Could he be pulling his gags in a church?

If you don't remember Vince, he's the man who became famous as the "insulting waiter" at Hollywood parties.

**W**ELL, the football season is about over now, and maybe Hollywood can get back to the serious business of making pictures, and getting married and divorced. It's almost to the point where pictures are filmed only when it doesn't interfere with the games. Almost every studio knocked off work the afternoon of the St. Mary's-University of Southern California get-together. Stars, and directors, and crews worked all night to make up for lost time. Then, too, there is actually a case on record when "Boots" Mallory and Bill Cagney hurried back from their elopement so they wouldn't miss the kickoff at 2:15.

Irving Thalberg and Norma Shearer travel to the games in style. When U. S. C. played California across the bay from San Francisco, the Thalbergs chartered a yacht to make the trip. Buster Keaton reserves an entire floor at the Palace Hotel, in San Francisco, when he goes North to the games.

That's what you call pigskin served with truffles.

**P**ARAGRAPH denoting the admirable cultural tendency in and about the studios—

Paramount passed out biographical questionnaires to the winners in "The Search For Beauty" contest. It was just one of

those routine affairs asking age, place of birth, schools attended, etc. One question proved a stumper to at least four of the young people. The question was—"What do you read?"

The answer came back—"Books." Just like that!

**W**ALT DISNEY, and his, by now, famous "Three Little Pigs" are making things awfully tough for some of the producers. Especially on preview nights. The other evening a preview audience was more or less enthralled with a new, dramatic offering. The villain, after pursuing the heroine for four reels, had finally caught up with her. The heroine didn't look very frightened, and she was putting up a dandy scrap in defense of her virtue.

Then, from the back of the house someone caroled—"Who's afraid of the big, bad wolf?" It broke up the show.

And, come to think of it, with every theatre playing repeats on the Disney classic, these must be tough days for the fellow who didn't happen to care for "Three Little Pigs."

**I**F we were looking for someone on whom to play a practical joke—which we aren't—we certainly would not select Lupe Velez as the victim. Jack La Rue knows it now, and he'll remember his lesson when he's as old as John D.

After the prizefights one evening Jack slipped up to the Velez limousine. La Lupe was sitting inside, at peace with the world, or what passes for peace with Lupe.

"Stick 'em up," said La Rue, in his best gangster manner.

Before he could bat an eye Lupe had produced a revolver from somewhere, and it didn't have the appearance of a squirt-gun, either. Quick explanation on Jack's part was all that saved him from a game of target practice.

Jack still gets cold perspiration whenever he thinks about it.

**T**HE fellow that said history repeats itself was not talking through his hat. We know now that it's true. Richard Dix and Lois Wilson are keeping company again. Time was when all the folks thought "Rich" and Lois would wind up at the parson's house. Well, maybe they will yet.

Now if some of those famous authors would again come out and play dominoes with Aileen Pringle it would be dandy. And if Pola Negri would just come back and start going places with Charlie Chaplin, it would be the good, old days, for sure.

Come to think of it we'd like to interview Theda Bara—how she was born on the banks of the Nile, and all that sort of business, you know.

**T**ALK about novel experiments, M-G-M is biting off a big chunk with "The Good Earth," the picture version of the tremendously successful Pearl Buck novel. The players will be Chinese, and the picture will be filmed in China. Somewhat to our alarm we understand that dialogue will be spoken in the Mandarin tongue. We're not even much comforted by the reassurance that an American translation of titles will be used when necessary.

We'd like to tell M-G-M right now that, as far as we're concerned, it will be necessary pretty darned often. Geez, we can't even handle a menu in a chop-suey parlor—and as for those laundry marks—



# What's the Answer to Charlotte Henry?

(Continued from page 43)

nineteens that makes her quick selection for the rôle of Lewis Carroll's "innocent girl with eyes of wonder" seem natural enough, despite the fact that the object of the search had been, supposedly, to find a newcomer. By this time even the public must realize that screen newcomers are seldom new to the screen. Betty Bronson, long supposed to have appeared magically from the Never-Never-Land for "Peter Pan" was already well-known to Eastern casting directors when she got the rôle, and had played "bits" and "extra"-girl parts for several years.

What baffles Hollywood's best rumorers is the fact that, despite the most earnest and industrious digging into Charlotte's short past, it has been impossible to bring to light anything to contradict her artless studio biography. It is too good to be true. To be sure, one writer had "heard that she was married and had a baby," but that has been a favorite rumor ever since a Broadway flapper "find" was revealed to be a long-time resident of Hollywood with a husband and child. After diligent inquiry, I must admit that I have not been able to unearth even a boy-friend in Charlotte's life, much less a husband.

## Can You Believe It?

AND yet I am wondering whether Charlotte Henry can be true, and whether the artless replies she made to my questions were her own or a part that she had memorized. For instance, still probing after that love interest, I asked her about her social life, and Charlotte replied in her little, meek, soft voice, "I don't go to parties much. I've never had a boy-friend. I'd rather take a walk with my mother, or stay at home with a good book."

She said exactly that. I know it is hard to believe in This Day and Age. She said it distinctly, too, like a nice little girl reciting poetry, and afterward took a large bite of her ham sandwich—and didn't choke.

She said other things, too. She said that she loves to fly in airplanes, and spends her time between scenes at the studio scribbling on a blackboard with chalk. She has a pet dog and a "Little Flower" religious medal in which she has absolute faith. (She was educated in a convent and then in private schools, not to mention a dramatic school.) Her birthday is March 3, she is just five feet tall, weighs one hundred and four pounds,

and does not have to diet. She likes swimming, tennis and ham.

She thinks she was very lucky to get the coveted rôle and hopes everybody who likes *Alice* won't be too disappointed when she comes on the screen. She discounts all the fuss that is being made about her, saying that it would have been given to any girl who had won the rôle. She tried two tests, really, before she won it, herself. The first time, she recited two verses of "You Are Old, Father William." When director Norman McLeod—who has had a ten-year ambition to make this picture—saw this first brief test, he called her back for a lengthier one. This time she was asked to enact the scene between *Alice* and the Caterpillar. That decided matters.

## She's "On Her Own" at Studio

SHE told me, softly, that her mother, who was once an actress, herself, brought her to the studio in the morning and called for her at night, but wouldn't come onto the set because she didn't want to be "one of those studio mothers."

Charlotte said, "I've been to the Coconut Grove just once. We had friends from the East who wanted to see some movie stars, so Mother and I took them there. I'd much rather stay at home with a good book."

The book, she admitted, was not "Alice in Wonderland," though she had read it once "quite a long while ago," when she was sick with chicken pox. She likes history and biography, and she likes to read the encyclopedia and look up things she doesn't know.

"If you're giving me an act," I told her, "you're doing it well."

"Oh," said Charlotte Henry, softly, "I'm not a good enough actress for that."

Is this tiny, self-contained girl deliberately—or just naturally—keeping everyone guessing? Can any normal modern girl of nineteen (or even seventeen) really talk and think in sentences that would make the most shameless press-agent blush? If so, they have discovered something more remarkable than an *Alice* whom an artist drew feature for feature, to the very life, fifty years before she was born. They have discovered the last and only surviving specimen of nineteen-year-old alive who doesn't use powder or rouge, has never been out with a boy-friend, and spends her evenings reading a good book!



The big scene in "Alice in Wonderland" is the Mad Tea Party. Here you see The Mad Hatter (Edward Everett Horton) and The Dormouse (Jackie Searl) enjoying the repast, while The March Hare (Charlie Ruggles) shows Alice (Charlotte Henry) the watch that tells the year

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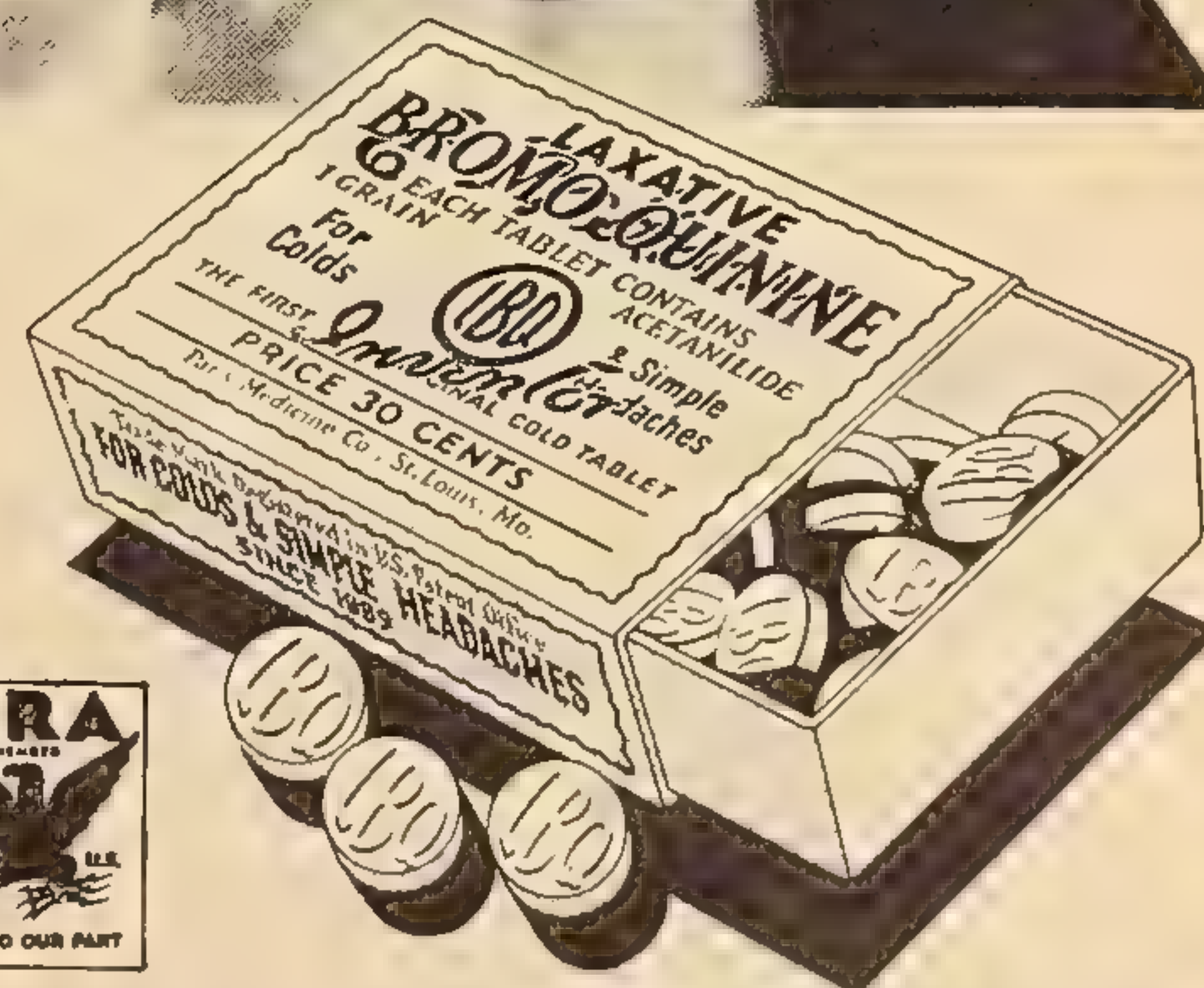
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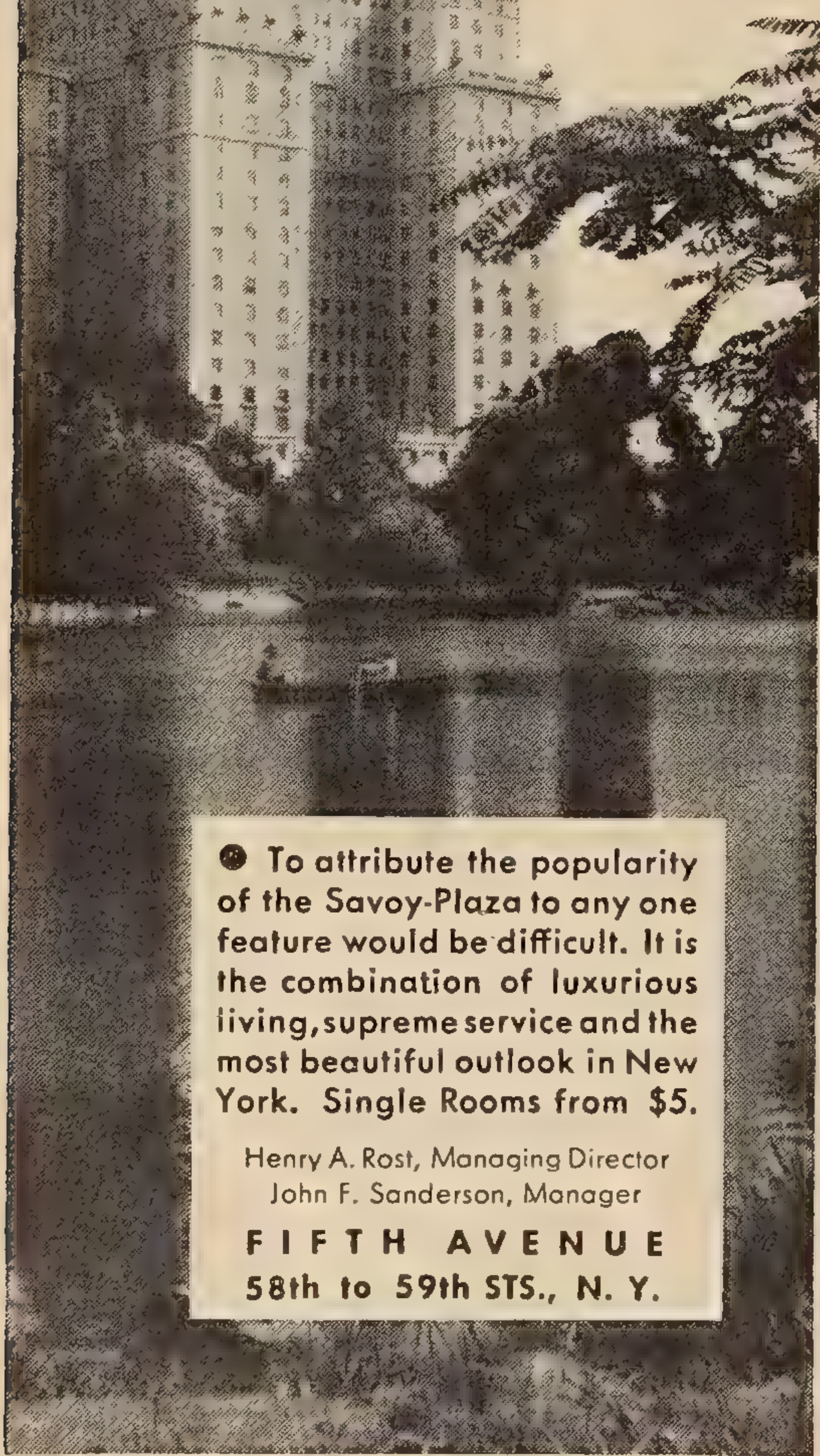
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# Divorce? Well, Cantor Is Getting Desperate!

(Continued from page 46)

and Edna, and no hard feelings, darling.' 'How,' she asked, 'about the baby—how about Janet?'

"We'll roll for Janet," I answered, "and I hope you're lucky."

"Now, Ida," I went on, "I want to be fair about this, so I'm going to let you get the divorce. I'm going to be generous with you, too. I'm going to give you all my old jokes."

"All your old jokes?" Ida chirped. "That means all your jokes."

### He's Keeping Only One Thing

"NEVER mind," I snapped. "I thought you'd take advantage of me. But I'm going to be big-hearted with you. I'm going to give you my favorable press notices, too."

"Both of them?" Ida flipped.

"Ignoring her, I went on, 'And all I'm going to keep is an autographed photo of Rubinoff. Even you, Ida, wouldn't take that as a gift."

"I'm going to miss you, Ida," I continued. "I'm going to miss your noodle soup. You know I went off my . . ."

"You went off your noodle about my noodle soup," Ida whipped out, "and if I hear another gag like that, I'll yank the 'phone off the wall."

"It's a good gag," I protested. "Not bad at all. You say, 'Are you going to miss my noodle soup?'" And I come back with, "You know I went off my noodle about your noodle soup, Ida." Not bad at all. I sort of like it."

"You always have liked it," Ida snapped. "You like the gag better than the soup."

"Well," I huffed, "I didn't have to taste the gag. But Ida, my dear, let's stop fighting and get on with the divorce. I want to be fair with you, Ida, because you've been a good wife to me for—how many years?"

"I've been a good wife to you for over thirty thousand bum jokes. Oh, longer than that. Thirty thousand is just one season with Cantor."

"Let it go," I answered weakly. "Let it go, and let's get on with the details. Now, I've figured it all out. We're both going to use the same lawyer to save expenses. But you've got to have a co-respondent. Who's going to be the third point in the triangle?"

### The Co-Respondent She'd Name

"I'LL say the co-respondent was a batch of joke-books," Ida answered. "I'll just say I lost a big joke to a joke-book. I'll simply relate some of the puns and gags you always get off when company arrives. Any judge in the country will understand and grant me my decree. I'll get my divorce, all right. Don't worry."

"Okay," I answered. "But I haven't any money to leave you. My entire savings are tied up in funny sayings. Not bad, eh? My entire savings are tied up in funny sayings. That's got possibilities. I'll work on it later."

"Work on it," Ida put in, "and then throw it out the window."

"Now, Ida," I went on, "I don't want you to feel too badly about this divorce. As a matter of fact, if the papers don't play me up the way I want, I'll call the whole thing off and we'll stay married."

"What," Ida asked listlessly, "do you want the papers to do—get out an extra?"

"Well," I answered, "they don't exactly have to get out an extra, but they've got to put the story on the first page. And it's got to appear on a Monday, when everybody reads the paper. And they can't have any stories about the Lindberghs, President

Roosevelt, the NRA, the Cuban trouble or repeal on the same page. The big story on that page has got to be about Cantor. And if my photograph doesn't reproduce the way it should, the deal's off. I want a good likeness. And I want it to be a profile, too."



And here's the proof that Ida and Eddie are still happily married and the only stage and screen couple who can boast five (count 'em) daughters

"Any way they look at you, it'll be a profile," Ida came back. "And anyway, Eddie, you don't want a good likeness. Give the papers something they can use."

### Might Write Story, Himself

"I IGNORED her and continued, 'And I want to read proof on the newspaper story before they print it. They've got to mention my career, and the big things that are in store for me, and how I've worked and slaved and was on the point of giving up, when reluctant fortune at last came my way and . . ."

"Are you going to write the story?" Ida asked.

"Well, if they ask me to," I admitted, modestly.

"Impossible," Ida came back. "There aren't enough 'I's' on a linotype machine for you."

"Now, listen, Mr. Cantor," I managed at this point. "You aren't really serious about this, are you? You wouldn't divorce poor Ida, would you?"

"Sure, I'm serious," Eddie snapped. "Sure, I'd divorce Ida. I'm going to put on a divorce that will have class. Something different. And the space I get in the papers will make Bill's and Carole's look like a footnote in a stamp album. I want the best divorce that Ida's money can buy. I may get Sid Grauman to handle the prologue. Then maybe editors will know I'm news and put me up on page one where I belong after this."

That was several days ago. Since then Eddie has had a ton of publicity about his "Roman Scandals" and he's happy. Ida and Eddie are still married and will continue to be for thousands and thousands of more jokes. The five daughters are still intact and by this time are with Ida and Eddie on that long-prolonged jaunt to England.

But the publicity department had better be good to Eddie, because he has found a way to land in print, if they don't put him there first.



# Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 33)

the only one who had mentioned all eight men, and she was sure that Bette was holding her repertorial abilities up to ridicule.

**T**HE irony of Fate was never more impressed upon us than last month when *MOVIE CLASSIC* published an interview with The Queen of the Night Clubs, under the title, "Texas Guinan Says Hollywood is Dead!" And three days before the issue could reach the newsstands, Texas, herself, was dead—in Vancouver, following an operation. But that interview was peculiarly fitting. It revealed her mordant wit, her shrewd appraisals of human nature, her love of laughter and gaiety—and that's how Texas would have wanted to be remembered.

Plenty of people probably have been and will be attracted to "Broadway Through a Keyhole" just to see what she was like in her last picture. Few of them will remember her first pictures—in which she was "The Female Two-Gun Bill Hart." But the movies never revealed the real Guinan. Even in "Broadway Through a Keyhole," which does show the night-club Guinan, her resort looks as big as Grand Central Station; in reality, her clubs were small and intimate, where she could get chummy with the customers, who were willing to pay plenty to have her show them how to forget themselves. And even at the end, that mordant wit flashed forth. She wanted to be taken back to Broadway to lie in state, so that, "for once," the Broadway crowds could get in to see her "without paying a cover charge."

**A**LSO, this past month, Hollywood has worn mourning for Hugh Trevor, dead at thirty, following an operation for acute appendicitis. It shakes Hollywood when they go that young . . . Two stars who recently faced the same tragic threat, but

underwent operations in time, are Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who, by a striking coincidence, are about to co-star in Columbia's "Night Bus."

**D**ID Hollywood celebrate Election Night? Did it! Every night club in town was jammed to the doors—and each new batch of returns from Pennsylvania, Ohio and Utah, sounding the knell of Prohibition, was greeted with cheers, not to mention toasts. But over in one corner of one joy spot, one group was crying over its highballs. The incentive was all gone out of quaffing now; it wasn't against the law any longer.

**W**ITH "Dancing Lady" finally finished after four hectic months, Joan Crawford and Franchot Tone rushed off to New York for a vacation. But rumors of an elopement were premature, to say the least; the gossips forget that Joan's divorce won't be final for some months yet . . . Their first night in the Big Town, they attended "Men in White," the hospital hit, put on by Franchot's old buddies of the Group Theatre. He said he was homesick for them . . . Wonder if they got around to seeing the sell-out revue, "As Thousands Cheer," in which Marilyn Miller and Clifton Webb satirize Joan and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., bickering about a divorce—and especially about which should have the more publicity?

**B**UT Joan and Franchot didn't get away from Hollywood by going to New York, for most of the plays now running—and the Broadway stage is making a big comeback this season—boast names associated with the movies. Alexander Kirkland, for instance, is in "Men in White"; Laurence Olivier and Jill Esmond are in "The Green Bay Tree"; Lois Moran is in "Let 'Em Eat Cake"; Jean Arthur is in "The Curtain Rises"; Roland Young, Laura Hope Crews and Frances Fuller are in "Her Master's Voice"; Helen Hayes is in "Mary of Scotland"; and Miriam Hopkins and Katharine Hepburn are rehearsing new plays.

**T**HE picture player who has been tempted farthest from Hollywood by a stage offer, however, is Harpo Marx—who is headed for Moscow, to play a month at the Moscow Art Theatre, showing the Russians his celebrated pantomime. And Harpo is a bit awed by the prospect, for he is scheduled to be on the stage alone, with no blondes on his side of the footlights. On his way, he is making a sentimental pilgrimage to the little fishing village of Etretat, France, near Le Havre, to hear "The greatest harp player in the world." Harpo, the Silent, talked long enough to a *New York Times* reporter before his departure to explain:

"She's an old woman who lives alone in an attic and is hard of hearing. I first heard her two years ago when I was in Paris, and I went down to see her. It was like trying to get an appointment with the Pope. It took me three days to get a reservation to see her. She shrieked from the top of the stairs, 'Come on up!' I climbed up there and she said it would cost me fifteen dollars an hour to listen to her. Well, I thought that

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There were great doings in Hollywood recently, when M-G-M threw a huge birthday party for Marie Dressler as she became sixty-two years young. Helping Marie celebrate the festivities were Governor James Rolph, of California, Louis B. Mayer and millions of fans who listened in on the broadcast

I might as well stay for an hour, having come that far. I stayed in town five days . . . Harp players from all over the world come to hear her. Once a season she gives a concert in Paris and then goes back home. The old lady gets up at six every morning, goes to mass, has breakfast and spends all day with her harp."

**MARIE DRESSLER**, Charlie Chaplin and other stars have done their share toward helping the Unemployment Relief and Buy Now campaigns, with national broadcasts. But what star has aided recovery like Mae West? The farmers are selling more products to grocers, bakers and butchers, who in turn are selling more to the rest of us, because Mae has broken down the ban on curves and has put diets in the discard. Cloth manufacturers are selling more cloth. Girls are going for jewelry again—imitation preferred. Corsets are seeing a new vogue. Think of the industries that Mae has helped! If Governor Laffoon of Kentucky made her a Colonel, General Hugh S. Johnson of the NRA ought to make her a Brigadier-General! Mae, by the way, has finally agreed to go on the air, for something like \$6,000 a week. And the radio has more censors than the movies!

**YOU** hear the carping critics insistently saying that every Hollywood studio copies every other studio. Which may be true, in a sense. But it so happens that this past year every single studio has started something; there isn't a single studio that can be accused of just sitting back and waiting to imitate the others.

Fox launched a cycle of great screen sagas with "Cavalcade," found a potent new way to tell a story in "The Power and the Glory," and took America back to the soil with "State Fair."

Warners brought music back to the screen in a bigger and better way with "42nd Street" and "Gold-Diggers of 1933."

RKO flashed something ingenious and brand-new in "King Kong" and proved with "Little Women" that the sentimental 'Sixties have great picture possibilities.

You don't have to be reminded about

what Paramount started with "She Done Him Wrong." And now they're launching a cycle of fantasies with "Alice in Wonderland."

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer revealed something new in prize-fight pictures in "The Prizefighter and the Lady," and something new and honest in faraway adventure pictures in "Eskimo."

Universal topped even its own previous horror tales with "The Invisible Man"—giving terror talkies a new boom.

Columbia have brought down-to-earth great romance to the talkies in "A Man's Castle."

And United Artists started a portrait-of-royalty cycle with the devastating "Private Life of Henry, the VIIIth."

**I**N fact, the screen is getting all cluttered up with royalty. Marlene Dietrich is making "Catherine, the Great," and over in England Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has just played *Czar Peter, the 3rd* in an English film about the selfsame Catherine, the Great. Edward G. Robinson is about to portray The Little Corporal in "Napoleon: His Life and Loves." And Bonaparte is also scheduled to appear in "The House of Rothschild," starring George Arliss. It looks as if we're in for a season of making comparisons.

**A**ND 1934 promises some more pictures that will be worth seeing. Will Rogers' generation is going to await him impatiently in "David Harum." And Helen Hayes, who delighted in light comedy on the stage, will be happy on the screen in Barrie's "What Every Woman Knows." Eugene O'Neill's new play—a comedy, strangely enough—is coming. "Ah, Wilderness" is its title and George M. Cohan, its Broadway star; if the terms suit him, he might be tempted out to the hinterland of Hollywood again. "The Prisoner of Zenda" is in the offing again—and this time it will have music. "The Merry Widow" is about to be filmed again, too—with either Maurice Chevalier or John Gilbert (who does swell work, they say, opposite Garbo in "Queen Christina"). "Show Boat" is about to be remade—probably with Irene Dunne sing-



ing her original stage rôle. Somerset Maugham's great novel, "Of Human Bondage," is awaiting Leslie Howard. And either he or Paul Muni will make "Anthony Adverse." Another recent best-seller that is even now being filmed is "As the Earth Turns," which gives two virtual unknowns—Jean Muir and Donald Woods—a great chance. "The Good Earth" is about to be started—in China, with a Chinese cast. There is a hint that Katharine Cornell will finally heed those movie offers next summer and make the long-awaited "Barretts of Wimpole Street." Lilian Harvey is to make "Music in the Air"—in French and German, as well as English. And Margaret Sullavan's second picture will be "Little Man, What Now?" from the sensitive novel of the same name.

**I**F Katharine Cornell does end her long hold-out, which has been prompted by her unswerving devotion to the stage, it will be almost as big news as the fact that George Bernard Shaw has finally sold one of his plays to Hollywood, which, he once said, would not be equal to filming them for twenty years yet. The play in question is "The Devil's Disciple"; it is about the American Revolution; and it will star John Barrymore.

**T**HE Great Lovers of the screen to-day are doing something that their predecessors never thought of doing and never dared to do. They are sharing honors in pictures with other prepossessing heroes, they are even appearing with their "most dangerous" rivals. Thus, you have the spectacle of Clark Gable and Franchot Tone *both* in "The Dancing Lady," both making love to Joan Crawford. And in "The Trumpet Blows," you will see not only George Raft, but Jack La Rue. And in "All of Me," you will have a chance to choose between the technique of Raft and Fredric March, while in "Design for Living," you can choose between March and Gary Cooper. The top-notch sirens don't face any cameras together, however. And can't you imagine the box-office stampede there would be if Paramount should co-star Mae West and Marlene Dietrich, or M-G-M

should co-star Jean Harlow and Joan Crawford, or RKO should co-star Katharine Hepburn and Constance Bennett?

**L**UPE VELEZ might be another good one to team up with Jean Harlow. If all the reports are true—and they're all in, except the one from the 19th Precinct—Johnny Weissmuller turned down a rôle opposite The Blonde Bombshell, because his Missus (sounds funny to call Lupe that, doesn't it?) strenuously objected. Well, it's probably a good sign if Lupe really is that jealous.

**L**UPE, by the way, is about to play an Indian squaw again—opposite Ramon Novarro in "Laughing Boy." And Lupe proved that she knows how in "The Squaw Man." If Ramon, also a Mexican, can be as convincing a young Indian brave, it should be a love story to remember. But they aren't the first Indians of the new season. Richard Barthelmess and Ann Dvorak are, in "Massacre." Still another chance for you to make some comparisons!

**W**HAT with the persistent rumors from abroad that not only Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., but young Doug contemplated seeking British citizenship, their American press-agents are dripping cold beads of perspiration—and sending out frantic denials of any such contemplations.

And Hollywood wouldn't be a bit surprised if Doug *should* suddenly return—in time for Christmas at Pickfair. He always gets homesick at Christmastime and has proved it twice, rushing half-way around the world to light the Yule log in the Beverly Hills manse. He and Mary Pickford own so much property jointly that it's difficult to see how they can help getting together sometime—and once they *are* together, there might very likely be a reconciliation!

**C**HARLIE CHAPLIN, always a bit of a mystery to Hollywood, is becoming THE mystery man of Movietown. *Is* he married to Paulette Goddard, as rumored? *Was* he kidnaped last August, and held for



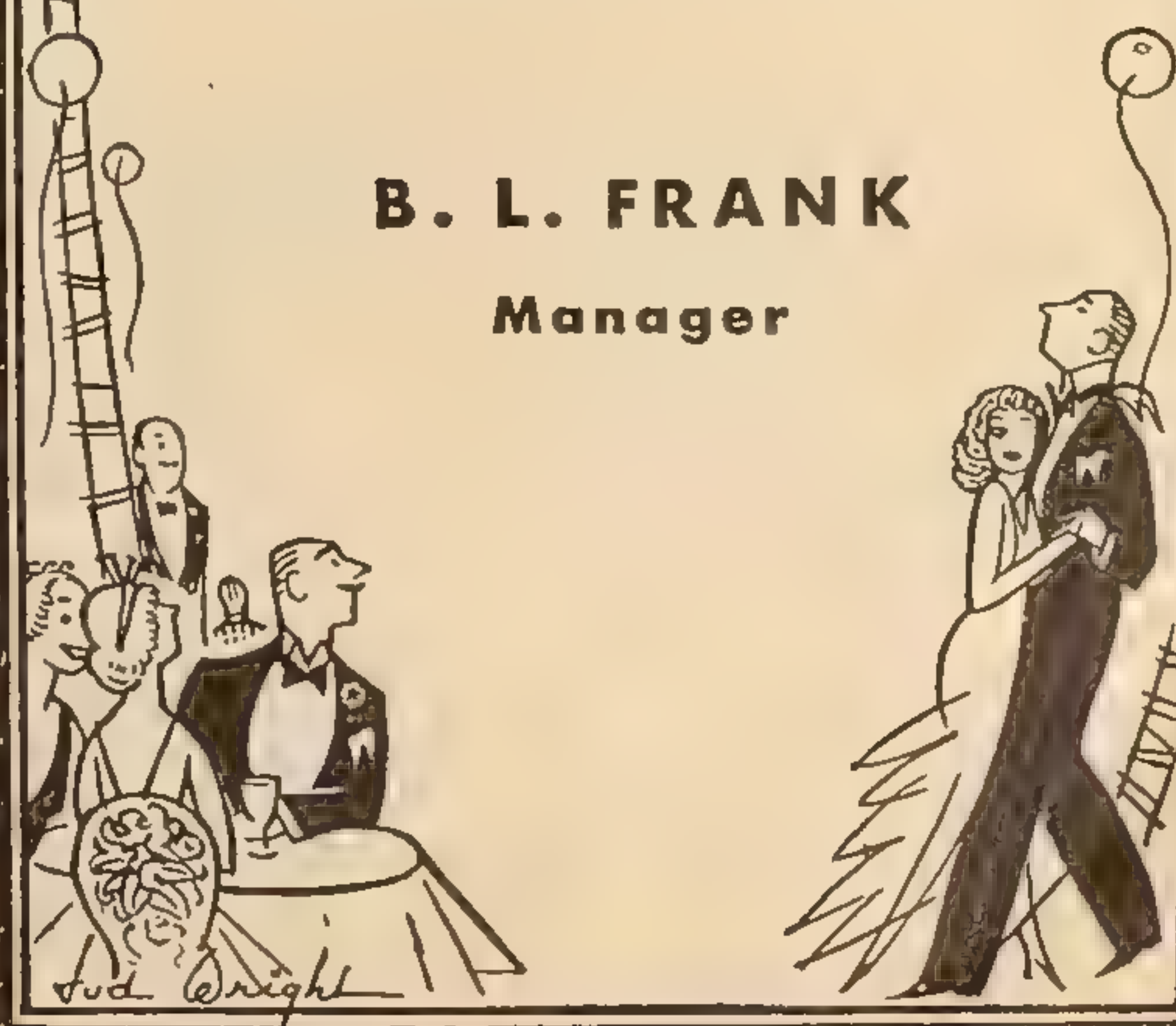
When you see Ramon Novarro in "The Cat and the Fiddle," you'll hear him burst into song. The ladies of the ensemble certainly go for his voice in a big way when he entertains them 'tween scenes. Better watch your step, Bing!

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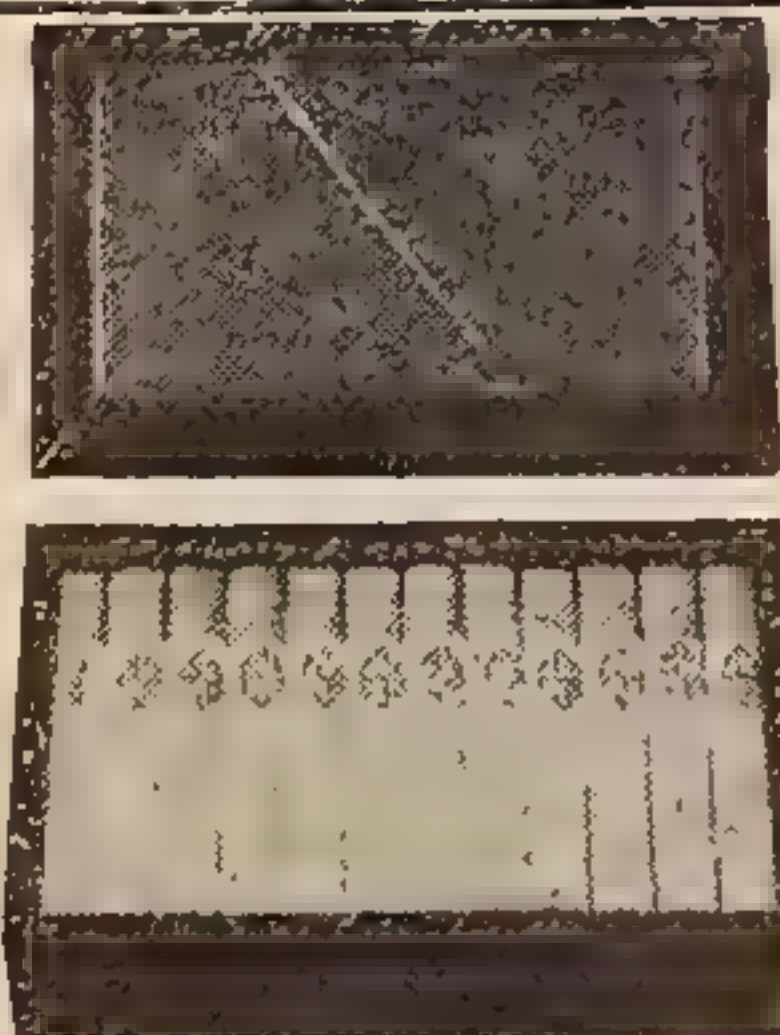
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\$20,000 ransom, as also rumored? He has denied both reports. But there is now a new Chaplin mystery; What is his new picture, in which Paulette plays his leading lady, going to be about? Will he keep or abandon his famous mustache, clothes and shuffle? Will it be silent or a talkie? Charlie isn't telling. Orders of strict secrecy have gone out from headquarters. And does he know how to whet public curiosity!

**SPEAKING** of kidnaping, Hollywood is now doing that very thing—with commendable boldness. Once it mentioned the subject only in whispers, with shudders. But "The Mad Game" fired a broadside in the general direction of the snatch-racketeers, and now it looks as if other studios are going to join in the cannonading. Dorothea Wieck's second American picture bears a title that hints as much: "Miss Fane's Baby Is Stolen." Exposing the liquor racketeers helped to get rid of Prohibition and bootleggers. The surviving racketeers now seem to be taking to kidnaping. Let the movies educate the public about how to combat them—and something will be done to exterminate their new racket, too.

**GRACE MOORE** came back to town to sing in "I Pagliacci," remained for a visit with friends, and has signed to make one picture for Columbia. Lawrence Tibbett also returned to sing in the opera of "The Emperor Jones"; he couldn't stay, because of concert engagements—but in the Spring, he'll be listening to movie offers, too. And Lily Pons, the French operatic soprano, has been visiting hereabouts—which means that she is being talkie-tempted. If all three sign, you're in for some real singing. And it so happens that all three also know how to act.

**WISECRACKERS** have remarked that Jimmy Durante has a copyright on his Schnozzle. And that, it turns out, is no joke. By applying to the U. S. Patent Office he has had himself protected against unauthorized use of his "schnozzle" (and that's a word that Jimmy, himself, invented) on jig-saw puzzles and other games.

And he has copyright petitions pending in regard to clothing, foods, jewelry... Jimmy isn't "mortified" by his outstanding proboscis; he has made it an asset. And there, for those who want to take it, is a little moral for you and you and you, if you have some physical feature that has saddled you with self-consciousness...

**EXPENSIVE** though beauty and talent contests are—considering the small proportion of winners that get anywhere on the screen—Hollywood is continuing to sponsor several. But Columbia gave up the attempt to find an "unknown blonde" to star in "Let's Fall in Love," their ambitious musical, and signed Harriette Lake. They knew she could play the rôle; there wouldn't be any guesswork. And who is Harriette Lake? Those with good memories, who remember that early epidemic of musical talkies, will remember that Harriette was among those present. When the epidemic died out, she went to Broadway and made a name for herself. It was there that she was re-discovered. Now she is returning in triumph.

**WITH** agitation rampant for reduction of their princely salaries, stars are trying to think up reasons why they should be maintained. The best argument we have heard to date is that of George Arliss: "I don't see how the government can control star salaries. This, to my mind, is only possible if the government eliminates competition and controls all the motion picture producing companies." (And that's an idea, George!) "Star salaries should be increased, because through the medium of



Against the picturesque wintry background of Switzerland's St. Moritz, you'll find Lilian Harvey making merry in "I Am Suzanne." She is assisted by not only Gene Raymond, but a bevy of girls who know their sleds and skates. Sliding along gracefully is Betty Bryson, with Bianca Vischer tugging the rope



motion pictures a star reaches a great field of appeal, and having once produced a picture, is immediately relieved of participating in its financial success. However, on the stage a star's salary continues as long as the show lasts and his appeal cannot be compared to that of the picture star."

But his appeal apparently can—for practically all of the big sensations of the screen to-day (including Arliss, himself) won their first fame on the stage and have displaced most of the stars who were strictly of the screen.

**AND** who are the screen favorites of America for 1933? The *Hollywood Reporter*, a trade journal, asked exhibitors all over the country that question and their answers testified that the five women stars who are first in the hearts of their countrymen (judging by box-office receipts) are: Marie Dressler, Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Janet Gaynor and Mae West. The five leading men stars are: Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Lionel Barrymore, Will Rogers and Fredric March. The second five among the women stars are Joan Blondell, Jean Harlow, Ruth Chatterton, Ann Harding and Helen Hayes; among the men, George Arliss, Eddie Cantor, Maurice Chevalier, James Cagney and Robert Montgomery. Garbo's name, many will note, is not on the list—but don't forget that Greta has been on a year's vacation. The big surprise (or isn't it a surprise?) is the fact that Mae West is already among the first five and making a strong bid for the very first position. No other star in screen history has ever won a nation-wide audience that fast!

**NO** one is accusing Joan Blondell of a publicity stunt in petitioning her employers to change her name to Joan Barnes—which is her married name. Joan apparently was sincere in requesting the change. But a trade paper advances some publicity ideas built around the incident. It suggests that when one of Joan's pictures comes along, exhibitors advertise her as "JOAN Blondell? Barnes?", inviting patrons to attend the picture to see which name they would prefer, and taking an audience poll (which would be forwarded to her). Also, it suggests that there is a possibility of a news story in the fact that Harry Bannister and Ann Harding were divorced for the avowed reason that he was being

called "Mr. Harding"—and Joan was out to safeguard *her* marriage. Such is life in the show business!

**IF** Busby Berkeley and Merna Kennedy go through with announced plans (and haven't eloped already), their friends will be wishing them Marry—instead of Merry—Christmas. The famous dance director, who's building a bridal cottage on Lookout Mountain, says "Nobody ever understood me before." Another couple who are on the verge of a walk to the altar are Tom Brown and Anita Louise—Hollywood's most glittering example of Young Love. And Mervyn Le Roy and Doris Warner (the boss's daughter) are scheduled to start a honeymoon immediately after January 3.

**WITH** Mae West, Katharine Hepburn, Margaret Sullavan and Max Adelbert Baer receiving the plaudits of the crowd, who will be the next sensation of the screen? Hollywood is getting careful about making predictions—for few expected these four to be the sensations that they are. But Eddie Cantor boldly states his opinion that the next one will be Anna Sten, Samuel Goldwyn's Russian discovery, who has just finished "Nana."

**CLAUDETTE COLBERT** and Norman Foster aren't the only Hollywood couple who have discovered that the way to stay happily married with two careers in the family is to have two separate homes. Gloria Stuart and her sculptor-husband, Blair Gordon Newell, tried the experiment for three months and liked it so well that they are continuing it indefinitely. Norman has dinner with Claudette practically every evening when both are in Hollywood; and Gordon spends his evenings over at Gloria's apartment. So they still see each other almost as often as suburban wives and commuting husbands do!

**DID** you notice that spiritual, languishing look that Frances Dee cast across George Bancroft's shoulder at the party in "Blood Money"? That wasn't just acting! Joel McCrea was standing right behind the camera. He haunted the studio while the picture was being made, pleading with Frances to set the date. And you and you and you can see how thrilled Frances was!

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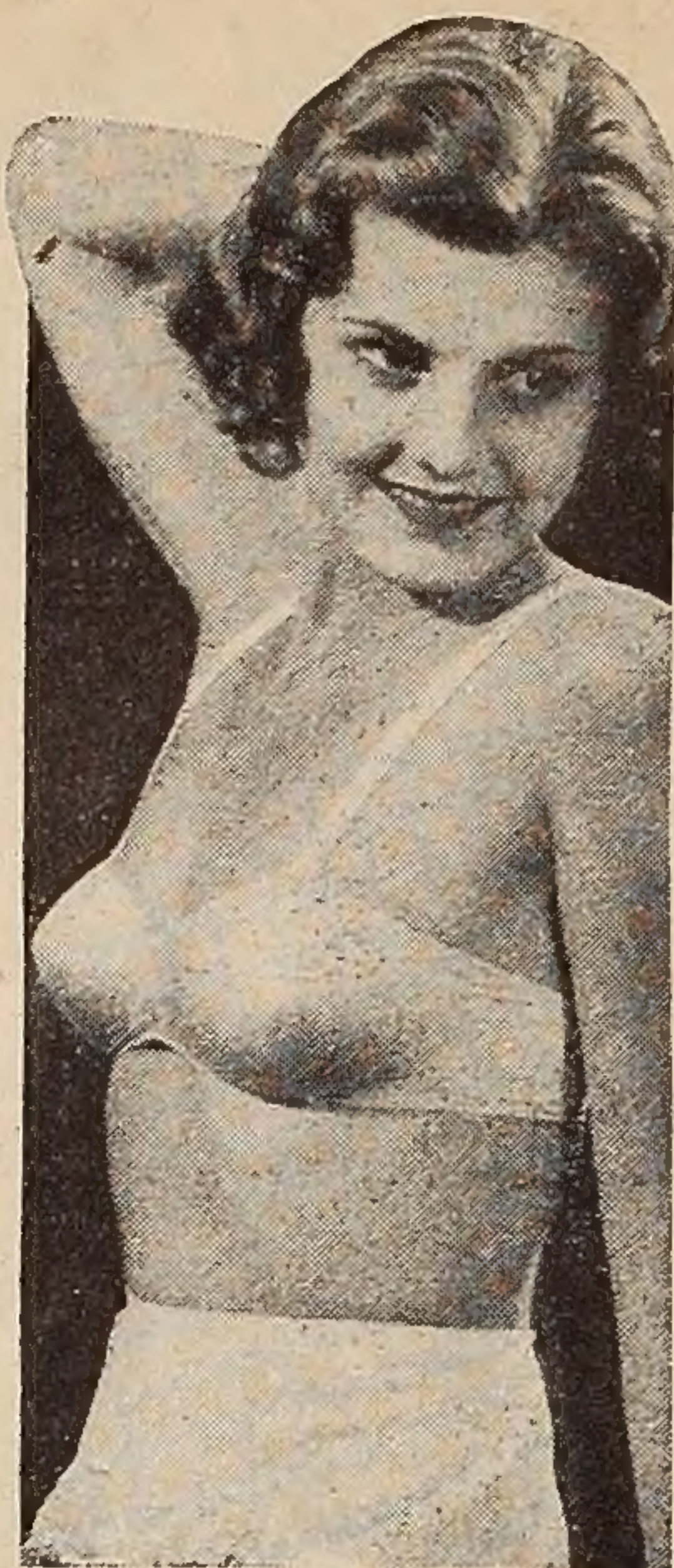
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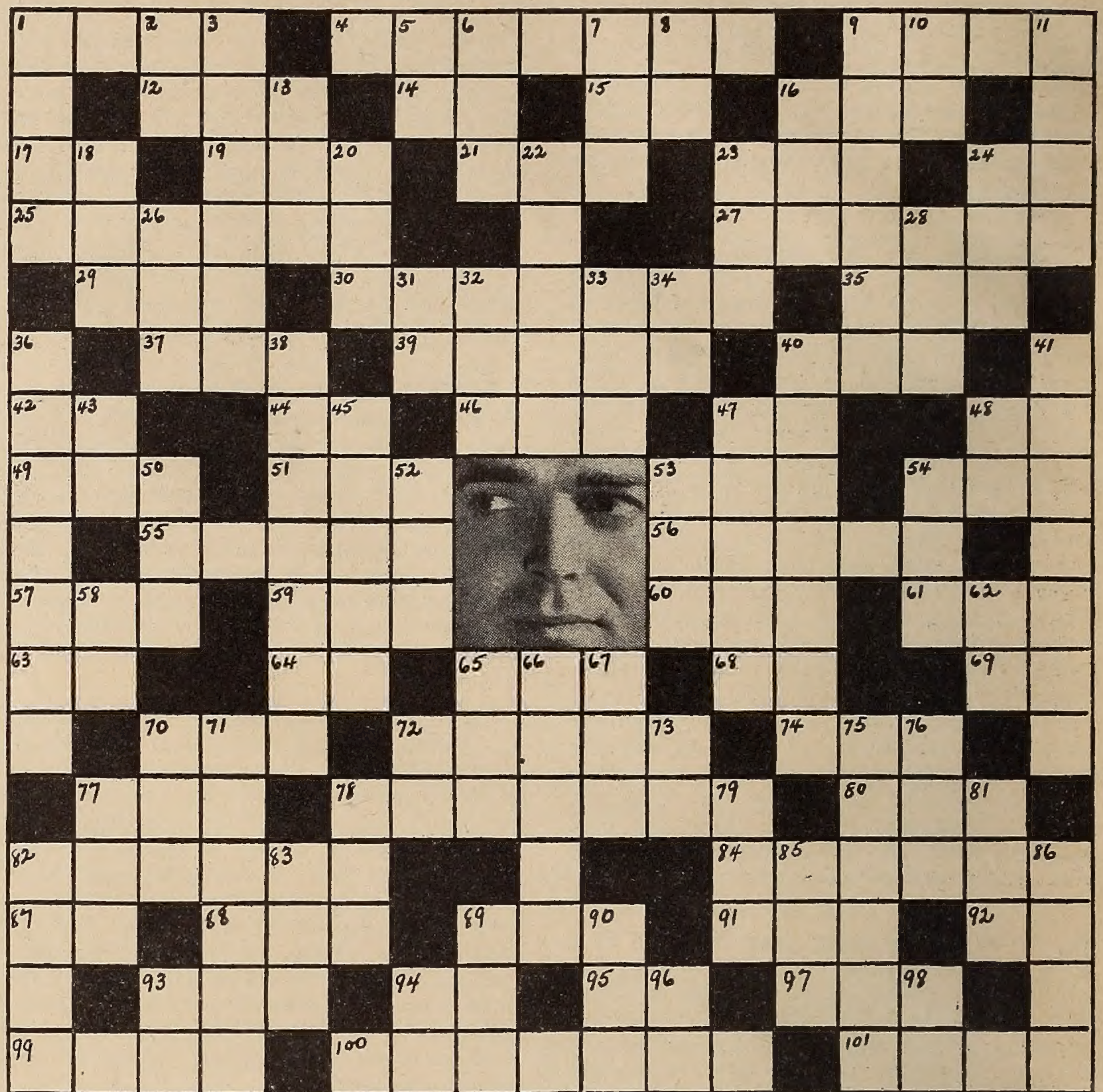
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# For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



## HORIZONTAL

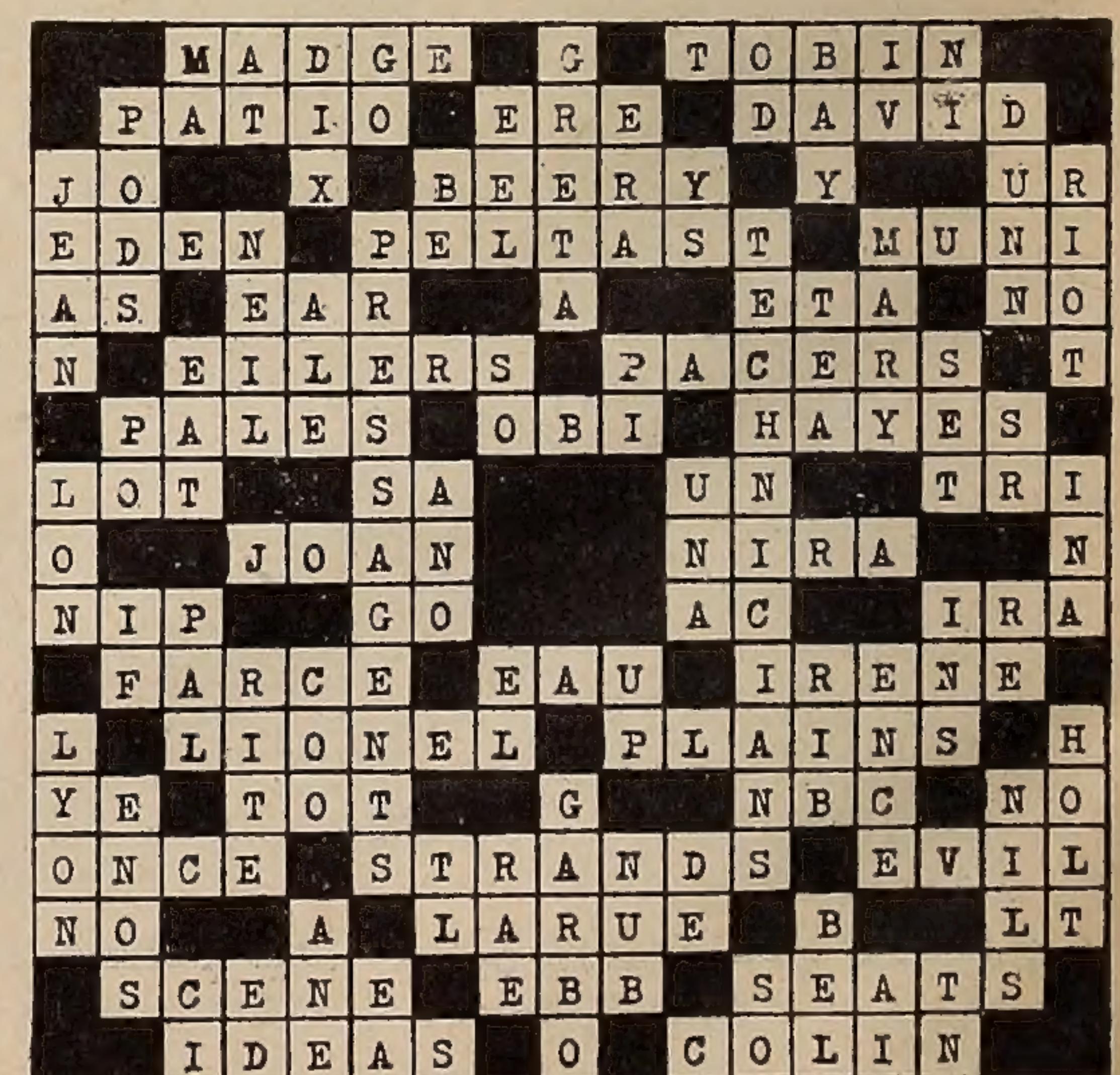
1. Exclamation
4. A famous screen family
9. Dracula
12. Where movies are made
14. The (Fr.)
15. First syllable of Cantor's new picture
16. Territory (abbr.)
17. And (Fr.)
19. Move slowly
21. Day (Latin)
23. Last syllable of Genevieve's last name
24. Three-toe sloth
25. Jennie Gerhardt
27. She was in "I Loved You Wednesday"
29. Wild or tipsy (Scotch)
30. He was "The Man Who Dared"
35. Insider's advice
37. Editors (abbr.)
39. Small kits (Fr.)
40. What movie gangsters sometimes take
42. "Husbands Go"
44. "Who Gets Slapped"
46. Edge of garment
47. Clothes appeal (abbr.)
48. Baby word
49. Meadow
51. Printers' measures
53. First three letters of Maria's name
54. The first syllable of Fifi's last name
55. First name of star of this puzzle
56. Last name of star of this puzzle
57. Insect
59. First name of Director Del Ruth
60. Three-quarters of Linden's first name
61. First woman
63. Company (abbr.)
64. Initials of well-known juvenile actor
65. Hail
68. "Storm—Daybreak"
69. "The Devil's—Love"
70. Each of "Eight Girls in a Boat" has one
72. What Uncle Sam takes to Hollywood
74. Watering place
77. Deep hole
78. She's in "The Right to Romance"
80. Metal
82. He's in "The Prizefighter and the Lady"
84. He was in "The Song of Songs"
87. Fourteenth letter of alphabet
88. Island (Fr.)
89. What Hollywood says movies are
91. "Had to Say Yes"
92. Parent
93. Noah's boat
94. Prefix (two)
95. Each (abbr.)
97. An extension to a house
99. Joan Crawford's leading man
100. He was in "The Narrow Corner"
101. He was in "Dinner at Eight"

## VERTICAL

1. She was in "Disgraced"
2. First name of famous blackface comedian
3. In the movies, murder mysteries always are—
5. Initials of red-headed English star
6. He's The Caterpillar in "Alice in Wonderland"
7. Period of time
8. Toward
9. She's in "The Worst Woman in Paris?"
10. Esther's initials
11. Tune
13. Taic
16. Until (abbr.)
18. God of war (Norse)
20. Ruggles came from a red one
22. To release a picture
23. He was in "I Cover the Waterfront"
24. What Cleopatra used to commit suicide
26. He was in "The Blonde Bombshell"
28. How to drink wine
31. Prefix—again
32. How a lipping heroine pronounces "S"
33. A screen cowboy who is Irish
34. Onslow's initials
36. He is making "Viva Villa"

38. Wife of Thalberg
40. They bring the Easter eggs
41. She wears the pants
43. Initials of young comedian who draws
45. To enlist
47. They "Call Her Savage"
48. When two romancers go to Yuma, each says, "I—"
50. What you have to do to get a screen break
52. The real stars are here
53. Stars seldom reveal this
54. She was in "One Man's Journey"
58. What "yes-men" never say
62. Six (Roman)
65. Aaron (abbr.)
66. Director of "The Stranger's Return"
67. First name of founder of Yale
70. This is poured on troubled waters
71. Clothing
72. College degree (abbr.)
73. Stannum (abbr.)
75. Philo Vance
76. Abbreviation of state to which movie stars most often elope
77. What you do to a picture you don't like
78. Holy Roman Empire (init.)
79. What even a movie star's car needs
81. A tree
82. She made Diamond Lil famous
83. Antlered Animal
85. "—Way to Love"
86. Her first name is Lola
89. To be indisposed
90. Served at the party in "Alice in Wonderland"
93. Indefinite article
94. "—Mine Tonight"
96. Morning (abbr.)
98. Behold

## Solution to Last Month's Puzzle





**Y**OU may never before have realized it—yet you are in a Beauty Contest every day you live. Each new acquaintance—each well-loved friend—judges your charm, your looks. And a person's entire opinion of you may depend upon the condition of your skin.

Can soap affect your beauty? Indeed it can! And if your skin lacks the soft, clear freshness that invites compliments and praise—do think about changing your beauty soap!

Use Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. For Camay is made to order for the feminine skin. Its lather is so

## Clever Girls use this Soap—Camay— to Help them in their Daily Beauty Contests

gentle that even the most delicate skin responds. From the very first cake you use, your complexion becomes lovelier.

### THE "GOOD TASTE TREND" IS ALL TO CAMAY

Wide-awake girls by the thousands are changing their old soap habits. They're going modern—they're

taking up Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women.

You'd expect a soap of Camay's exquisite quality to be high-priced. It isn't—Camay sells at a low 1933 price. Check *that* up—a surprise is in store for you! Get a supply of Camay today, and see how much it can improve your skin!

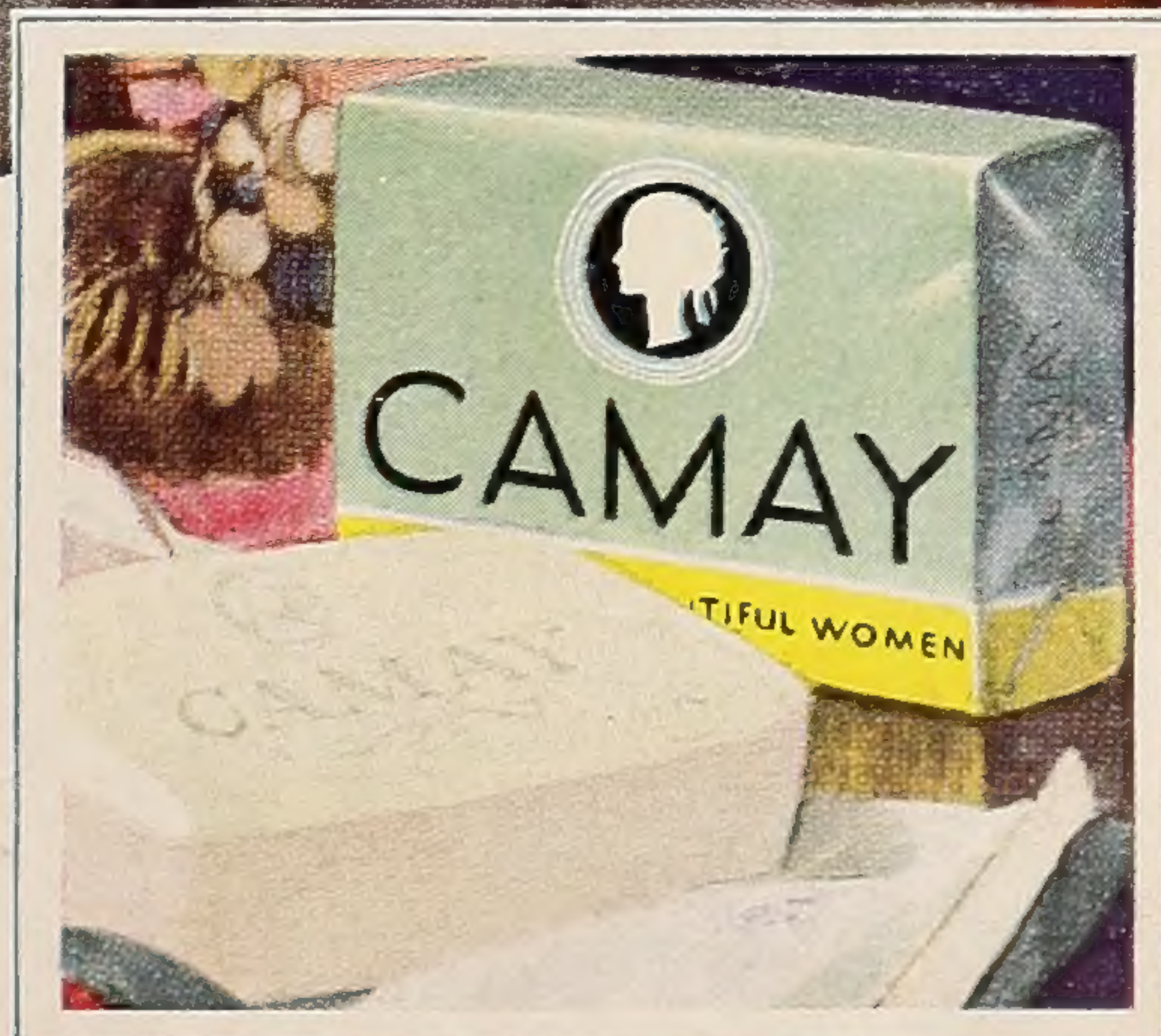


*She has a flair for clothes. Her conversation sparkles. She's the type of girl everyone admires. And her claim to beauty—her ally in life's Beauty Contest—is her radiantly lovely skin.*

Camay is pure, creamy-white, mild enough for the delicate skin. Its lather is profuse, yet gentle. Beautifully wrapped in green and yellow, protected in Cellophane. Use Camay on your face and hands, and in your bath!

Copr. 1933, Procter & Gamble Co.

**CAMAY** the Soap of ★  
Beautiful Women



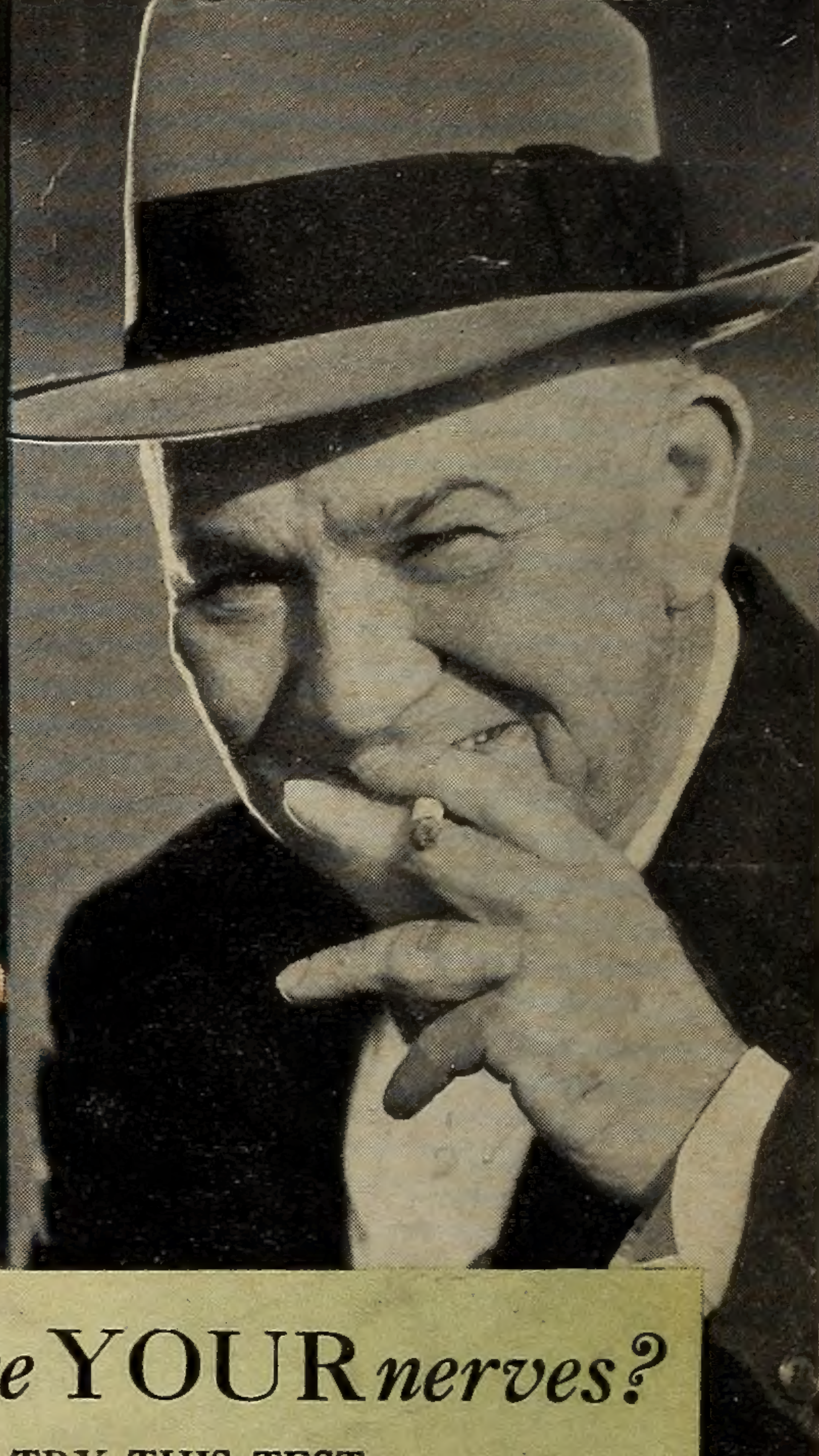


# IT TAKES HEALTHY NERVES

TO BE A FOOTBALL REFEREE

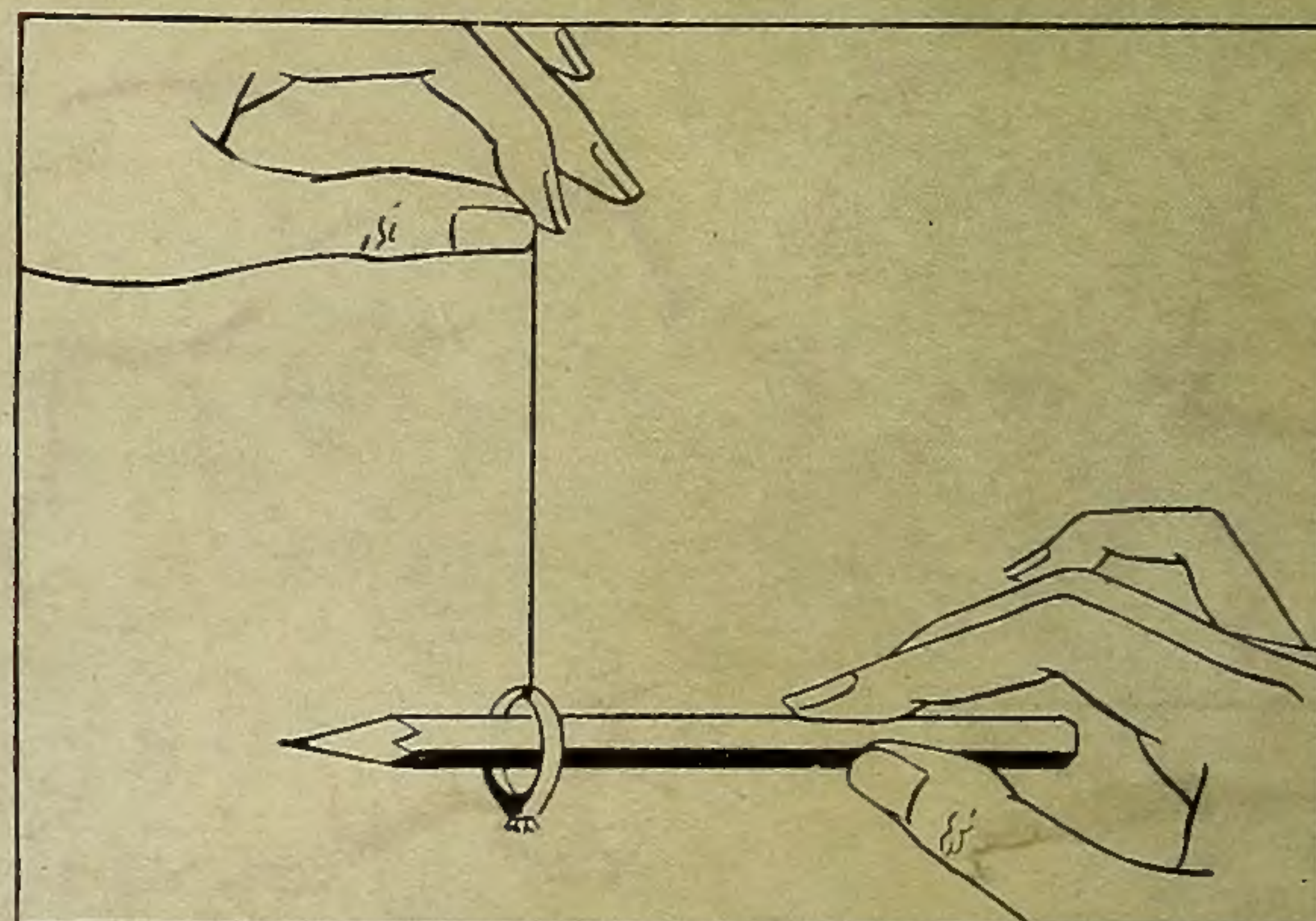


(Above) IF YOU WANT TO SEE nerve strain, look at "Mike" Thompson's job—refereeing tons of football brawn, seeing every detail but never getting in the players' way!



How are YOUR nerves?

TRY THIS TEST



Fasten one end of a short string to a finger ring. Have a second person hold string at arm's length above shoulder. The test is for *you* to make a full-arm swing downward and up... and try to put a pencil, held 3 inches from the point, through the ring. Good performance is being successful once in the first 3 tries.

George Santelli, (Camel smoker), champion fencer, did it on the first try.

## Steady Smokers turn to Camels

M. J. ("Mike") Thompson, football's most famous referee, is a steady smoker who has to keep healthy nerves. He says:

"Because nothing can be allowed to interfere with healthy nerves I smoke *Camels*. I have tried them all—given *every* popular brand a chance to show what it can offer. *Camels* don't upset my nerves even when I smoke constantly. And the long-

er I smoke them the more I come to appreciate their *mildness* and *rich flavor*."

\* \* \*

Many smokers have changed to *Camels* and found that they are no longer nervous... irritable... "jumpy." Switch to *Camels* yourself. Smoke them steadily. You will find that *Camels* do not jangle your nerves—or tire your taste.

Copyright, 1933, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

# CAMEL'S COSTLIER TOBACCOS



IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand.

—THEY NEVER GET  
ON YOUR NERVES